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THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIII.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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Commencing January, 1860,

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS and REV. RUFUS ELLIS,

Assisted by able Contributors.

It will be the endeavor of the Editors of this periodical to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith. In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

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LEONARD C. BOWLES,
119 WASHINGTON STREET.

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THE AGE AND THE HOME.

THE season drives us within doors, and presses upon us the question, "What is our age making of Home?" Will the readers of the Monthly spend a few moments with me in looking at the New England homes of our day, their condition and prospects, the disabilities which press upon them, the agencies which may be employed to adorn and build them up, the influences which may even make them at least shadowy types of heavenly homes, — at least the outer courts of bright and peaceful mansions in the House not made with hands?

I shall not commence with the assumption that once there was a perfect New England Home, bathed in sunshine, and redolent with the breath of flowers, and resounding with songs of joy, and proceed to the assertion that, since what are called the old times have passed away, this perfect Home has disappeared from the sight of sorrowing mortals. I do not believe that we ever had any paradise of this sort to lose. Indeed, I can easily reach the conclusion, that many things in the old New England home must have been unspeakably tedious to ingenuous youth, and not in the least conducive

to the growth of those graces which thrive in an atmosphere of love. I remember myself to have heard once from the lips of the son of a stern Puritan of the straitest possible sect, that he never ventured to make a simple boy's request of his father, to offer so much as a petition for a knife or a ball, without putting it into writing in due form. One can hardly regard such a generation of fathers as exhausting all the genial elements which should be found in the head of a household. The old times are not so different from the new times; only we may hope that the new are a little better. But there are in every age specially favorable and specially unfavorable influences to be cherished or averted by the guardian of the home, and, without attributing all virtues to the fathers, or admitting of the children only degeneracy, we may take a survey of helps and hinderances to the healthy life of that most ancient and most enduring type of society, the Home.

What ought the Home to be, and what ought it to afford? Briefly, the Home should be a house of quiet industry, of practical instruction, of innocent entertainment, of hearty and informal worship; a busy place, and yet a refuge from some of life's sorest and most distracting cares; a school, and yet without the tasks and the taskmasters of scholastic discipline, abounding in pleasures, and yet not appointed and sustained simply to excite and amuse; a church, and yet not so much by any formal exercises as by the unceasing yet scarcely conscious inflowing and outflowing of the very spirit of holiness and love through the simplest words and acts of the every-day life, the bread broken for the hungry, or the cup of water proffered to the thirsty. The Home should be a fortress in other senses than those which the law recognizes, a strong-hold against the intrusions of a world ever bent upon usurpation, and eager to occupy every spot of earth with its industries and its pedantries, with its excitements and its pageants. The material necessities which are provided for by our Homes are designed to be so

many hints and suggestions of more inward and spiritual wants that should be supplied by our household fellowships. Hearts as well as hands are to be joined in love, not only for a day, but so long as the heart liveth. Outward economies should remind us continually of that wise thrift which is ever laying up treasure in heaven, — those costly jewels that are worn in God's own mansions by meek and quiet spirits, those robes of purple and fine linen which Dives cannot purchase with all his wealth, but which Lazarus may have for the asking. The Home is the gathering-place and resting-place, not merely of bodies, but of souls, more than a dormitory or robing-room, or saloon or banquet-hall. You have gone over houses, passing from apartment to apartment, each appropriated to one or another household purpose, and admirably adjusted to meet the special want; and yet in all, and through all, you found no Home, no single spot where the soul could rest its full weight, where hearts could repose from their cares and exercise their fine courtesies. As a pile of stones, a network of timbers, as an expanse of surface for the decorator, as a model of mechanical skill, the building may be everything, and yet it may not be a Home at all; and should it be your lot to *reside* in it, as the word is, you would ever be hoping some day or other to go *home*, to find some place to *live* in, some place in which a man may live and die and be buried from. The value and the charm of an old house are derived from the continual adjustments of outward materials and forms which have been made in obedience to the household necessities. What was at first perhaps angular and dreary, stiff and cold, and scarcely habitable, has been shaped into more graceful proportions, and covered with soft, warm colors. You will be sure to find the nooks and sheltered recesses which contemplation demanded, the cheerful sun-lighted and sun-warmed room for the aged, the infirm, or the saddened, — apartments which seem almost to have fashioned themselves about the inmates to serve the various ends that the Home

proposes. Many generations must live and love and rejoice and suffer within the walls of a house to make it what it should be; the most skilful architect cannot give you outright the plan of such a habitation; they who estimate an old homestead only as so much building material, and are ready, in obedience to every whim of improvement, to speed on the work of its destruction, do not realize how much besides bricks and mortar and timber enters into the fabric of a true dwelling. But I must hasten to add, that a Home is well ordered and discharging its various functions, when its labors are not excessive, and when time, opportunity, and means are afforded for the lessons, the amusements, and the devotions of the household. When the outward and material exigencies of a family absorb and exhaust the best energies of the householders, the ends are sacrificed to the means of living. When out-of-door duties and interests encroach upon domestic pursuits, the home is virtually treated as subordinate, as having no rights when brought into comparison with the aims of commercial enterprise, or professional ambition, or intellectual curiosity, or of that vague entity known as society. What the Home claims is simply its own, the right to close its doors upon occasion, and mind its own business, and teach and amuse its own children, and waste an hour or two, if the thrifty will persist in calling such an expenditure of the time a waste, in trying to make human beings happy. Is it hard for the Home to make good this claim? Are there any strong circumstances in the world's present condition which do not favor, but hinder, the development of a healthy household life? This is our inquiry.

As I have already intimated, it is not my intention to eulogize the past, and to decry the present. I see no occasion for any such procedure. But although there may be no call for a Jeremiade, it may yet be proper to say that there are encroachments by the outside world upon home prerogatives which ought to be faithfully pointed out and

steadily resisted. It is, as we are ever saying, an ambitious, enterprising, laborious, thrifty age, and countries that we call civilized are vast workshops, and most men and women who try to do anything are doing their utmost. Our industry is styled material, and it is busied upon matter, but with the powers of mind, and miracles of art are the results, whilst the work of subduing the earth is pushed into the heart of that Africa which even our childhood was content to regard as a wilderness, and up or down mighty streams, of which, a few years since, we had scarcely heard the names. The pulse of the city has ever tended towards the fever-stroke; cities have never been very quiet places, especially when nourished by commerce or the arts; all the hopeful and all the dreary elements of human life come out into the light of day in crowded streets. But it has not been the case until of late that the fever of the city has spread into the country along iron paths, and by curious nerves of wire; it is only during the past few years that we have been threatened with the loss of that dividing sea which has heretofore cooled the heats of mental excitement, as well as the hot airs of one and the other hemisphere, and are bidden to regard the loss of that measure of privacy which the continents have enjoyed for thousands of years as a great gain. Now this feverish and all-pervading activity threatens that peculiar life of the home which must be by comparison exceedingly quiet, the dwelling of the family becomes a place of wearying labor and care, and the time which belongs to the household is seized by the world. Enterprise is the catchword of the times. One might as well die utterly, and relieve the world of his presence, as not be enterprising. We must all be getting on, as we phrase it; by which we mean, not always happily, rising out of the station into which we were born, however respectable that may be, into a position that is, or seems to be, higher. In all worldly matters, our ambition is unbounded. Housekeepers, merchants, professional men, mechanics, all are ambitious.

Parents are ambitious of intellectual success for their children; children, taking up life where their parents left it, must still move forward; wealth, or the show of wealth, is reckoned indispensable; the smallest dwellings are likely to be, not modest homes, but miniature palaces, and, save in cases of real abundance, solid comforts are sacrificed to gilded emptinesses. Out of these tendencies — which are rather exaggerations and perversions of essentially good elements than radical evils — there have come mischief and grief into our homes. Sometimes a foolish ambition and selfish luxuriousness so far prevail as to prevent altogether the formation of homes, because of the unmanageable expenditures which a life of fashion or of quasi-fashion imposes. Small and plain dwellings, plainly furnished, that simple attire which is so much finer than finery, those modest entertainments which may be repeated again and again without danger of satiety, a practical recognition of the honor and grace that attend domestic labors and make the name of housewife a name of honor, — these do not suit the ambitions of our day, and those who should be building their dwellings are still occupied with counting the cost. It is a condition of things which, as the Scriptures remind us, obtains and justly in the heavens, but it is a very bad condition of things for this world, and those whose examples would have weight in a community where each man is singularly given to doing what his neighbor does, may well ask themselves whether a severer simplicity is not demanded of them, were it only out of regard to their imitators. The utmost that can come of very humble ways and equipage is a failure to win any notice, and for the first years of one's household life this is anything but a misfortune, — indeed, the best thing that can possibly happen to us: then we may perhaps put forth a root that shall bear up wide-spreading branches, and gather up the juices of a heavy foliage and of not a little luscious fruit. And too often, when the experiment of householding is tried, the

energies of the experimenters are all lavished upon the external means and appliances, — they "keep the house," as they say, but they can hardly be said to live in it, — they have no time left for that; when neatness and elegance and etiquette and luxury have had their portions, the hours are all exhausted. If you would know to what much of all this comes, go into the churchyards and read the gravestones sacred to the memories of many a poor wife and mother, each one of whom sought to do with one pair of hands and one aching brain the work of a legion, and never rested till she reached the last resting-place, — till time was somehow found for her to die in. We want houses to live in, not merely to take charge of; and in estimating the price of any article of luxury, we should add a hundred per cent to its cost by way of provision for safe-keeping and suitable care.

Too much labor, then, the times demand within the household, — more than that quiet, patient, steady, cheerful, methodical industry which one would see realized at home, at least, if nowhere else, — too much labor, leaving no time and no spirits for enjoyment, — too much labor of the hands and brain, leaving no opportunity for the tasks upon which the heart enters so gladly. And the weary come home to the weary, — the care-worn meets the care-worn. The pressure upon a multitude of business and professional men is really frightful; combined with the necessity in many cases of going long distances to their places of duty, it produces little short of an absolute separation from their families, and may gradually establish a positive disrelish for domestic quiet. There are fathers in our community who are almost strangers to their own children, — who do not know one half so much about them as their school-teachers, indeed, can scarcely be said to see them at all except on the Lord's Day, which happily is still kept sacred from most week-day occupations. The appropriate work and play and worship of the home cannot be so much as begun in many

dwellings, and anything is caught at which promises to relieve parents from work which they can find no time to do. Moreover, whilst this excessive laboriousness exhausts the heads of the household, the same weary round must very often be travelled by the children as well. Amongst them also the same mad ambition to get on holds sway. Stimulated by what would seem an unwise appeal to the passion of emulation, spurred on by the offer of school medals, as if our whole social scheme were not one huge, frightful, maddening medal system, the young people commit book after book to memory, and greet you at your coming, not with gay words, kisses, smiles, and questions about common things which you would gladly answer, but with problems in arithmetic, or questions in geography, or even with more abstruse difficulties, — matters, it may be, beyond your own humble shallows. They have no time for household sports, and, if you are not on the watch, are already in school before you have had an opportunity to offer the morning prayer. They are too studious of geography to look at the earth, and too much devoted to astronomy to gaze up at the heavens, and so much given to physiology as to have no time left for the care of their health. They must be got on. The mark is made for the most gifted, and the rest must forever be trying without success to reach it, acquiring a positive disrelish for good learning. In what book of wisdom, sacred or profane, is it written that the active life of man or woman must begin at twenty-one or at eighteen? Why should we insist that precocity shall give the rule to mediocrity, or be impatient with our children if they are in no haste to succeed to the places of men who seem to be in no haste to leave them? Just as the warehouses of commerce are thrusting the family mansion into the suburbs of the city, so the competitions of business, and the ambitious pursuit of knowledge, and the general haste of the times, are restricting the sphere of the home within those quiet rural districts where time is not thought

to be too valuable for unpretending home purposes. Such spots are still to be found, fertile villages and sunny hillsides graced by old homesteads worthy of the name, — homesteads which are more than "tenements" of so much or so little frontage and depth, capacious, irregular, approached not by a gravelled carriage-way, but only by the scarcely-marked wheel-path through the green yard, well sheltered by our noble elms and by farm buildings of every size and description, — stables for the beasts, barns for the hay, and garners for the corn. Though such an abode may be far from architecturally beautiful, one can have associations with it that would be wholly out of the question within the limits of a city, that has resigned its old gardens to the housebuilder, and banished the children from private playrooms, and all the old nooks and haunts which childhood loves, to the public gymnasium. There are descendants of Puritans who celebrate Thanksgiving eve in such old and oaken-framed dwellings, as their English ancestors, before they became Puritans, celebrated Christmas Eve in English farm-houses.

It should be added, that the luxurious habits which have inevitably followed an increase of prosperity must be reckoned amongst the hinderances to a true development of household life. The generation that has accumulated wealth seldom learns to expend it with judgment, and is ready to substitute for an attractive simplicity a profusion which vitiates the appetite bodily and mental, destroying even the keen relish of childhood, condemns the young to the satiety and fastidiousness of those who have exhausted in years of enjoyment every fountain of pleasure, and can find nothing new under the sun any longer. A love of display may seriously interfere with the informal amusements and festivities of the home, and prevent the household from enjoying itself at all because it cannot enjoy itself in fashionable ways.

And, moreover, it is a question well deserving to be

asked, whether we are not doing more than is wise to draw away from their homes, to evening lectures and the like, those whose hours belong to their families, and who would be quite as much instructed and entertained by home readings of pleasant books, by music and drawing and household games, as by discourses upon literature and science, which are so often exceedingly superficial, if not positively unsound? Does any one who has a home need a place in which, as the phrase is, "to spend his evenings"? It would seem to be quite as wise, whilst we are providing unions, and libraries, and lectures for homeless apprentices exposed to all the temptations of a city life, to imitate the example of that practical philanthropist, the late Joseph Curtis of New York city, and try to make these young people homeless no longer, by opening for them abiding-places where they can have something more than food and shelter. Lectures and public meetings, religious and secular, are very well in their way, but they are no substitutes for homes, and are very likely to minister to mental and spiritual dissipation. Indeed, every assembling of men and women which comes as a rival to the household, whether it be styled institute or club, or even vestry, should be closely scrutinized, and anything like usurpation of home rights should be stoutly resisted.

And now it is but justice to follow these warnings against encroachments, actual or meditated, by a hearty recognition of what the earnest activity of the times will be sure to accomplish for the Home just in proportion as the good and wise strive to turn the wonderful material and intellectual resources of the age to the best account. Who can tell the multitude of comforts and elegances which modern skill and industry have poured into the dwellings of the humblest classes, — carpets, unknown not many generations since to princes, garments as tasteful as they are cheap, pictures of the different members of the household not equalled for accuracy and beauty by the portraits

which wealth buys of famous artists, letters from absent ones written upon cheap paper and brought by penny mails, the best books, whether for temporary use or for ownership, and to every man who can read, his newspaper. Lord Brougham, in his address delivered before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, on the 11th of October, 1858, gives many interesting facts relating to the circulation of cheap publications amongst the masses of England. The Penny Magazine, the pioneer amongst journals for the people, had, at the point of its highest circulation, a million of readers, — each paper passing through several hands; and some estimate may be formed of the care with which the work was prepared from the statement made by Lord Brougham, that as much as sixty guineas was paid in one instance for the engraving of a single plate. It seems that there are now circulating weekly in England, amongst 1,200,000 subscribers, nine newspapers for the common people; and, besides these, cheap but very valuable illustrated histories and popular works of science, not to speak of books distinctively religious and reformatory, find their way regularly and in great numbers to the homes of the great multitude of manual laborers. I allude to these things because they are not perhaps quite so familiar as some other matters kindred to them and equally significant, but nearer home. By and by, besides all that has been instanced, the laborer shall have at little or no cost abundance of sun and air, as he now has pure water, artificial heat and light, when they are needed, — many of the benefits promised by association, without the curses that have fallen upon those who, following Owen, Fourier, and Louis Blanc, would caricature creation, and make a new world, instead of making the best of this. The most skilful laborers and the most gifted artists are even now toiling, unconsciously it may be, yet really, to make the Home attractive, — to multiply the sources of refining and instructive pleasures, to give us elegance and a beautiful simplicity in the place of mere

glitter and tawdriness, to connect useful knowledge with amusement, and, by numberless labor-saving inventions, to release from drudgery all who wish to be released, and who will not ingeniously devise some new task as soon as you have discharged them from an old one. The spirit of the age will work no mischief to the children of wisdom.

And now for the conclusion of the whole matter. Suffer no man to despise the home, or to make it second to any human interest or institution. Insist that it shall have time and space, thought and affection,—that it shall be intruded upon neither by the market-place nor by the school, nor even by the church. Let there be time for its duties, its pleasures, its studies, its prayers. It will help on the world unspeakably, if each one who has a household will try to rule it in wisdom and love. Why not make a home for our own children, as well as be ever laboring to secure for them the means with which they can make homes? Household days and opportunities, like everything else in our world, are of brief continuance: they may be gone, unless they are speedily availed of; seize them and turn them to account, and their fruit will be, not for time only, but for eternity as well. When we shall have done our work, whatever it may be, we mean to return to our homes, as the Jews return to Palestine and the wandering Swiss and Tyrolese to Switzerland and the Tyrol, to rest and die. Would it not be better to go home to *live*, to improve the present, to look upon the faces of the children whilst they are still children, to make those wiser and better and happier who may receive so much of their wisdom, goodness, and happiness at our hands?

E.

BIRTH FROM ABOVE.

Birth means formation. The progress of every created thing is through the gates of birth. It is not a process, as we inaccurately suppose, that is limited to the animal kingdom and to man, but runs through all the lower departments of nature, as well.

Every blind spherule of mineral matter is gestated into geometrical shape, through the laws of crystallization, as truly as the young of the animal through the laws of animal formation. When the vegetable soul in the planted seed parts asunder its envelope and pushes its green blade into air and life, it is born into this world by essentially the same process as our babes are born. In filling the cycle of its growth, the plant may be said to have several births. Its growth is not a continuous development. The fruit does not come from the seed by a simple and regular progression, but it is reached through certain well-defined and clearly marked stages or steps; first the stem, branches, and leaves, next the blossom, finally the fruit. Each stage is the development of a new set of powers, — the birth of a new organism in the plant. At first it is a mere stem and leaf. If you watch a plant during the spring and early summer, to appearance it lives for the sole purpose of enlarging its stem and multiplying its leaves; and were we ourselves to live no longer, we should conclude, and allowably so, that its growth was completed in this process. Soon, however, the production of foliage is found to be only a preparatory step. As the season advances, another class of organs appear. The development of stem and leaf abates, and the plant covers itself with blossoms. And, lastly, the blossoms yield to fruit and seed again. From the first, the buds, blossoms, and fruit were all in the seed, as integral parts of its idea, but only as possibilities, — as embryos. They cannot be said to have any existence until they are formed or

born, and emerge into the light and air of the world. It would therefore be strictly correct for the botanist or the gardener to say of a seed, that it must pass through successive stages of development, — that it must be born again and again before it can perfect its destiny. It is just so with man. Through physical birth he only enters into instinctive, sensual life.

The new-born babe can eat and sleep like any other animal, but he has no thoughts; he does not reason, and he does not love. He gives no evidence of mind. These faculties are latent and unformed as yet; and he must be born again and again before he can enter the manly life of responsibility, of reason, and of will.

But no one of these changes, whether of the plant, the animal, or the merely natural life of man, is the birth referred to in our text, — the birth "from above." For these changes do not lift the creature upwards. They are horizontal, rather than ascending developments of life, ending on the same plane whence they begun. The birth from above belongs to the higher life of man.

Man alone, while he absorbs and repeats all the changes of nature below him; while he reproduces all the births and experiences of the mineral kingdom in his osseous or bony framework, of the vegetable kingdom in his fleshly organism, of the animal kingdom in his nervous structure; — while, I say, man is thus the regal self-hood to which all these kingdoms point, and in which they all melt and fuse, all nature confessing itself resumed and epitomized in man, he has superadded another faculty, which makes him a fit child of God, lifts him into full acknowledgment of the Infinite, and at once expresses all the distance between human history and mere animal growth, between man's eternal progress and nature's eternal immobility, between the starry splendors of human aspiration and the dull, ungenial fires of mere brute community.

Man alone can rise from nature into spiritual life through

the "birth from above." Foldings are wrapped about us, nature within nature, life within life, hiding the ovaries of the noblest spiritual powers, which must yet come forth, and be born, and unfold themselves through the infinite ages. Spiritual capacities have we, through which, when opened, a power which is out of us and about us sends its eternal utterances into our inmost being.

Not more surely does man's sensuous nature open outward and downward, relating itself to all mineral, all vegetable, all animal forms, than a finer faculty opens inward and upward, through which he is brought in contact with God, and receives ceaseless communications from Him. "Not more surely do the organs of sense bring into his ear the sound of waters, or over his brow the breath of breezes, than his spiritual sense admits to his soul the aura of heaven, and the still and awful beatings from the heart of God." There is in human nature, and in that alone, a germ or capacity made, from the beginning, receptive of the Divine Spirit, and opening upwards towards the spiritual world, even as the plant is receptive of the light and the heat of the solar beams, and opens upward towards the sunshine in which it warms and grows. The animal can never know a superior inspiration to that which his nature devolves upon him, as it devolved upon all his progenitors. He is void of spiritual consciousness, incapable of transcending the natural plane, or of preferring an infinite good to a finite one.

But this is the eternal distinction of man, "that the entire sparkling and melodious universe of sense is but the appanage of his nature, is but the furniture of his proper life," while the INMOST of his soul can be vivified by infinite love, and made lustrous with the splendors of God, through the birth that is from above.

The stone, the horse, or the lily which fills the worshipping air with its dazzling sheen, has only a natural existence, essentially finite and perishable. It is a creature of

time and space, outside of all immediate relation to God, of all spiritual lift above the dead level of sense, and never existing by virtue of its inward commerce with infinite Goodness and Truth.

But the opulence of man's nature is such,—it is so veritably grand and august, so filled with inward being, so woven upon the substance of God, — that when we throw off nature as we drop our garments from us at night, and all other things find their ending, our distinctive human life only finds its true beginning. This interior life of man is spoken of by Jesus in his Gospel under various names, as "the treasure laid up in heaven, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt;" as the "pearl of great price," to purchase which a man "sold all that he had;" as the "one thing needful;" as the "kingdom of Heaven," or the "kingdom of God." Jesus declared that a man must be "born from above," —that is, he must be born into this kingdom, before he can see it, or enter it, or possess it.

And this announcement, like so many other of his teachings, is not the deep and impenetrable mystery that theologians would make it, but the concise presentation of a simple, well-understood, and universal law. It is not even a figurative statement, but a literal fact.

It is the utterance of a great truth in harmony with, and illustrated by, the method and manner in which we gain all our knowledge. Any great division of things, or any large system of truths, is called in common language a kingdom. Thus the three great divisions of natural forms are termed the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. And we sometimes speak of the great kingdoms of the atmosphere, the ether, the electric and magnetic auras, or the denser forms of solids and fluids. We speak of the kingdoms of sound, of light, of odors, of taste, or of touch. On turning from the material world to the mind, we may consider the trades, the arts, the professions, the sciences, each as kingdoms. And rising yet higher, we may in Scripture phrase

term all that superb field of spiritual relations which link us to God in a nearness more profound than to our own bodies, as "the kingdom of God."

Now how do we enter any of these kingdoms? Is it not by being "born" into them? Is it not by having some sense or faculty, corresponding to the kingdom and capable of receiving impressions from it, developed out of the germ state into formation, birth, and life? A man can only enter the kingdom of light through that part of his nature which is fitted to receive impressions from the light, — through the sense of sight, — through the organism of the eye. If that sense has never been born into actual formation and life, the man can never enter the kingdom of Light.

Of all that mighty ocean of sunshine which on a long summer day floods the earth miles deep with its solar tides, the blind man has no more sensation than the rock upon our coast of the ocean's tide and surge. He stands without that kingdom, for the sense by which alone he enters it is unborn within him. We can only enter the kingdom of sound, with its boundless and inestimable wealth of human speech and many-voiced harmony, through the sense of hearing, by which sounds reach and impress us. And he in whom that sense is wanting and unborn cannot enter the kingdom of sound. So we enter the kingdom of odors, of taste, and of touch, through the birth and growth of those senses in us which can receive impressions from those kingdoms, and only thus.

The same law applies to the kingdoms of mental truth. The peasant or the clown travels up and down over the surface of the earth; he sees beneath him the steadfast soil, and above his head the mighty westering arch over which the sun is slowly rolling. The same divine handwriting is unrolled before his unobservant eyes that meets the exploring gaze of Liebig, Lyell, or Agassiz. But he cannot enter the wondrous kingdoms of chemical, geological, and astronomical truth. His scientific mind is unborn; he has no faculty formed and

active within him that can commune with this class of truths, and see their varied relations and revelations. He cannot map and measure the blue dome above him. The solid substances of nature will not fly apart at his uninstructed touch, and reveal the secrets of their affinities. Nor will the hardened leaves of the earth's crust yield up to his rude questioning the hoary secrets of geologic history. There is no way for him to enter the varied kingdoms of scientific knowledge, but by the birth and growth of that part of his nature which corresponds to those kingdoms and is fitted to commune with them. The kingdom of God is a spiritual kingdom. It is composed of all those spiritual and celestial influences which form the wealthy bond of angelic union, which are the life-blood of heaven, and which will make man the image and likeness of his Divine Original. He is fitted to possess and enjoy this heavenly inheritance — this kingdom of God — as fully as he is fitted to possess and enjoy the lower kingdoms of matter and of mind. He has spiritual powers within him fitted to receive impressions from the "kingdom of God," as the eye, the ear, the taste, the smell, the touch, are fitted to receive impressions from the kingdom of matter, or as the mental powers are fitted to receive impressions from the varied realms of scientific truths.

And as your senses must first be formed and your scientific faculties be developed before you can enter the respective kingdoms to which they lead, so your spiritual powers must be born, and grow into habitual and controlling use, before you can pass into the kingdom of God. You cannot see it, nor enter it, without being "born from above."

The kingdom of God is not a realm far off in space, to which the event of death shall introduce us. Death only brings us into the spiritual world, and then, if our higher faculties are unborn, we shall still stand outside of God's kingdom, as a man blind from birth may grope painfully over this broad earth in a rayless and endless night, never

entering the kingdom of light, though it lies all about him, pouring its warm influence upon him, and bathing the world with grandeur and beauty.

Jesus, then, in declaring the solemn and irrevocable conditions of our entrance into the kingdom of Heaven, stated no single and arbitrary fact, but a universal law, confirmed by our experience of the manner in which we gain all our knowledge.

Man can only receive what his open, living faculties fit him to receive, — what his developed powers can bring him into free and open relation with. This, and only this. Thus we see that there is a fixed law, rooted in human nature and human life, that we must be born into every kingdom of Truth, whether of matter, of mind, or of heaven, or we cannot enter into it. Do you ask now how this birth from above can be accomplished by us? How can those sweet and awful senses within us be opened, through which as through a channel the finite human bosom is brought into perfect accord and oneness with the infinite Divine Love, making even our despised bodies the adequate and ample temple of God, and gathering up with every throb of our natural lives the infinite forces of Deity, as wheat is gathered up in a sheaf?

Jesus answers this question in words so clear and so concise that all men can treasure them up and walk by them forever. "Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," — thus he states the law. "If thou wouldst enter into eternal life, keep the commandments," — thus he points out the way. "All of the commandments are included in this, Thou shalt love the Lord with thy whole heart and thy neighbor as thyself," — thus he shows us what is meant by the commandments. He covers the whole infinite sphere of religion, of Heaven, and of God by the one word, *Love*.

The law of Love is the sure entrance and the only entrance into eternal life. If we with hearty consent and

co-operation strive to keep this law supremely, in least and in greatest things, — if, undeterred by frequent, nay, incessant defeats, we still struggle on, rising, like David, with new energy after every fall, and clinging closer to the Lord's outstretched arm, — we shall find Jesus, and the Holy Spirit, and the kingdom of God, becoming more and more blessedly and thrillingly *real* to our consciousness. Little by little our selfish aims and ends will be rooted up and cast out, and we will find the work of the higher birth — the work of the soul's regeneration — going gradually on to its blessed completeness.

Day by day, while walking and working on the earth, and fulfilling every duty of the natural life with a more finished faithfulness and a fuller fidelity, we shall feel that we are living in two worlds, mingling with men, and communing with Heaven. And when God's band of angels shall close round us, and at the touch of death the frail walls of matter that now shut us in shall fall away, our eyes shall open and our feet shall stand amid the unveiled and lustrous and unimaginable glories of the kingdom of God!

O my brother and my sister, perplexed about many things, the slaves of selfish habits, drawn hither and thither at the will of hurtful and worldly lusts, gazing at Religion afar off, as at some mysterious and unapproachable thing, look up! There is yet hope for you and for me. Look up to that most Blessed Life written all over with Heaven's great Law of Love; who left his shining home above, and clothed his radiant head with weeds of misery, and drained man's brimming cup of shame, and gathered in his arms the harlot and the outcast, and warmed on his own heart the sobbing and prostrate souls of the lost. Look to Him and strive to keep his Law. Though innumerable times we fail, and our feet stumble and fall in the deeply worn paths of selfish habit, let us but strive the more. Though seventy and seven times in a single day we falter and fail, let us

strive on, let us die striving. Then shall we find that that same Jesus will leave those of his flock whom he hath safely gathered home, and will go through the dark night seeking us, even *us*, the most erring and the most unworthy of all God's children; and when he has found us, he will carry us in his arms, and "there shall be one fold and one shepherd." *

E. M. W.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.†

PART II.

"But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age did come,
Their uncle should possess their wealthe,
For so the wille did run."
Old Ballad.

THE UNCLE (*in the Portrait Gallery*).

ALWAYS thou wert my foe, most envied one!
And yet unknowingly! For woman's heart
Not gentler is, nor purer, than was thine!
But thou art gone, — and now, why may not I
Be lord of this fair castle and domain?
A fragile boy of scarce three summers' age —
What more? an infant girl — doth stand between
Me and my pride's ambition! A light touch
May scatter, or a breeze of heaven blight
The tender lily-buds, and — didst thou hear
Unspoken words, mute picture? Ah, thou canst
Not search the deep and secret labyrinths

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* Those of our readers who may be desirous of seeing the main idea of this article presented with great clearness, beauty, and power are referred to a published sermon on Regeneration, by Rev. Chauncey Giles of Cincinnati.

† The reader will please refer to the February number (1859) of the Magazine, for the first part of this beautiful little drama. We suppose a Third Part is yet to come. — EDS.

Of this dark, tortured heart! E'en in thy life
Thou wast unconscious of the fire that burned
In smothered flames, hidden from human sight
Down deep in this despairing breast, — a slow,
Consuming anguish, which, in thy calm soul,
Thou couldst not feel nor comprehend! I did
But fancy that thine eye had read my heart's
Most secret thought! Thou too, — thou too art gone,
Pure, lovely Edith! and my vow to thee
Shall be fulfilled! Thou art an angel now,
And I will guard thy tender lily-buds
From blighting, for thy sake!

The Castle Terrace.

BERTHA.

She 's gone to Heaven!

EDGAR.

And will she come again?

BERTHA.

Ah, no! my child!
Not here, — but she will wait for thee to come
To her in Heaven.

EDGAR.

Bertha, when shall we go?
Is Heaven where our Nelly lives, — in yon
Dark forest, where sweet posies grow, covered
With fallen leaves, — so she must look to find
Them, as they peep from out their hiding-place?
Then shall we go, dear Bertha, very soon?

BERTHA.

Ah, no! my child! It is too far to find
It now, — but, by and by, you both shall go,
And be with her you love, forevermore!

[BERTHA *leads him away.*

THE UNCLE *appears on the terrace.*

Why haunt me thus, tormenting thoughts? Awake,
Asleep, ye come! forever with me! Hence!
Begone! ye temptings of the Evil One!
Cursed through all my life, most deeply curst
I 've been, — and, Edith, if my vow to thee
Be broke, I shall be doubly cursed! — Hence!

Evening.

(BERTHA *watches the sleeping babes*).

BERTHA.

Ah, sad, sad fate, to lose thee, dearest one!
Methinks I weep fountains of tears, that thou
Art gone! Cease, selfish heart, thus to repine!
Thou art far happier now, than dwelling here,
In this dark, gloomy castle, — desolate.
How sweetly now they sleep, fair orphan babes!
And is their mother's dream to be fulfilled?
I cannot hope so! Will they pine away
From sorrow that she comes not? Edgar mourns,
And is almost heart-broken! Ah! he sighs
So deeply now! The little Jane forgets
How many days are gone since her last kiss,
And thinks she 'll wake to see her in the morn.
Sleep, little slumberers! Her unseen watch
An angel mother keeps around you! Sleep!

"Reconcile the events of things unto both beings, that is, of this world and the next; so will there not seem so many riddles in Providence, nor various inequalities in the dispensation of things below. If thou dost not anoint thy face, yet put not on sackcloth at the felicities of others."

VISIT TO THE READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I WILL take you, reader, to an institution which not many American travellers have the leisure to visit, but which is one of the noblest and most worthy of Great Britain. I speak of the new Reading-Room of the British Museum. The Museum is itself one of the London lions, and few Americans visit London, I trust, without spending a day among its ample collections; but the library itself is more out of the way, and is not a publicly exhibited curiosity. So I think I shall be on fresh ground, if I give you a little account of this interesting department.

The visitor to the British Museum sees close by that startling statue of Shakespeare, the "eye in fine frenzy rolling," two glass doors, over which are the words "To THE READING-ROOM," and on which are in gilt lettering, "For Readers only." Taking advantage of my guidance, for I am a "reader," and have a bit of pasteboard in my pocket which will admit us, we pass through a long corridor to another pair of glass doors, where a keeper tests our right to enter, and, finding all correct, ushers us into one of the most splendid rooms in the world. When I was in London years ago, and used to study in the Museum library, the old reading-room seemed sumptuous and most convenient; but this one makes the other so insignificant, that I cannot recall even the rudest outlines of its appearance. Well, here you are in a room which is a dome in itself, and nothing but a dome, — rising one hundred feet from the ground, and yet with a diameter of a hundred and forty feet, one foot more than that of St. Peter's at Rome! The top is richly but softly gilded, and all the light of the room falls from those shaded windows which you see there. Climbing up the sides of this great dome are the circling rows of books, about twenty-five feet high, with galleries running around to

accommodate the attendants. There are twenty-five miles of shelving in this room, and eighty thousand books. And yet this is not the quarter of all.

And now, when you have feasted your eyes on the sight of so vast a dome, and of such throngs of books, look at the arrangement on the floor. What are you treading on? I cannot think, unless it be leather, for it is firm, but soft, and has a decidedly leathery look. That deadens all the footfalls, and so the scores of readers and attendants go to and fro, and no student is disturbed. Let us go up into the first gallery that runs around the dome, and look down upon the floor and note its arrangement. It looks like a star, or like the city of Carlsruhe in Germany, if that be a more evident and palpable illustration. In the centre of all is a circular table enclosing a space about twelve feet in diameter, where sits the Superintendent with half a dozen assistants. His throne or dais is elevated about a foot above the floor. Around this is a walk, about five feet broad, and then another circular table, beneath which stands, in huge folios, the catalogue of the library. This table or counter must be over seventy feet in length, and of course is broken up by a number of alleys through it. Outside of this is still another walk, and still another circular table of yet greater length than the last. This too has the ponderous catalogue running along, folio after folio, under it. Thus as you look down upon the whole from above, you see three concentric rings; the inner table for the officers, the outer two for the readers. Of course persons consulting the catalogues can stand on the inside or the outside; that is, nearest the centre of the room, or nearest the walls. I wish I could tell you how many scores of those great folio volumes make up the catalogue, but I cannot. There are so many, however, that very rarely do two readers want the same volume at the same time. Of course they are in manuscript form, and there is only one copy in the world; and yet the rate of increase of books in this library is so

great, that it keeps twelve men busy in writing the slips and pasting them into the catalogue.

Well, let us look a little further into the arrangement of this finest reading-room in the world. Outside of the exterior of these concentric tables runs a path of seven or eight feet in width, and from that radiate to the walls, or rather to the spacious path along by the book-shelves, readers' tables. These are the rays of the star to which I likened the reading-room. Each of these long tables has a partition running its entire length, so that the readers on the one side cannot see those on the other side. This screen serves a number of uses. It contains pipes for hot air in winter, and for a draught of cool air in summer: it has a recess in it for an ink-well and quill-pens: it has two movable and most convenient book-racks for each person. These are so ingenious that I will not attempt to describe. They will hold a book at any height or angle which you may desire, and accommodate you equally well, whether you are reading or copying. Under the table runs a pipe for cold water, to serve as a foot-warmer in winter. The chairs are most luxurious and inviting. Three hundred readers can be accommodated there, and very often the room is full. It is an institution worthy of Great Britain. As old puritanic Boston may rightly be proud of her New Library, so may London and England be proud of the Library and the Reading-Room of the British Museum. This is the only library in Europe, so far as I know, that is not hampered by so many restrictions as to be little availing to the general scholar. I have used those of Paris and Dresden and Berlin, and would rather have a good library of twenty thousand volumes *at my command*, than the hundreds of thousands of those vast collections, under the petty and annoying restrictions which the reader must endure. But the British Museum is open without charge, and most freely. A person who wishes to use the reading-room applies over his signature for permission, and has the

indorsement of some respectable citizen, and the request is immediately granted. Without any expense or any annoyance to the individual, this great collection is freely opened to the British public; and here am I, an American citizen, enjoying the same great advantages.

You will wish to get a glimpse of the *modus operandi*. Do you notice those little slips of blue paper which are just at hand at every yard of the catalogue tables? Tear one off, and you will see on the back the few brief regulations of the reading-room, and on the other, five divisions, in one of which you write the book-mark, that is, the library shelf which contains the volume, then the full title of the work wanted, then the size, then the place and date of publication. Hand that to one of those softly-stepping young men, and take your seat and read your newspaper, or take down one of the twenty thousand volumes which you can reach with your hand as you walk the circuit of the great reading-room. In about half an hour the young man will return: there is your book, or, if you asked for half a dozen or for fifty, there they are: now use them at your will. It is computed that every reader at the Museum consults on an average over six volumes a day. There is absolutely no limit to the number of volumes which can be ordered. I have seen an attendant bring a wheelbarrow-load at a time. All kinds of people come here, and I love to see the kinds of books which are called for. Here comes a gentleman with hair just touched with gray, and with a thoughtful, expressive face. He wants the Latin Chroniclers of the First Crusade. Here comes a smart, stylishly-dressed young fellow, with a goatee and moustaches; he wants one of Bulwer's early novels. A pretty lady, rather carelessly dressed, comes to the table next; she is looking for works of art. So all kinds of people are here: authors and loungers, all are accommodated by this magnificent institution of the British Empire.

There are a hundred details which I would be glad to enter into, which make up the perfectness of this library;

but the limits of my letter will not allow me to say more than this,—that, so far as regards the matter of ventilation, it is so complete that a current of air is being continually forced up behind the books to keep them well aired. With such precautions as these and the like, there is no limit to the time which the valuable collection shall endure. And long may it exist, an honor and source of rich intellectual life to the country from whose munificence it has sprung.

W.

London, October 27th, 1859.

Do we not often find that a halo hovers around the memory of past days, as if they had been seasons of unmingled happiness, or at least of fewer anxieties and sorrows than the present? So they seem as we look back upon them through the mellowing haze of years, softening and blending them into one uniform hue of quiet satisfaction, if not of gladness. Yet when we review and analyze them, we find that their flow was broken by many sorrows, which then were hard to bear, and overshadowed by anxieties which sometimes appalled the heart. Perhaps the memory of some loved one, now removed from us, sheds such a glory over past years, that even the recollection of pain and sorrow is gilded by the thought of her: and are there not those around us now, by whose dear presence our path is brightened,—whose sympathy heightens our joys, and gives us strength and patience to endure every sorrow? May not the years come, when we shall revert to the present time as bright with joys since passed away?

Let us gratefully cherish the memory of the past, thanking God for all its pleasures of love and joy; but let us not be unmindful of present blessings, for they are without number; and every night and every morning should awaken cheerful thanksgiving for the "goodness and mercy" which follow us all the days of our life.

A PLAN OF LIFE.

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D. D.

1 CORINTHIANS vi. 3: — "The things that pertain to this life."

THERE may be some here present, who, with their other thoughts and feelings on entering upon a New Year, may have raised or recalled in their minds some questions as to their Plan of Life. The Plan of Life, — the principle or method or aim of existence, — let this be our present theme. It is, of course, a theme altogether too extensive for a satisfactory treatment in a sermon, and it is one of those vast and comprehensive subjects on which hints and gleams of wise counsel may more reasonably content us than upon some simpler subjects. It is very difficult to apply an exhaustive wisdom to such a theme, or to find in the exercise of a single mind upon it a train of thought to which the moral sense of any large number of persons will respond. In our common literature there are two prevailing ways, in the one or the other of which this theme is treated; and while all moralists and essayists have dealt with it, many have sounded it too deeply, or have but skimmed over it superficially, whether in prose or poetry.

One prevailing style and tone of writing on the plan of living has produced many dull and dreary volumes, in which theology has swallowed up humanity, and ghostly counsels and rigid severities have been proposed against every natural feeling within us. How sombre and repulsive, to the young especially, are some of those grim treatises which are filled with prohibitions of everything that seems to them most genial, and which require terms utterly arbitrary and unreal to them! There can be no doubt but that the substance and essence of even the most rigid catechism of life are in the main true. But when a code for conduct and

character and business is drawn out into specific rules, for daily toil, and a measured demeanor, and a piety performed by rote, there is something so stiff in the method as to repel most readers, even among the well disposed.

The other prevailing characteristic of many sermons and essays on the plan of life is a sort of rhetorical, sentimental, high-wrought, or exaggerated way of describing human experience, with its various incidents. Life is thus delineated in heroic poetry: and commonplace matters, instead of being treated with that homely simplicity which best befits them, are swollen out with fanciful and foggy rhetoric. We are told about the "mission of life," "the nobility of toil," "the glory of not succeeding," and "the chivalry of self-devotion." We feel, on reading such swollen exaggerations of commonplace cares and experiences, as if we were walking on stilts, and had got elevated above the earth, in a way that made a sure footing in it only the more precarious. When we are seeking to form or amend our plan of living, we do not wish for rhetorical rhapsodies, nor for sombre shades cast from the vanities of mortality, but for some simple, cheerful, practical views, which we may understand, approve, and then put in practice.

And how large a portion of those here present may be supposed to be interested in this theme, or open to instruction from it? That depends very much upon the way in which the theme is entered upon, and the manner in which it engages their attention. It may be well, therefore, to define at once what is meant by a plan or method of living. The theme of course will vary in its general features, according to the audience before which it is treated. For any assembly composed of one class of persons, — the young, or the middle-aged, — belonging to a profession, a trade, or any common calling, — a plan of life might be defined or described in many particulars which must be overlooked in a more general view of it. It seems more difficult to state such a plan as is applicable or available to any large number

of persons, independently of age, circumstances, means, or occupation. Yet there must be a common wisdom, which, like air and bread and water, is needed by us all. Amid the varying elements of human experience and capacity there is a substantial similarity in the virtues which we are all to practise, in the vices which we have all to shun, and in the follies, temptations, duties, rewards, and successes of life.

There is, however, one very embarrassing difficulty which now besets the treatment of all moral themes concerning human life. This is the difficulty of saying what is, and what is not, natural, or in accordance with nature. We say that a great many desires and habits and pursuits are natural to man, which we should find it very hard to vindicate by referring them to any healthful, instinctive action of his original nature. What is natural, and what is unnatural to man? Who can tell us? How can we decide? Where is the tribunal for debating the question? One witness tells us that it is natural for young persons to be giddy, to dread labor or sedateness, to love dissipation, gayety, extravagance, indolence. Another witness says that it is natural for men to love money, to crave the more the more they have of it. And so we may hear various passions or motives or aims in life described as natural to us. What is meant by this? It would not be difficult, I think, to show that many things which are said to be natural to man are in fact extremely artificial, and therefore unnatural to him. The difficulty of estimating or deciding what is natural to man is very much increased by the fact, that the very persons whom we pronounce upon are living amid all the artificial circumstances of a strange and complicated society. We may say that it is natural for savages to bore their noses, and slit their ears, and tattoo or paint their bodies. But we should not consider it natural for us to do so. Now it may be that civilization, the usages of our crowded, struggling, and artificial society, take us as far beyond what is natural to us in one

direction, as savages stray from nature in another direction. We certainly may say that many of the absorbing interests and ends which enter into the plan of life for thousands among us are artificial, not simply and instinctively natural.

Having in view these difficulties in attempting to define a true plan of life for people in general, we can look only for some general counsels. There are great differences to be allowed for in the tastes and capacities of individuals, in their various talents and circumstances, in the necessities of obtaining a livelihood, or in the possession of an independence. For all our present purposes we may define a Plan of Life to mean a method of living according to some well-considered principles, which our honest judgment approves, which will turn our lives to a good account, will guard us from folly, remorse, and shame, and make it on the whole desirable for us at least that we have lived. Anything that will secure those conditions will be a plan of life. If there be those who do not care to secure those conditions, they, of course, cannot be expected to wish to have any plan of life. If they are willing to drift without steering, it will be very difficult to persuade them that there is such a thing as navigation. Their bark of life is their own, and the only person that can steer the vessel is the one that is on board of it, and has his all with him.

To have a plan of life is to infuse as much as possible of a conscious and intelligent choice into the circumstances of our existence, — to know what we wish to be or to do, and to know how to accomplish the wish. There is a plain, reasonable necessity in having such a plan. Every navigator has a chart; every constructor has a model; every architect makes a draught of his work. How can a human being, with all his enginery of passion and all his weaknesses, expect to go comfortably and wisely through existence, amid all its risks and rivalries, without having considered with himself by what method or principle he shall live? Look at the matter for one moment. You steer a ship, you

guide an engine, you prescribe contracts, you enact laws, and how can you expect that you can stumble by instinct, blindly, unconsciously, upon the method by which it will be well for you to spend your days? You would not be safe in any machine that was so left, and you cannot hope to make anything but a miserable jest or wreck out of your own existence, unless you form a plan for it.

Indeed, the wisest and most practical counsel which can be given on this subject is simply in the words, — "Form a Plan for your existence, — have some Principle, Aim, or Method in it." Before all definitions of that Plan, or any rules by which it is to be formed, stands the simple counsel, — Form some plan. The very purpose is the best part of the work. Admit to yourself the necessity of some plan, and you may be almost certain that you will form a good one. I have but little respect for what are called human instincts, but I have a great deal of respect and confidence in human thoughts, that is, when they are cool, clear, and deliberate. I do not believe many persons could deliberately form bad plans for living, — actually foolish and wicked methods of existence. We do indeed speak of persons who calculate unwisely, scheme foolishly, or choose recklessly. But are we certain that they calculate or choose at all? May it not rather be that they are led or driven by impulse, by a giddy heart, by an ignorant rashness, or a hardy obstinacy? For there is indeed something in cool deliberation, in careful, considerate thoughtfulness, in the pause of the mind and the exercise of a reasoning intelligence casting its scrutiny on the way before us, which partakes of true wisdom, and gives promise of good fruit. I have that respect for the working of a sincere mind upon life, which leads me to believe that any one who will take a fit time, and a fair mood, and an honest purpose, and sit down with himself to ask, "What shall be my principle in life?" will come upon the track of something that is good.

Now it is hardly to be expected that any persons, except

such as may happen to be very systematic, methodical, and precise in all their ways, will set before themselves a chart of life, and divide their time mathematically, and govern themselves by formal rules, in their labors, their feelings, their expenses and pleasures. There is certainly no harm, still less is there any folly, or anything to be ridiculed as stiff or formal, in this precise planning out of one's life. On the contrary, some of the largest-minded, most devoted, and most eminent persons have confessed themselves to have been governed by such a rigid method, and good and honored persons in all the walks of life have been indebted to just such a plan for much of their virtue, success, and happiness. Nor can there be a question but that the most stiff and rigid plan of life that could be proposed is infinitely preferable to that reckless, haphazard, and slipshod way in which many persons live as regards their duty, their expenses, their enjoyments, and their characters. Is it not evident that the less we yield ourselves to a mere impulsive, spontaneous, heady tendency in life, and the more of conscious choice, of deliberate and sagacious purpose we infuse into our existence, the more reasonable and safe will be our conduct under all circumstances? And this is especially true in a state of society like our own, where the influence and example of others operate upon us in ways which almost deprive us of our independence, if we do not assert it to ourselves by forming our own plans, and sitting in calm judgment upon the best method of life.

Supposing, however, that no formal, rigid method can be generally recommended, because it would be to some unnatural, and to others stiff, cramping, or oppressive, there must, nevertheless, be a common wisdom applicable in some simple lessons to life. As there are approved rules for discretion, economy, safety, and excellence in every subordinate end or object of existence, there must be a use for a good understanding and a deliberate plan for it as a whole. It is a deplorable thing for any one merely to waste his life,

— how much more of loss and grief that waste involves, who of us can know?

The essential wisdom which enters into a good plan or method of life must be simple and easily put in practice. It may be taken for granted, that every one who seeks conscientiously and deliberately to form a plan of life will sooner or later recognize these three aims: he will wish to be respectable, to be useful, and to succeed eminently, or at least moderately, through his own exertions. His plan will embrace exertion, prosperity, and integrity. No plan of life which does not recognize those three conditions will bear being looked at by a thoughtful mind, or prove satisfactory to any right-principled person. A plan that does embrace them all must be interesting to a large number of all classes around us. Young persons certainly, who are not willing to creep on through existence as mere ciphers, or encumbrances or positive pests of society, must approve such a plan, if they can only be induced to engage their own minds earnestly in it. Indeed, where in all the scenes which society offers is there a finer spectacle, or a more elevated object, than that of a young person using the first glow and pride of mature years to form a good plan of life, a really conscientious and intelligent plan, which embraces true dignity, hearty effort, and the hope of honorable success?

And such a plan may be had in view, not only in youth, but in more advanced stages of life. There are many persons who have got far on upon the probable extent of their existence in a sort of spasmodic, irregular, impulsive way, led from year to year by no fixed methods, through blunders and follies and all sorts of half-purposes. They are, of course, not satisfied with themselves, nor likely ever to be if they go on in the same way. They have alternately fits of folly and fits of wisdom, sometimes very rigid, exact, economical, prudent, at other times reckless, wasteful, and inconsiderate. The simple reason of it all is, that they have never formed any plan of life, nor set before themselves in

order, one by one, the great aims which they should pursue according to their relative value, and the subordinate aims which they should incidentally catch at as opportunity offers, or let go if they require much trouble. These persons may say, It is too late for us to think about a plan of life, as fixed habits and the chain of circumstances have made it impossible for us essentially to alter our course. But, thank God! it is never too late for us to infuse a good, a wiser purpose into our existence, to raise our aims, to purify, elevate, and ennoble these natures which God has given us.

The simple wisdom of a good plan of life will be found to consist chiefly in a method something like this, — to take the common aims of life, which are instinctively, or by force of prevailing custom, the most regarded, to look at them carefully, to clear them of all mere fancies, to distinguish the false and the true in them, and then to follow out the strict, honest, judicious course which will be sure to open itself before us. We shall find at once that there is room and occasion for every one to exercise an independent judgment upon many matters which seem to be settled by public estimate and opinion. It is always well to be influenced in degrees by general opinion, but never to such a degree as to be blindly led in anything. It will be an open question to you through life, how far you are to be influenced by the advice or opinion or example of others. Now we know very well that there are those who will lead us into follies, but will never afford us the least help in getting out of them. It is curious to observe the workings of this fact in speculations, in fashion, in dissipation, in risks of every sort. Therefore it will always be found wise to question all current maxims, all prevailing views of things, — to question them, not for the sake of oddity or eccentricity, but for the sake of safety, and to discover our own way.

There is that one word, Respectability. The definitions which might be given of that word would almost fill a whole dictionary. Sometimes it means a person's clothes,

and sometimes it does not mean even so much as his clothes, but only the shape of them. O, what lures there are in that word, and in other similar words, like "gentility" and "high standing" and "good society," — what lures there are in them to catch and deceive those who do not interpret the words in their own plan of life by the light of a clear, penetrating, independent, and honest judgment! There is that word, Ambition; its right or wrong use will make all the difference in the world in a plan of life. A just and proper ambition, — call it pride or anything else, if so be you mean what is right by it, — is one of the noblest incentives which civilization brings with it. The pride of independence, of a position honestly gained and well sustained, is commendable everywhere. The lowest form which this Ambition takes is that of mere outward show; the highest, is that of real excellence. The very first condition of respectability is, that a person be able to respect himself. Tried by that test, what a strange overturning would there be of our social standards, as they apply to individuals, on the score of respectability! We must learn to try ourselves by it.

One of the first things to be settled, then, in a plan of life, is to draw the line between mere outward accomplishments, adornments, and attractions, and real, sterling acquisitions of every kind. All that gives grace and refinement and elegance to character and life is to be greatly desired; but such things are to be made the fruits of its labors and virtues, not the substitutes for them. It makes a great difference in one's plan of life whether he aims for a life of pleasure, or seeks only to enjoy the healthful and innocent pleasure which comes as the result of exertion and usefulness. In our artificial society there are some who are born to, or who easily obtain, the means of lavish expense and luxury, and who, without any wrong to themselves or others, can gather about them all the elegances of life. The sight of these is a temptation to many, which makes them envy the enjoy-

ment, while it renders labor and effort and self-denial distasteful. And so there grows up a class of persons — a class always increasing — who make wealth their standard, and regard it chiefly as a means of outward display. Here is room for the honest action of an independent mind. Do not follow in this the example of any one, till you have distinguished the true from the false in all the show which is worn upon the face of things.

Exertion, effort, employment of some kind, steadily, constantly, and cheerfully pursued, — that is the staple element of a good plan of life. Call it work, call it even a task if you please, but face it manfully, meet it day by day, as you value your true respectability and success. We often hear the uneasy and the dissatisfied speak of the tasks of life as drudgery. Well, there is no denying that there is a sameness and a weariness about any uniform employment. And if any will show us how to rid ourselves of that without having to bear something worse, we should be glad to hear of it. But after all, what is called the drudgery of any daily employment often lies rather in the reluctant, restless spirit with which it is engaged in, than in anything hard in the work itself. Now it stands to reason that, in our artificial state of society, there must be a close subdivision of employments, that they must be regularly and systematically performed, that all must be diligent and faithful in their own spheres, in order that society may prosper, and the vast sum of general good may be divided into its ten thousand little rills, which will convey to every family and every individual the blessed rewards of industry and healthful comfort.

There is weariness and exhaustion in any steady employment, and sometimes the most diligent and earnest will become depressed under the daily pressure of care. But if we can in this way fairly meet our portion in life's needful discipline, and suffer nothing worse, let us be thankful. The daily blessing comes with the daily occupation, and

can be secured from nothing else. And suppose we could take a public vote, that all these trades and professions and slavish tasks were unnecessary, and should all give up our work, what would become of us? Have we not all as good a right to do this as any have? And what is the result to those who evade the exertion and the task of life? Do they win success and honor? Do they find satisfaction in indolence, or pleasure, or dissipation? No; when they forego employment, they also forego respectability, success, honor, and inward comfort. Their life becomes a waste. They generally die young, and it is better on the whole that they should. Or if they live to age, they run down into insignificance and poverty. Their shattered frames show that something beside care and labor will wear men out, and their dreary, friendless state shows that they have outlived their gay companionship.

Yet while we thus in our Plan of Life face with a cheerful purpose the daily tasks of some honorable, useful work, we must be careful not to grow to our employment, nor to become a part of our tools. We must endeavor to cultivate a genial nature, to be something out of our employment as well as in it, to provide ourselves with resources, to refine and improve our characters, and to do justice to all the softening influences of social life. We cannot all be scholars, nor do we need to be; for a scholar is far from being the highest exhibition of man. We cannot all be persons of taste or accomplishments, and the mere dabblers in such matters are positive nuisances in society. But we can all have a Plan of Life which, after answering the ends of business, shall enable us to cultivate more or less our social, friendly, neighborly feelings, our unselfish feelings, our public spirit. It is, after all, the order in which the desirable ends of life are to be pursued, — the order of them, — which shall stand first, and what second, and so on, — it is this which is the great condition of a good Plan of Life. Duty, this is first by every law of God and of reason, and the

successive parts of our plan are but contingent, because prosperity and wealth and success and happiness are ever uncertain in this world.

Now this or any other good Plan of Life must have a law, a foundation principle, a serious, solemn conviction, to help in forming it, and, what is more, to encourage and secure the performance of it. And there is a strong reluctance in many minds to face a serious view of life. Self-will, pleasure, carelessness, folly, all conspire to countenance many in trifling with life, or at least in thinking that it is of no great consequence whether it bring anything to pass for time or eternity. Now that some who have attempted to give a serious view of life have given only a gloomy, repulsive view of it, and have gathered frightful bugbears about it, may be allowed. But, after all, it is a serious thing to live, that is, to live many years amid all the risks and responsibilities of society. And religion is not the only thing that makes life serious and solemn. Far, far otherwise. Indeed, we have all of us, religious or irreligious, to meet about the same amount of seriousness, to have about as many thoughtful or sombre hours, in the course of life. The seriousness which religion gives to life, a reasonable, truly Christian view of it, is far less sombre or solemn than the seriousness which attends folly or self-reproach, or even an idle, unprofitable life. Is there any seriousness which exceeds in deep, wretched sadness that of an unprincipled or abandoned man in some hour of self-reproach, when by those mysterious workings of the memory the fair visions of an innocent youth come back to him, all tattered and stained by his later depravity? Is there any seriousness more appalling than that with which the gambler turns from an unsuccessful cast, and owns himself a beggar, a fool, a madman? Is there any seriousness more bitter than that of the victim of intemperance when the stings of his own vice pierce him, and he feels that he is imbruted and self-destroyed? Is there any seriousness in religion, any sadness in it, worse

than that of any bad habit, any folly, any way of wasting life? Seriousness! we must all yield to it in some shape, for it is the shadow of the spirit cast upon this earthly life; it is the token of a heart that the earth cannot satisfy, of a desire that existence here does not fill.

Let us admit seriousness, then, into our Plan of Life. And let it find us willing, yes, glad to hear what it will counsel us. Its tones are solemn: we need them. Its words are warnings: they will do us good. Their echoes vibrate through the days of the year that has closed; their lessons address us as we enter upon the year that has begun. "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind: be sober, and hope to the end," for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

RESURRECTION OF THE NATURAL BODY.

The student of the New Testament must be aware that the notion of the resurrection of dead bodies is nowhere recognized nor implied. The resurrection of the dead is enounced by Christ, and philosophically expounded by St. Paul. The resurrection of the flesh not only is not asserted, but virtually denied. We shall rise in "spiritual bodies," since "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It becomes a very interesting inquiry, Whence originated this dogma of a resurrection of dead bodies? how came it in the Christian Church? and why is it tenaciously retained?

At the time of Christ's appearing there were three principal sects among the Jews,—the Pharisees, the Essenes, and the Sadducees. The first believed in the resurrection of the material body; the second believed in the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments, but rejected with horror the Pharisaic notion of the resurrection; the

third believed in no future state at all, denying the existence both of spirits and angels. That the Pharisees derived their doctrine from their own Scriptures it would be vain to assert, for it is nowhere to be found in them. The only passage which has any appearance of lending it support is Job xix. 25–27, and this is by a false rendering, as any one may see by reference to Dr. Noyes's exceedingly lucid translation. It was not a doctrine of the early Hebrews, and was not found among the Jews until after the Babylonish captivity. It appears abundantly in the Talmud, the Jewish commentary on the Hebrew Scriptures, but not in the Scriptures themselves.

It is interesting to know that the doctrine in all its grossness was held by a sect of the Chaldæans at the time of the Jewish captivity. The Magians or Fire-worshippers had existed for a long time before, and their religion was reformed by Zoroaster, probably not long previous to the reign of Cyrus. Their creed was, that there are two principles, one of Light and one of Darkness, both contending for the supremacy of this world. The good at death go away to the abodes of Light; the bad are dragged down into Darkness; but the day will come when the bodies of all men will be raised, and reconstructed from the dust, and purified for the souls which had been separated from them to reenter and dwell in on the renovated Earth.* They believed the heavenly bodies to be animated with souls, and worshipped the sun under the symbol of fire, which was ever kept burning upon their altars.

After the restoration from the captivity this doctrine of the resurrection of dead bodies appears among the Jews,

* Prideaux's Connexion, Vol. I. p. 196. The Zend-Avesta, by Anquetil du Perron, as quoted by Dr. Bailey, Vol. II. p. 412. Either Dr. Prideaux's authorities misled him, or the Zend-Avesta of Perron does not give the genuine theory of Zoroaster. According to the former authority, he believed in the everlasting punishment of the wicked; according to the latter, in their ultimate purification and happiness. It is agreed, however, that he taught the resurrection of the natural body.

and it was an essential article in the creed of the Pharisees. They did not hold it, however, precisely as the Magians held it. The Magians believed that all souls, good and bad, would find their lost bodies, and live happily upon the Earth. The Pharisees believed that all souls would be raised out of Hades to a judgment upon the Earth, but only the righteous would find their bodies again and live happily in a terrestrial Paradise; the wicked would be thrust down again without their bodies, and be shut up in Gehenna, the lowest region of Hades, to remain there forever.*

Such was the state of opinion when the Christian Church was formed, partly from Jewish converts, believers already in the resurrection of the natural body. The dogma, however, does not appear in the primitive Christian Church. The Apostolic fathers, that is, the Christian fathers who lived in the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles themselves, — Barnabas, Clement, and Ignatius particularly, — speak of the resurrection, but only as Christ and his Apostles had done. They say nothing of the resurrection of dead bodies. The truth is, as we suppose, it had not been made a matter of thought and investigation, and no theories had been formed about it. The Jewish converts would naturally put a Jewish interpretation upon the words; the others would not philosophize upon the subject at all, while the glory of the ascended Christ was yet open to their vision and absorbed them into it. It was no time to build theories while the heart was warm, and immortality was not a matter of speculation, but of sight. Towards the close of the second century, however, a change becomes apparent, and we hear for the first time under Christianity of "the resurrection of the flesh." The old Jewish dogma is reproduced with this addition, that not the righteous only, but also the wicked, will be clothed in their lost bodies at the judgment day, the former to dwell in Paradise, the lat-

* Josephus, Wars, II. 10. 14.

ter to burn, body as well as soul, in everlasting fire. How this change was brought about, and why the Jewish dogma was reproduced in all its grossness, is obvious enough. A controversy, and a very sharp one, arose on this very point between the Gnostics and the Apologists for the Christian faith, in the process of which theories must be formed, sides must be taken, and opinions distinctly defined. The Gnostics were the earliest corrupters of Christianity. They were the Hegelians of the early Church, accepting all its creeds and symbols, but emptying them of their native meaning, and filling them out again with their own wild and dreamy speculations. One of their notions was the essential evil of matter, and hence they poured contempt upon the natural body. The flesh is the prison of the soul, and keeps it in darkness and corruption. They denied, not merely the resurrection of Christ, but his incarnation. The real Christ was never clothed in flesh; it was only an appearance. These are the heretics to whom St. John is supposed to refer in his anathema against those who confess not "that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh."* They travestied the whole doctrine of the resurrection as the Church held it, and resolved the language of Christ and Paul into a figure of speech. It only meant a moral resurrection, a rise out of sin into holiness and virtue. Taking up the Jewish dogma as they found it latent in the minds of Christians, they raked it with the keen and subtile logic which they were masters of, and whenever they fell in with a Christian believer, especially among the simple and unlearned, they were pretty sure to stagger him at this weak and vulnerable point.

Against these wily antagonists, Tertullian undertook the defence of the Christian faith. He was a native of Carthage, born not far from A. D. 150, and flourished, therefore, about the close of the second century. He was a convert from heathenism. His mind was coarse, rugged, full of

* 1 John iv. 3.

African fire, and dwelt doggedly in the literal sense. He wrote specially against the Gnostics. His treatise, *De Resurrectione Carnis*, takes the extreme Jewish position, and maintains, in its utmost literalism, the resurrection of the flesh. Sometimes his argument rises into strength and grandeur. "Look now," says he, "at the examples of the Divine power. Day dies into night, and on all sides is buried in darkness. The glory of the world is dishonored; everything that exists is covered with blackness; all things are rendered mean, silent, and torpid; there is a general mourning, a cessation of all business. Thus the lost light is mourned for. And yet again it revives with its own ornament and dowry with the sun, the same as before, whole and entire; slaying its own death, night; bursting its sepulchre, the darkness; coming forth the heir to itself, until night revives with its own accompaniments. The rays of the stars are rekindled which the morning glow had extinguished. The absent constellations are brought back, which the destruction of time had taken away. The mirrors of the moon are re-adorned, which the monthly number had worn away. The winters and summers revolve, and springs and autumns, with their own powers, habits, and fruits. Earth receives instructions from heaven to clothe the trees, after they have been stripped; to color the flowers afresh; again to bring forth the herbage; to exhibit the same seeds that had been taken away, and not to exhibit them before they are taken away. Wonderful procedure! from a defrauder to become a preserver; that she may restore, she takes away; that she may guard, she destroys; that she may retain entire, she injures; that she may increase, she consumes. Nothing perishes but for salvation. Therefore this whole revolving order of things is an attestation to the resurrection of the dead. God wrote it in his works before he wrote it in his word."*

* Neander's Planting and Antignostikus, Vol. II. pp. 485, 486, Bohn's edition.

From the year 170 onward, this doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh appears with greater and greater distinctness. It appears at first faintly, in private summaries of belief; more distinctly after the controversy with the Gnostics. The first professed *creed*, however, in which it is found, is one drawn up by the arch-heretic Arius, about A. D. 327; and the first public creed which contains it is that of the Council of Constantinople, A. D. 381.* Dr. Sykes seems to lay too much stress upon this fact; for the reason why it was not sooner put into the public creeds doubtless was, that it was not deemed necessary, since it had not been extensively denied by Christian believers. Like many other doctrines, there was no philosophy about it until controversy made it a subject of investigation.

Once fairly inducted, it did not fail to gather about it the absurdities and fantasies for which it has a strong natural affinity. It became a question, whether the same flesh would rise again; whether it would have the same form and sex; at what age it would rise; whether it would be the body that died and was buried, or some other of the series which the soul had occupied; whether souls would know their own bodies by instinct; and what would prevent the body from burning up and decomposing when roasted in hell-fire. On these points, the unbelievers did not fail to tax all the ingenuity of the faithful. Tertullian maintained that the identical dead body would rise again, particle for particle; and Origen is said to have believed that bodies would rise in globular shape, as if rolling were an easier or better method of locomotion than walking. Augustine argues that burning material bodies will not necessarily destroy them; he knows of worms that can be boiled in water without hurting them in the least. Thomas Aquinas thinks the identical substance will come up out of the grave that was put into it. The unbelievers were gen-

* Dr. Sykes's Enquiry.

erally silenced, or rather evaded, by remanding all difficulties and contradictions to the Divine Omnipotence.

It is quite possible, as some writers have imagined, that the dogma of a fleshly resurrection was borrowed by the Jews from the Magians, and by the Christians from the Jews; but we do not think that this accounts sufficiently for its genesis and descent to the Christian Church. How came the Magians by it? for they are said to be the first and the only heathen that ever held it. They held it in company with kindred and cognate ideas. They had first sunk God in nature, and worshipped nature in the sun, moon, and stars, and hence their only conception of a real and tangible immortality was on the plane of nature, and for this the dead bodies must stand up again upon the earth. The Jews believed it only after the glory of Israel had waned, and they were looking for a temporal Messiah. The Christian Church received it, or at least developed it, after her day of childlike faith had passed. There is a common genesis for all such heresies, and a common soil for them to germinate and grow in. *It is the tendency of the carnal mind to carnalize the truths of the Divine Word.* It is wisely permitted, in order that those truths may not sink out of sight and be entirely lost. It broke the descent of the Magians toward Atheism; it broke that of the Pharisees towards blank Sadduceeism; it gave the Christian Church a foothold, and saved it from sliding into Gnosticism. A carnalized faith is better than none at all, and to believe in the resurrection of the flesh is better than to lose sight of the eternal realities, or turn them into dreams and shadows.

It is a singular fact, however, that the idea of a *spiritual body*, distinct from the natural, and always investing the soul, is most plainly set forth in the writings of these Christian fathers. They seem to have had no notion of a disembodied state after death. Man still lives, and lives in human form, and with a bodily organization, after the material coverings have been laid in the grave. "Spirits after death,"

says Irenæus, "have a body adapted to their condition the same as before." Tertullian himself affirms the doctrine in its full integrity: "If souls be sensible of pain after death, and tormented with fire, then must they needs have some corporeity, for incorporality suffers nothing." Origen affirms the same thing.* Augustine distinctly recognizes it: "Unde et spirituali erunt: non quia corpora esse desistent, sed quia spiritu vivificante subsistent." † They will be spiritual, not because they will cease to be bodies, but because they will subsist by the quickening spirit. The majority of the fathers believed, too, that angels live in substantial bodies. Why they did not perceive that these ideas rendered entirely nugatory their notion of a resurrection of the flesh, it is difficult to imagine, unless, as is probably the case, they regarded matter as more real than spirit-substance, and the natural world more truly and brightly existent than the spiritual, and supposed, therefore, like the heathen, that departed spirits pined to get back to its glorious domains.

After the Reformation this notion of the resurrection of the flesh could not fail to be scrutinized and re-examined. In 1678 Dr. Cudworth's "Intellectual System" was published, — one of the grandest monuments of learning in the English language. In this he devotes over a hundred pages to the subject of the spiritual or celestial body, in which he shows that not only the ancient philosophers, but most of the Christian fathers, believed that man lives in human form after death; and their reasonings are set forth in such clear array, that the notion of a resurrection of the flesh sinks into unimportance. It became doubtful whether he really believed it, and his great work provoked replies from the orthodox, who charged him with bringing the doctrine into peril. They might well be alarmed, for the best English thinkers came to doubt it, as both unphilosophical and unscriptural, and to treat it as a lifeless tradition.

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* Cudworth's Intellectual System, Ch. V. Sec. III.

† De Civ. Dei, LXIII., CXXII.

In the system of Swedenborg it not only is excluded altogether, but it is so driven out before the brightness of a more heavenly gospel that it looks too dingy and death-like ever to return. Swedenborg unfolds with scientific precision the doctrine of DEGREES OF LIFE. The spiritual world into which men enter at death is not a sublimation of the natural, not matter attenuated and rarefied, but a world *discreted* from this, having bodies differing in *genus* from natural ones, but a world more substantial, phenomenal, and brightly real. That is the substance, in fact, while this is only the adumbration of its realities, and shows them in dim types and representations. The soul itself of every regenerated man, even while yet in the flesh, is ultimated in a celestial body, the exponent and image of its own intrinsic life, and the flesh only clogs and conceals its bursting glories. Heaven is already entered, and the celestial body put on, and death only takes the concealments of the flesh away. Just the opposite takes place with the souls that love and do evil and put on corruption. They shape to themselves a spiritual body, the exact effigy of their spiritual state, not to be burned in literal fire, but in the deforming lusts which even now waste the beauty of form and degrade it towards the bestial. And all this appears openly when the flesh falls off, and the man is drawn to his like in the other world. The bodies we shall wear eternally are not manufactured, but put on from within, even as the forms of tree or flower are the ultimations of its evolving life, or as the forms and the dress of the angels are the outshaping and the outrobing of the Christ who has been received within. Swedenborg does not make matter essentially evil and poisonous, as the Gnostics did; but he, like Paul, makes spirit-substance and spirit forms in the heavenly state the shapings of a more plastic life, in the transparence of a purer atmosphere, and the flush of a more celestial beauty, so that to come back to the earth in quest of the "flesh" we have put off, would be like the insect glit-

tering in the morning light coming back to find the scales of the larva it had lost, and the loss of which gave freedom to its wings.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh has been so shattered and dishonored, and is so utterly destitute of scientific basis, that it is seldom asserted now in its full grossness and literalism. But it is adhered to "in a sense" as important. It will not be given up readily, and never in express terms. The reasons of this it is not very difficult to perceive.

The resurrection of the flesh is an idea which enters essentially into a system of theology, and it could not be taken out without great danger of loosening all the stones of the building. A general judgment of the assembled universe, a second literal coming of Christ, the conflagration of the world, its renovation for the abode of the risen saints in the millennial era, and in a terrestrial paradise, the punishment of the wicked in a local material hell, — all these are concomitants of the resurrection of the flesh. Not only so: the whole scheme of salvation is made to hinge upon it. Men in material bodies can be admitted to a localized heaven or excluded from it, not according to what they *are*, but according to what they *believe*. They can be punished vicariously, and the whole plan of a substitutive atonement here comes in. All that kind of preaching which may be called *scenic* — appealing to sense or a sensuous imagination, and which undoubtedly has been most effective with the popular mind — requires the doctrine as a part of its machinery. In short, the resurrection of the natural body, under Christianity, even as under Judaism, and under the Magian religion, connects itself organically with a system of naturalized theology.

On the other hand, if man rises in a spiritual body at death, never more to come back again to the natural plane of existence, who does not see that the doctrine gathers and organizes around it a cluster of higher truths of transcendent

importance? There can be no vicarious atonement, no artificial appointments to heaven and hell. Heaven and hell are formed and developed from within; we are putting on now the beauty of the one or the deformities of the other, according to the shape into which our spirit-forms are growing and maturing every day. A good life is perfecting the one, an evil life is hastening on the other. Christ saves us from within, as we receive and obey him, and from within outward clothes us in linen clean and white. The spirit-world is not a shadow, but a great reality; we are in it now, — the veilings of sense only hide it; we draw the angels around us as we become like them, or the fiends as we become like them, and death will lift up the curtain to show us the awful gulf between, and remand us to the society we have chosen. Christ cannot save us vicariously, but only as we receive his life in living worship and manifest and live it, and so put on the angel from him. He will come to judgment, not at the graveyards a thousand years hence, but in the spiritual world we enter at death; not with the blare of literal trumpets, but the influx of his truth, that explores us and shows our quality, and separates us, not by an outward rule, but by a spiritual law, to heaven or hell, as one or the other has been formed within us. In short, this other doctrine of the resurrection connects itself organically with a spiritual Christianity.

So long as men live in sense, and judge spiritual things by sensual, they will have a sensualized religion, for they can have no other. When they can believe that the soul is a more intense reality than its dress and concomitants, the spirit-world more substantial than the material which is its type and shadow, — that it is already within us, and "broods over like the day," — then spiritual Christianity will exclude its old corruptions, even as the spiritual body excludes the flesh as its death-robe when it needs it no more.

WINTER SUNSET.

By graceful scrolls of ice-like, pearly blue,
And streaks of violet-red, like new-born flame,
Damp heaps of gathered stubble leaping through,
Pale gold in lengthening bars, and many a hue,
Shifting too suddenly for eye to mark,
On leaden-colored wave-clouds, thick and dark,
As nearer still the hastening sunset drew,
I knew when dreary, wild November came.

With musing heart I watched the beautiful sight,
While the gold brightened, while the young fire blazed,
Till all had vanished, twilight sunk to night,
And star by star hung out its lonely light
O'er fields of dark to stretch a monarch ray,
Like beacon-light across the mariner's way;
But ere the evening glory took its flight,
Some peaceful thoughts breathed on me as I gazed.

Dread not of earthly change the wintry might;
Be faith in God thy bosom's constant guest;
Go not self-panoplied to stormy fight,
Nor stay encastled in presumptuous might;
Thy God's pavilion stretches o'er thee still;
In coming darkness he will work his will;
With lifted eye behold the clouds now bright
With hues that harbinger the pilgrim's rest.

Warm-housed, with curtains down and fresh-trimmed light,
Or hurrying home with mantle-shielded eyes,
Shivering and chattering, we miss the sight
Of beauty in the wintry sky, more bright
Than in the spring or summer time we see;
And as a vision came these thoughts to me
In the fair eve of that November night,
When looking on that sheen of numberless dyes.

R.

RANDOM READINGS.

LOOKING FORWARD.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty reminds us of our promise, one year ago, to the readers of the Monthly Magazine, to do what we could to furnish a religious periodical for family reading, to cheer, admonish, quicken, help along in the pilgrimage of life, and make the light of heaven shine more visibly upon it. So we have tried through one year's experience, and we set out anew with fresh resolves.

We believe our readers must understand now what we wish to do, and how we wish to do it, and we shall not take up time in defining positions, or turning aside to answer any one's misapprehensions. We have seen misstatements enough about our humble efforts, which we thought it best to disregard and ignore. We shall probably do the same in future, aiming to teach Christ positively and not controversially, and with all the individual freedom which is needed in an ever-progressive life and an ever-brightening faith.

Hail to the New Year! "Hope rules a land forever green." So the land looks to you, reader, from this new peak of time, from which you see a little farther down the avenue into the eternity that is before. But the future, in outward contingencies, will be as the past. Sorrow, disappointment, and death are there, as well as delight, fruition, and joy. But let us bear this in mind, — our real future is folded up within us. What we shall be must be the development of what we are, and by pausing here for strong resolve and earnest prayer for a newly consecrated life, we may be sure to render the present hour a most auspicious omen of the bliss to come. S.

THE GOSPEL THE LIGHT OF OUR YEARS.

WE find in a writer, who is as suggestive as he is paradoxical, as profitable to quicken as he would be unprofitable to control our thoughts, — we mean John Ruskin, — the following significant paragraphs: —

"These are much sadder ages than the early ones, — not sadder in

a noble and deep way, but in a dim, wearied way, — the way of *ennui* and jaded intellect, and uncomfortableness of soul and body. The Middle Ages had their wars and agonies, but also intense delights. Their gold was dashed with blood; but ours is sprinkled with dust. Their life was interwoven with white and purple; ours is one seamless stuff of brown. Not that we are without apparent festivity, but festivity more or less forced, mistaken, uncultured, incomplete, — not of the heart. How wonderfully, since Shakespeare's time, have we lost the power of laughing at bad jests! The very finish of our wit belies our gayety.

"The profoundest reason of this darkness of heart is, I believe, our want of faith. There never yet was a generation of men (savage or civilized) who, taken as a body, so wofully fulfilled the words, 'having no hope, and without God in the world,' as the present civilized European race. A red Indian or Otaheitan savage has more sense of a divine existence round him, or government over him, than the plurality of refined Londoners and Parisians; and those among us who may in some sense be led to believe, are divided almost without exception into two broad classes, — Romanist and Puritan, — who, but for the interference of the unbelieving portions of society, would, either of them, reduce the other sect as speedily as possible to ashes; the Romanist having always done so whenever he could, from the beginning of their separation, and the Puritan, at this time, holding himself in complacent expectation of the destruction of Rome by volcanic fire. Such division as this between persons nominally of one religion — that is to say, believing in the same God and the same Revelation — cannot but become a stumbling-block of the gravest kind to all thoughtful and far-sighted men, — a stumbling-block which they can only surmount under the most favorable circumstances of early education. Hence, nearly all our powerful men in this age of the world are unbelievers; — the best of them in doubt and misery; the worst in reckless defiance; the plurality in plodding hesitation, doing, as well as they can, what practical work lies ready to their hands. Most of our scientific men are in this last class; our popular authors either set themselves definitely against all religious forms, pleading for simply truth and benevolence (Thackeray, Dickens), or give themselves up to bitter, fruitless statement of facts (De Balzac), or surface painting (Scott), or careless blasphemy, sad or smiling (Byron, Beranger). Our earnest poets and deepest thinkers are

doubtful and indignant (Tennyson, Carlyle); one or two anchored, indeed, but anxious or weeping (Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning); and of these the first is not so sure of his anchor but that now and then it drags with him, even to make him cry out, —

'Great God, I had rather be
A pagan suckled in some creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.'"

The prose-poet, Digby, in his elaborate work upon the Ages of Faith, by which he means the ages during which the Romish Church still held unbroken sway over Christendom, makes the same complaint, and proposes a similar explanation of the evil complained of, only with him the Protestants are the sad ones, and a return to Romanism must be the cure for their sadness, if it is to be cured. Now, leaving out of the account all exaggerations and partisanship, there is a truth here which well deserves to be pondered. So far as the age is especially sad, — if this is indeed the case, — we must say that the confusions and misgivings of the soul are largely the cause of the sadness, or, refusing to entertain this comparison of past with present, we shall nevertheless find it true for all times that religiousness and joyousness belong together.

And yet let us qualify our statement a little, — let us admit that there is a gladness which certainly would not be aided by religion. We mean the cheer which accompanies youth and health, a happy temperament, and a favored lot, — the contentment which has been disturbed by no changes and chances, the joy of children and of childlike or childish men and women. If it were best for us to find in our earth only a vast playground or pleasure-garden, if it were best that our tools should all be toys, and our books all picture-books, and life an endless fête-day, it is likely that the solemnities of religion would be found intrusive. And yet the joy of children is by no means complete or lasting. It is broken by grief as passionate as the gladness is exuberant. A trifle calls it forth, a trifle causes it utterly to cease, and the darkness is as profound as the light was resplendent. Indeed, the sorrows of the young predict their future greatness, and even amidst the sweet sounds of their mirth we catch the note of sadness which announces the inevitable tragedy of our life. Religion does not set herself always and persistently to invade this

child-world, and call out those who dwell in and are content with it to be her saints and heroes. She is not unwilling to bide her time; presently they who are light-hearted and at ease now shall have need enough of her, when the summer-days begin to be numbered, and the flowers droop, and the tempest gathers. Let there be a time to laugh; let the young rejoice in their youth; let us not insist that they shall have only sermons upon great truths and solemn duties, only be sure that when the soul awakes, and the season of childhood is over, an earnest word shall be ready for the opened ear.

But sooner or later the day of thoughtfulness comes, and now if we would have joy and peace, — happy days, happy New-Years, — it must be not as children, but as men and women, and our thankfulness for the gift of life, and our satisfaction in it, will be in proportion to the depth and genuineness of our Christian piety. If we are to rejoice at all in this world of ours, if we are to find pleasure in a being too great to be other than tragic, it must be as believers in God and in the Son of God.

The Gospel is the light of our years. The Gospel helps us to keep festal time, because it establishes us in the firm persuasion that God doeth all things well; that this world in which we live is his world as well as our world; that it went forth from his hand, not as an experiment of uncertain issue, but as the complete expression of a wisdom which seeth the end in the beginning, and cannot err, — of a love which can propose and do no harm to any creature. We profess no skill to explain the mystery of our life. Sin and sorrow meet us at every turn, violated law and broken peace. Whether we have any religious convictions or not, we do not find the world just the place where one would say without misgivings to his fellow, A happy New Year to you! We meet in houses of worship and chant our *jubilates;* we gather in pleasant dwellings, where the light shines down upon innocent and happy faces, and all looks glad and beautiful; — but who can forget, be he Christian or Gentile, the outer darkness? Who would like to leave one of our thousands of homes of purity, love, and cheerfulness, on some day of rejoicing and giving, and visit those quarters of the city where the wretched and the vicious are heaped together, a seething mass of corruption? Who can keep his thoughts from wandering sometimes in those directions, or refrain from the question, What right have I to laugh, whilst so many weep? Have the days yet come in our world when we can be

glad, and betake ourselves to amusements? Ought not life to be an unbroken crusade, carried forward in fear and sorrow? Now we can meet this state of mind only with the word of Christian faith. If we believe in God, we have no need to explain His world. If we have confidence in an earthly friend, his strangest works do not perplex us, and we are sure that they are better than they seem. A true piety carries the soul back to a Perfection which, whilst it suffers and indeed stimulates activity to realize every ideal, and to supply every deficiency in our human circumstances, is nevertheless our assurance that the world we live in was wisely planned, and is lovingly guided, and that to be gloomy and desperate over it comes not of faith, but of faithlessness, not of the humility which waits, but of the conceit and haste that virtually sit in judgment upon God, and this before the time. We most frankly confess, that if, in the little knowledge of our poor mind, we were making a world, it would not be such a one as this. But, happily, not man, rather the All-wise and All-loving God, in whom the pious heart believes, made the world and us who live in it, with all our fine humanities and brave aspirations, the wisdom and the mercy which lift us up so high that we look down sadly and despairingly upon God our Creator's works. O for that rebuking word of St. Paul to chide our halting faith! "Shall the thing formed say unto Him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" What is it to thee, though the almighty and ever-blessed God has not seen fit to make all thy fellow-worms to be presently wise men, and saintly men, and happy men? Have faith in God, and when he deigns to tell thee, who but yesterday had not been called forth from nothingness, that, in this world, which naturally enough looks confused and strange to thee, all things are working together for good to those who love Him, believe and give thanks, and eat thy bread with a merry heart, and try to realize as once it was given to an over-anxious man to know, that as God took care of the world ages upon ages before thou wast in it, so it is likely he will be able to care for it now and evermore without thee, and to conduct it to its great issues when the places which have known thee shall know thee no more forever! So the Gospel bids us trust in God, and do good, and lean not upon our own understanding, or make knowledge the indispensable condition of peace. Thankfulness and joyfulness have been realized in times whose light, compared with that of our day, was but thick darkness. "If thou faint," saith the Scripture, "in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." It is not what we see, but what we believe, that must sustain us.

The Gospel is the light of our years, because it is the soul's deliverance from its worst enemy, — the enemy that threatens death. How can I keep festal time, some one may ask, when my sins press heavily upon me? and is it not the office of a wise piety to convict me more and more of sin? Most certainly this is one function of the Gospel, but, thank God! not the only one, and not by virtue of this is it a Gospel indeed. The new life, which is by Christ, is gladdened by the persuasion that through him the penitent have obtained the forgiveness of sins, and it is enriched by an unfailing tide of love, flowing into the soul from the very fountain-head of living waters, — a tide which must needs bring fertility and beauty wherever it takes its way. A soul that is overcoming evil by the grace of Christ will be of good cheer, even though as yet the victory is by no means complete, and the contest threatens to last a lifetime. The Gospel was a cause of great joy, from the very first, to Jews and Gentiles who were able to receive it; for though it made them realize as they had never realized before the extent and the enormity of the world's degradation, it gave them new power to endure, new energy to labor, the faith and hope which save men in the darkest times, and make heathen ages days of miracles and of the kingdom of God. If the Gospel is a Gospel at all, it is something more than a threat of vengeance to be executed upon the sinner. It proclaims a Saviour. It saith, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people. Every true Christian fast will be followed by a Christian thanksgiving, and the day of rejoicing will be as bright as the day of penitence was dark. Religion does not make us sinners, and if its Law shows us the measure of our transgression, and so slays, its Christ suffers and forgives and inspires, and so we live again, and as we never lived before. A gloomy, ascetic stoicism, or a hard-featured Puritanism, is not a genuine Christianity. If our life were purely and only tragic, the Creator would have hung the heavens with a funeral pall, and have sent the wind of the desert to consume the flowers, and have hushed all the birds of the air, save the ill-boding owl. Abraham was glad because he saw in the future the day of Christ; and now that the day is come, let us not change it into a night of weeping. They may be ages of conscientiousness, but they are not ages of faith, which allow no time and place for festivity, and conscientiousness without faith presently heightens into madness.

E.

THE SUSPENSE AND RESTORATION OF FAITH.

We would bespeak a careful reading for the following extract from an article in the Episcopal Quarterly, by Rev. John Cotton Smith, late Assistant Minister on the Greene Foundation, Trinity Church, Boston, in whose removal to New York our city has sustained a very serious loss.

If we could have an Episcopal Church reconstructed according to the ideal herein set forth, there would be, we are confident, large bodies of Christians who would desire nothing more. But the good time is, we fear, far off.

"A great difficulty in reference to a common understanding and reception of historic Christianity has arisen from the fact, that men have failed to distinguish between what they hold as a systematic statement of their theology, and what they hold as a simple statement of the two great facts of revealed religion, — the Fall and the Redemption. A system of theology, although it may be exceedingly desirable, is, to a great extent, a matter of opinion. It is not a simple statement of the truths of revelation, but there is in it a very large proportion of the human element of philosophy, and of conclusions dependent upon long trains of reasoning. Such systems, we admit, are exceedingly important, but they have been unwarrantably elevated into an importance to which they have no claim; so that they have been held as the essence of Christianity itself, and conformity to them required as a test of communion in the Christian Church. We have thus had an exhibition of the extraordinary spectacle of "covenants of faith," which required as a condition of membership in a Christian Church a belief in certain articles, which the very framers of the articles themselves would not claim to be essential to a saving faith in Christ. When men come to understand that there is a distinction to be made between a system of theology and a simple statement of the fundamental principles of Christianity, and that a man may hold his particular system of theology without having a Church committed to it, and may retain his connection with historic Christianity by the reception of these universally acknowledged fundamental truths; then we shall find that a union upon the basis of historic Christianity is something practicable and likely to be attained. But so long as matters of opinion are made as important as matters of faith, and the deductions of human reason are considered as bind-

ing as the simple statements of revelation, just so long will it be impossible to bring historic Christianity into its proper place, as the doctrinal system of the Universal Church. Historic Christianity indorses no elaborate theological systems. It knows only the simplest elements of the Christian faith.

"In what we have said of historic Christianity we shall not be understood as discrediting in the slightest degree the great Protestant principles, that the Scriptures are the only Rule of Faith, and that the right of private judgment is to be maintained. Each one must be free to find his own creed in the Word of God; but it is his privilege certainly, if he chooses to do so, to interpret the Scriptures by the light, and confirm his own judgment by the testimony of all ages of the Christian Church.

"There would be no difficulty in determining what the fundamental principles of Christianity are, if it was made a question simply of the interpretation of the Scriptures; or what is the testimony of historic Christianity, if the question were made one merely of history. But, beside this, we are to inquire what materials are within our reach out of which may be constructed the external form of the Church of the Future. The grand conditions which, upon Dr. Bellows's general principles, must be essential to this form, are, that it shall impose no unnecessary restrictions; and that it shall have its roots in existing institutions, thus connecting it with the whole past of the Christian Church. The problem is to construct, or to find already constructed, an organization by which these conditions shall be satisfied, and in which historic Christianity may be or is already enshrined.

"The business of constructing a Catholic Church one would think to be, in this age of the world, a well-nigh hopeless undertaking. Dr. Bellows has no expectation of accomplishing it. The fact is, if there is not a Catholic Church already, we never shall have one, and a common basis of union, in a living body, will be forever impossible.

"We are to seek, therefore, for the elements of it in what already exists. Our search is to be made among existing institutions to find, if possible, the germ of historic Christianity in a Catholic Church. Dr. Bellows furnishes us with some valuable assistance in this respect by intimating where the nearest approach is made to a satisfaction of the great want which he has so eloquently described. We take his own words. In the *Sequel to the Suspense of Faith* he says:

'I think it [the Episcopal Church in this country] the most respectable church organization in Protestant Christendom, and the best entitled to imitation and adoption if any model is to prevail.'

"It would be hardly respectful to Dr. Bellows not to follow out the suggestion he has so generously made. We wish, therefore, to inquire what elements there are in the Episcopal Church in this country which are favorable to this great cause of union, and which fit it to be the rallying-ground of Christians.

"It is important, in the first place, to ascertain what is absolutely essential to the Episcopal Church, because objections against such of its rites, usages, or principles as are local or temporary are not objections against the Church itself. We hold, therefore, that what is essential to the Church is the historic form and the historic doctrine, which make it precisely that historic and comprehensive Church for which so many of the best minds of the age are seeking. Those who are outside of the Church are apt to take it for granted that the historic form of the Church in an episcopally constituted ministry necessarily involves all the evils which have been connected with the assumptions of the Papacy, or the peculiarities of a State Church. They are apt to take it for granted, also, that the Church, as such, is committed to some system of doctrine, some considering the theology of the Church as essentially Arminian, and others as essentially Calvinistic. Whereas the truth is, that all that is essential in the form of the Church is the episcopally constituted ministry for the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments; and all that is absolutely essential in its doctrine is in the fundamental, evangelical truths of the Scriptures, as expressed in the Apostles' Creed. This is all which reason, aided by the testimony of all Christian ages, can find in the Bible as essential elements of the Church. We shall not be understood, of course, as saying that there are no other distinctive peculiarities of the Episcopal Church. And we would take this opportunity to dissent from the idea of enlarging the basis of the Church by hastily sacrificing or attempting to reform peculiarities which have become distinctive. We feel thus because it is our earnest conviction that these very peculiarities which are objected to will finally be the very things which will commend the Church to the better judgment and taste of the age. But the point which we wish to make is this, that there is scarcely any serious objection entertained anywhere to what is really essential in the Episcopal Church, since

all acknowledge the validity of Episcopal ordination, even if they do not hold to its necessity; and certainly all Evangelical Christians accept the statements of the Apostles' Creed.

"No other Christian body surely occupies a position so favorable to unity. The essential features of the various denominations are such that they cannot unite with each other without ignoring or abandoning their essential characteristics. But the absolutely essential elements of the Episcopal Church would require no sacrifice which a believer in the fundamental verities of Christianity need hesitate to make.

"We know it will be said that practically the distinction which we make between that which is absolutely essential and those peculiarities which have become distinctive in the Church is worthless, for these very distinctive peculiarities, so long as we retain them, are as insuperable obstacles to union as if they were essential features in the Church. But it is certainly something gained, it seems to us, to have it understood, that they do not constitute the essence of the Church, and that under the pressure of some mighty emergency, like that of the entering in of large bodies of Christians, they might be, so far at least as these bodies were concerned, modified or dispensed with altogether. This is a very different thing, however, from inviting a return by such modifications and proposed reforms, since these would only have the effect of pandering to the very evil which union is intended to cure."

THE ATHENS OF AMERICA AND THE ATHENS OF GREECE.

PASSING, the other evening, our noble public library, I was much cheered as the bright light streamed out upon me from the windows, and I looked in upon the comfortable group of readers, gathered in a room which looked almost hospitable. Yes, cheered and uplifted too into not a little pride of heart. How our world is moving onward! said I to myself. What a noble sequel is this to our grand system of public instruction, and how secure is the civilization which takes such pains to foster the intelligence of the people! Perhaps my thought was reasonable enough, and yet let us be on our guard against conceit. You who are called modern Athenians by those who would honestly commend, or mischievously flatter, or sneeringly depreciate, go into your famous Library, and take from the shelves Grote's His-

tory of Greece, and read as follows: "Without pretending to determine with numerical accuracy how many dramas were composed in each year, the general fact of unexampled abundance in the productions of the tragic Muse is both authentic and interesting. . . . . Moreover, what is not less important to notice, all this abundance found its way to the minds of the great body of the citizens, not excepting the poorest. . . . . We cannot doubt that the effect of these compositions upon the public sympathies, as well as upon the public judgment and intelligence, must have been beneficial and moralizing in a high degree. Though the subjects and persons are legendary, the relations between them are all human and simple, exalted above the level of humanity only in such measure as to present a stronger claim to the hearer's admiration or pity. So powerful a body of poetical influence has probably never been brought to act upon the emotions of any other population; and when we consider the extraordinary beauty of these immortal compositions which first stamped tragedy as a separate department of poetry, and gave to it a dignity never since reached, we shall be satisfied that the tastes, the sentiments, and the intellectual standard of the Athenian multitude must have been sensibly improved and exalted by such lessons. The reception of such pleasures through the eye and the ear, as well as amidst a sympathizing crowd, was a fact of no small importance in the mental history of Athens. It contributed to exalt their imagination, like the grand edifices and ornaments added during the same period to their Acropolis." Has not the Athens of America lost as well as gained something? We do not say, Go to the theatre and see, but only, Read the play-bills! E.

"GUIDE not the hand of God, nor order the finger of the Almighty unto thy will and pleasure; but sit quiet in the soft showers of Providence and favorable distributions in this world, either to thyself or others. And since not only judgments have their errands, but mercies their commissions, snatch not at every favor, nor think thyself passed by if they fall upon thy neighbor."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Head-Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. In two volumes. Third American, from the last London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — It is too late in the day to commend to all who crave the guidance and inspiration of a wise and faithful Christian life this admirable biography of the late Dr. Arnold. It occupies one of the highest places in the literature of Christian civilization, and is the book of all others which we would put into the hands of young students, in the belief that it would foster and direct aright every generous impulse of our better nature. The form and mechanical execution of the edition before us leave nothing to be desired, and a good index makes the contents of the volumes sufficiently accessible. E.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — The "child" was some twenty-two years of age, — what we should call growing old, in this youthful land; and certainly she was not the slave of conventionalities, or in any sense more "proper" than she should have been. We sincerely hope that the republication will not, like the first issue of the book, send our damsels to sentimentalize under every green tree, or to perch in the branches of our forests, or in less fitting places. We cannot say that Bettine, child or woman, is much after our heart; but the book is a curiosity of literature, and contains many bright and suggestive thoughts. The choice paper and typography must make the present edition a standard one. E.

Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things understood by Things that are made. By CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, Minister of Magdeburg in 1671. Translated from the twenty-eighth German Edition, by the Rev. ROBERT MENZIES, Hoddam, England. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — It is a book to be taken up for occasional moments of quiet meditation, when one would rather nourish the heart than stimulate or

exercise the mind; and its hold upon the contemplative is sure. We think that one would grow weary of a man who should be forever "improving" little incidents, and when the "improvements" are set down in order until we have a bookful of them; unless the talker is a Luther or a Selden, we are ready to say, It is enough! Therefore let the "Emblems" lie on your table, and take them up in the pauses of your life. They will often save you from an expression of impatience at the lingering of some slow one. E.

History of Independence Hall: from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Embracing Biographies of the Immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with Historical Sketches of the Sacred Relics preserved in that Sanctuary of American Freedom. By D. W. BELISLE. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. — The author has made a really interesting book, and one which will be of much service to our young people. That some of the paragraphs were written with a quill from the wing of our nation's bird is what could hardly have been avoided in the circumstances. E.

Sir Rohan's Ghost. A Romance. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860. — The plot is a painful one, but the writer has made it less so by his really fine powers, which we may hope will be exercised upon a more attractive subject. Why will not our authors give us books which one would be glad to read aloud in the family circle?

New Miscellanies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — The many enthusiastic admirers of this wise and genial and large-hearted man, who is doing his utmost, through the press as well as by the pulpit, to preach to his age a practical Gospel of the Divine Kingdom on earth, will be glad to have these fugitives marshalled into a goodly company. E.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the Great American Advocate. By EDWARD G. PARKER. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860. — Mr. Parker has brought together a large amount of very interesting matter in this book of "Reminiscences." Of course, in so large a collection of library and street talk there will be some trivialities (see pages 277 and 216); but these are only the inevitable accompaniments of a Boswellian loyalty.

The Sea of Ice; or, The Arctic Adventurers. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. Boston: Mayhew and Baker. 1859. — It is a book which holds the attention of children by the fascination of stirring incidents, and at the same time enlarges their store of useful knowledge.

Mayhew and Baker also republish *Alice Learmont, or a Mother's Love,* by the popular author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and the elder children will find it a pleasant fairy tale.

The King of the Golden River, or the Black Brothers, a Legend of Stiria. By JOHN RUSKIN. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. — This work appears from the same firm, in a style well worthy of so charming a story. It will prove one of the most attractive books of the season, and, like every really good book for children, will interest the fathers and mothers as well as the younger portion of the family.

E.

The Summer-House Series. Our Summer-House, and What was said and done in it. By the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," etc. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. — Those who read "Violet" and "Daisy," and know what the letters "C. S. W." stand for, will need no further commendation of this book, which is simple without being silly, and instructive without being heavy.

The same firm publish "The Life of Whitenose Woodchuck, by Uncle Faunus," the story of whose fortunes and misfortunes the children will follow with much enjoyment; also "Swiss Pictures," a well-written and attractive introduction to the stirring History of Switzerland, which most of us, old and young, would do well to read. For those whose hands cannot hold larger books, Brown, Taggard and Chase issue "My Own Little Library," in blue and gold. E.

Fourteen Pet Goslings, and other Pretty Stories of my Childhood. By FRANK. With Designs by Billings. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. — Also, *Life and Adventures of Dandy Jack,* and *Wanderings in Elf-Land;* — the real and the ideal, — the former the more attractive of the two. E.

The Boy Tar; or, A Voyage in the Dark. By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, Author of "The Desert Home." With twelve Illustrations, by Chas. L. Keene. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Captain Reid's books are so promptly caught up by the children that one can

hardly get permission to read and judge them. This volume falls behind no one of the rest in power to interest, and is only a little too "sensational." E.

Frank Wildman's Adventures on Land and Water. By FREDERICK GERSTAECKER. Translated and Revised by LASCELLES WRAXALL. With eight Illustrations printed in oil colors. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1860. — A very spirited volume, and all the better, we have no doubt, for the translator's pruning hand, which might have been applied even more frequently to advantage. E.

The Percy Family. Through Scotland and England. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 1860. — A very entertaining book of travels for children, and animated by a true spirit. E.

Alice's Dream. A Tale of Christmas Time. By MARY ANN WHITAKER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — A little book which may be safely commended to all who are making up libraries for the nursery or for the Sunday school. E.

Hesper the Home Spirit. A Simple Story of Household Labor and Love. By ELIZABETH DOTEN. Boston: Abel Tompkins; Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1859. — It is an admirable tale of the unknown virtuous. E.

Two Christmas Celebrations. A. D. I. *and* MDCCCLV. *A Christmas Story for* MDCCCLVI. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr. 1859. — This little book displays a great deal of kindly feeling; but there are things in it which we would not on any account set before the eyes of children, and, Christmas story though it be, we have put it out of sight. E.

Friends in Council: a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. A New Series. Reprinted from the English Edition. 2 vols. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1860. — These little volumes are the very books for one who, without desiring to engage in severe study, would yet have his mind occupied with a specific topic, as when a gifted and fascinating talker engages our thoughts. The current of style flows on smoothly and pleasantly, and if the

waters do not seem to be very deep, it is largely because they are very clear, and make no unnecessary stir as they move. E.

The Anastasis of the Dead; or, Philosophy of Human Immortality, as deduced from the Teachings of the Scripture Writers in reference to "The Resurrection." By JASON LEWIS. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1860. — Honest and painstaking in matter and manner, Mr. Lewis is not quite clerkly enough for the few, nor quite popular enough for the many, and his Anglicized Greek has an uncouth and repulsive look. Nevertheless his book will be of service to students of Scripture, even though they may vehemently dissent from some of his conclusions. E.

Sketches of New England Divines. By REV. D. SHERMAN. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. — We like very much the tone of Mr. Sherman's Preface, and have found the biographies, so far as we have been able to examine them, quite readable. They are not, and do not claim to be, the results of original investigation, and one who wished to understand thoroughly any controverted point would need to look further; but they will stir the heart, even when they do not quite satisfy the understanding, and are a useful addition to our popular religious literature. E.

A Liturgy, with a Collection of Hymns and Chants, for the Use of Sunday Schools. By JAMES LOMBARD. Boston: Abel Tompkins. 1860. — The author of this Liturgy has been, as it seems to us, quite successful in a very difficult undertaking. Reverent in tone, penetrated by a deep sense of our unworthiness in the sight of God, and yet not desponding or thankless, the devotional sentences are such as a thoughtful child might utter, and are fitted to educate the less thoughtful to soberness. The collection of hymns includes many which have found universal favor. E.

The White Hills; their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry. By THOMAS STARR KING. With sixty Illustrations, engraved by Andrew from Drawings by Wheelock. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1860. — The luxury of the book almost equals the luxury of the journey to our famous New England Hills. As a guide to those who are yet to make this pilgrimage for the first time, or to those who would repeat their visit to better purpose than before; as an aid

to all who would summon up the forms of beauty and sublimity by which the mountain and the valley still live in the image chambers of the soul; as a descriptive book for those who shall never see these glories save with the eyes of others, — these fair and pictured pages will be very valuable. New England, borrowing such help as she might from lovers of nature and masters of song beyond her borders, has paid a large instalment of her great debt to those majestic hills. The mechanical execution is in every way worthy of a work of permanent value and of rare beauty. E.

Hits at American Whims and Hints for Home Use. By FREDERIC W. SAWYER, Author of "A Plea for Amusements." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — Mr. Sawyer is a genial, hopeful writer, not disposed, we should judge, to grapple with problems or to explore mysteries, but much devoted to common sense, and animated by a strong faith in those various social economies which greatly alleviate, if they do not radically cure, the evils of civilization and the miseries of humanity. E.

Haste to the Rescue; or, Work while it is Day. By Mrs. CHARLES W. With Preface by the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands." And *The Missing Link, or Bible Women in the Homes of the London Poor.* By L. N. R., Author of "The Book and its Story." New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1859. — These are valuable contributions to the cause of a practical Christian philanthropy which is not content to deal in abstractions, and dream in churches, and then pass by on the other side when the blasphemer comes in the way of the homeward-bound worshipper.

The same firm issue *Brook Farm, the Amusing and Memorable of American Country Life;* not the "Brook Farm" near Boston, but something more in harmony with the realities of a world which, under God, has grown to be what it is, and was not made to order for the nonce by any company of men. It is a book which will "carry sunshine and help to clear away shadows."

The Life of Lafayette. Written for Children. By E. CECIL. With six Illustrations. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1860. — The story of Lafayette has an undying interest for young and old in that nation for which he so manfully devoted himself. This little book contains all that the children need to know of our country's friend, told in a simple and intelligible way. E.

Graham Lectures. Human Society; its Providential Structure, Relations, and Offices. Eight Lectures, delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. By F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1860. — This book comes to our hands late in the month; but as it was our good fortune to be a listener when the Lectures were repeated under the auspices of the Lowell Institute, we can speak confidently of their value. They are marked by breadth of treatment, practical insight, force and beauty of statement, a certain concrete quality, and, what is more than all, they are the words of one who believes that our world is from God, and belongs to God, and has been given by him to Christ, to be fashioned into a Divine Kingdom through the grace of the Spirit of Power and Love, ever living and ever working. They will instruct and encourage the reader, and, unlike too many discourses upon society, do not leave us perplexed. E.

The following books came into our hands too late for examination, and we must reserve a notice of them for our next number: —

Jesus the Interpreter of Nature; and Other Sermons. By Thomas Hill. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245 Washington Street. 1860.

Christian Believing and Living. Sermons by F. D. Huntington, D. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co., 117 Washington Street. 1860.

Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By Samuel Smiles, Author of the Life of George Stephenson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

From the same firm, Ernest Bracebridge; or, Schoolboy Days. By W. H. G. Kingston. And The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. By everybody knows who.

All the Children's Library, from Walker, Wise, & Co., shall receive careful attention.

Tipsy Philosophers, or The Laughable Game of Words Be-Witched, from Tilton & Co., will keep the children quiet whilst their elders are employed.

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HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS; or Invisible Things Understood by Things that are Made. By Christian Scriver, Minister of Magdeburg in 1671. Translated from the Twenty-eighth German Edition, by Rev. Robert Menzies. 8vo. Cloth, plain, $1.00. Bevelled, red edges, $1.25.

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The novelty and richness of its contents, its elegant letter-press and superb binding, make it at once the cheapest and most desirable Gift-Book of the season.

THE CRUCIBLE; or, Tests of a Regenerate State. Designed to Bring to Light Suppressed Hopes, Expose False Ones, and Confirm the True. By Rev. J. A. GOODHUE, A. M. With an Introduction by Rev. E. N. KIRK, D. D. 12mo. Cloth. $1.

This volume cannot fail to stimulate to religious thought and discussion. It presents novel, original, and startling views. It places within the Christian fold many who claim no place there; cuts off many who consider themselves entitled to all its privileges, and applies tests of spiritual character, which are virtually distinct from those which are current in the popular religion of the day. It is one of the books to be read, marked, and inwardly digested.

THE PURITANS; or, The Court, Church, and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. $2.50.

This volume is quite as remarkable for historical accuracy as for pictorial skill. Critics who have examined its authorities with scrupulous care speak in the highest terms of its stern fidelity to truth. Mr. Hopkins will take his place with the leading historians of the country, Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley.

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THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

Independent Journal.

VOL. XXIII. FEBRUARY, 1860. No. 2.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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The Monthly Religious Magazine

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS and REV. RUFUS ELLIS,

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXIII. FEBRUARY, 1860. No. 2.

NELLY GOODWIN.

OUR old school-house stood a little way out of the village close up to the travelled road, where it could catch all the noise and dust of the street. Such things as blinds or shade-trees, or paint even, were never thought of in those days in connection with country school-houses. It was a dingy, shabby-looking building, to be approached in early spring only through mud and mire. The appearance inside corresponded tolerably well with its forlorn exterior. The benches were cut and haggled, and the walls nearly black with time and smoke. A small box-stove stood at one end of the room, provided generally with green wood. In cold winter days it would become red-hot by about the middle of the forenoon, when it would diffuse an intense heat through a radius of about six feet; but over the central and northern sections of the room, where most of the scholars were seated, the atmosphere remained cold and cheerless, with scarcely an undulation from the stove that kept roaring in the distance. It was one of the amusements of the hour of intermission for the boys to run over the tops of the benches as they came in out of the mud or the snow, when the girls

were generally driven into one corner to escape from juvenile ruffianism; or if it became altogether intolerable, they would flee into the clothes-room, and fasten themselves in. Even this, however, did not always protect them. The panels of the door would be knocked out, holes would be dug through the partition with jack-knives, and through these breaches the girls would be plied with jeers and snow-balls. The dirt lodged anywhere upon or under the benches, and there was no regular process for its removal. I remember, however, that an old broom stood in one of the entries, and I have a dim recollection of once seeing some of the larger girls get hold of it to sweep the floor, when an uncouth lubber, named Jack Kilbourn, wrested it from them and played antics with it till he broke it in pieces.

Here passed twelve years of my school life. I was a shrinking, bashful, sensitive boy, and was plunged into the midst of this world of rough and tumble. I had to walk a mile and a half, face winds and storms, and wallow through drifts, and sit in the frigid zone of the old school-house, with feet half frozen, and with a barking cough, and remain at noon subject to the tyranny of the larger boys. Generally, however, I managed to keep in corners apart, or by my peace principles to escape notice, except that sometimes a word of jeer or ridicule would grate terribly upon my bleeding nerves.

The summer terms were always taught by young women of kindly and pleasant manners. But the winter terms — O the petty tyrants whose visages to this day sometimes haunt my troubled sleep! There was a one-eyed fellow employed one winter, whose performances at pulling our hair and ears, or bruising our heads and arms with rulers, made him decidedly a man of mark. How wicked we were in wishing that his other eye might be put out too, so that he could not see where to strike, and we might dodge his blows! — I saw by the newspapers a little while since that this same fellow turned up in a remote county as candidate

for the State Senate; so he is yet alive, and how I should rejoice to hold up the roll of his transgressions against juvenile humanity to sear his eyeballs!

Perhaps the reader will be surprised when I tell him that that old school-room, notwithstanding, had a most irresistible charm, and threw over my young life some of the sweetest sunshine it ever had. I could not have accounted at the time for the attraction which always drew me into the sphere of its dirt and noise; and in describing now that strange moral magic, I shall unfold, I trust, a most important lesson, if I do not even bring to light a feature in our common-school system which has contributed not a little to its success.

There came to the school in those days a sunny-faced girl, whom I will designate as Nelly Goodwin. That was not quite her name, but as near as I dare to write it, and near enough to bring back the charm of my dreaming boyhood. She was gentle and reserved, had a mild blue eye, auburn hair, and a cheek of the most delicate peach-bloom, which showed every shade and tint of emotion. In her manners there was a striking contrast with most of the other girls. I do not remember that I ever heard her laugh; but she had a joyous temperament, and amidst mirth and giggle she wore a sweet and placid smile. What is more, she had a trembling conscientiousness, a keenness of sensibility, and a never-failing kindness of heart, which made her thoughtful of others, and a ready sympathizer in juvenile troubles. It was some time before I discovered even to myself that I was in love with that dingy school-room, because I expected Nelly Goodwin would be there. It was not one of those boyish attachments which mean nothing. It was not a personal attachment at all; she was four years older than myself, and I had never spoken to her in my life, and did not even desire it. But I had no sister, though of all others I was the boy that needed one, and Nelly Goodwin had dawned upon me to fill up my ideal of a perfect and beau-

tiful girlhood. She was the Beatrice of my young days, that made snow-drifts and pedagogues and freezing feet of no account, and diffused a sort of halo over the school-room.

One cold January morning, when the snow had a metallic ring under my feet, I made my way to the school-room in the face of a northeaster. The school had begun. There was a ring of girls around the stove. I went to my cold corner in the frigid zone. "Go to the fire?" kept popping from a dozen boys. The one-eyed master kept a sullen silence, as he stood mending pens with his blind eye asquint and his other eye intent on his work. Finally, he thundered out, "No!" There was a dead silence for five minutes. By and by the music began again from the lower benches. "Go to the fire?" squeaked out very timidly from Bill Hale. "Go to the fire?" rung a little louder from the next tier. Then "Go to the fire?" was the general explosion from the whole frigid zone.

"No!" finally reverberated again, and the ruler thundered upon the desk. "The first boy that asks again shall be punished."

Five minutes again of solemn silence, in which the roaring and crackling in the stove tantalized us, like the case of the tall man who kicked his feet out of bed in a winter's night, and dreamed of walking over burning lava, but could not get warm. "Go to the fire?" came out again the faintest possible. It was the timid squeak of Bill Hale, more deprecatory than before.

"Come here, sir!"

Bill shambled up to the desk, and took five blows upon each hand. "There, I guess that'll warm you."

The case stood in this way. We were to be thawed out in rotation. The girls had the first right. After them would come a batch of boys who happened to speak first and roar the loudest. Of course, the timid ones had small chance. I had none, for I never dared to ask at all. But I sat blue and shivering in the arctic regions; and as I looked sideways

from my book, and threw longing and despairing glances towards the stove, I saw Nelly Goodwin look over her shoulder at me several times, and watch my croupy barking, and I felt even that this was comfort enough. After the visitation upon poor Bill, I bent over my spelling-book, and abstracted attention as well as I could from my feet and fingers, and was fixing it upon the lesson. I remember the very word as if it were yesterday. It was *c z a r*. I examined it backward and forward, letter by letter, pricked it with a pin, felt sure all the rest of the class would miss the word, and that I should sail clear to the head with it. There might have been some secret affinity that drew me to this word so intently, some fitness of things in spelling out *czar* with blue lips and under the autocrat of our frigid zone. However, as I was buried in the mysteries of the word, I felt a finger tap me gently upon the head. I looked up and started, for there stood the czar himself. I was awe-struck, for I expected I had done something bad, and that the fate of poor Bill awaited me. But he spoke pleasantly, and even his blear eye had a touch of softness.

"Do *you* wish to go to the fire?"

"Yes, sir," in a whisper.

"Go."

I crept towards the ring of girls, and by some accident or other it opened where Nelly Goodwin was standing, and I stood beside her. I did not dare to look at her, but I felt the magic of the place without knowing how this double good fortune had come upon me. But several times afterwards, when it came the boys' turn to be thawed out, and I was freezing in my cold corner rather than ask leave of the master, it came of itself; but I observed invariably that Nelly Goodwin, just before leave was granted me, made some errand to the desk, and spoke to the czar.

But my great and sore trial was to come. I had always an indescribable horror of seeing violence inflicted upon the human form. How those rough, hard-fisted fellows could

walk out upon the floor and take their ferruling and get over it so soon, I could not conceive. To me it had a terror the same in kind as that of a public execution. I lived in fear of it, and it threw a gloom over my youthful morning that flecked all its brightness and haunted even my happiest hours. It was not the bodily pain. It was the social disgrace and the feeling of self-degradation which I associated with that sort of brutality. How little do teachers of such moral texture as that of the one-eyed pedagogue dream of what they are doing when they measure out the same punishments to different temperaments! From some they bound off as from an anvil; into others they sink down with thrills of agony never to be forgotten.

My turn came. With all my morbid self-watch I violated one of the rules. I whispered to my next neighbor, and asked him for my book which he had borrowed. It did not escape the one hard eye that was ever watching us. I was called out, the school-room was hushed into awful stillness, the books were laid aside, my crime set forth and my doom pronounced, and the great ruler taken out. I felt as if the gaze of the universe was bent upon me. I received the five blows upon the quivering flesh without a cry or a tear, but with pressed lips, and, as they told me, with a face that turned to marble. The fellow thought, because I did not jump and roar like the rest of them, that I was making light of it, and so he doubled the measure. I glanced my eye around the school-room; I fancied I could read in the eyes of the boys a sort of triumph over me. The girls looked carelessly on, as I thought; but glancing down the form where Nelly Goodwin sat, I noticed that her head was turned away, but I saw the side of her face; her eyelashes were wet, and the peach-bloom on her cheek had been channelled with a tear. After the school was dismissed, the big boys joked and laughed as they came about me; but as we were leaving the schoolhouse, Nelly took pains to brush by me, and speak softly, "Don't mind it, Henry: it was shameful!" My self-respect

and self-assurance all came back to me. I did not care what the rest thought if I could know I had not been degraded in the eyes of Nelly Goodwin. It was the first time she had ever spoken to me; and I felt almost content with the punishment, since it had earned those words from her.

I contrived to get on a smooth face when I arrived home, and to conceal from my parents the great sorrow that had come upon me. But after I had got to bed that night, and all was dark and still, it broke out anew in half-stifled sobs, till I sank into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that ruffians were pounding and killing me. I would start out of it lost and bewildered, when a sweet face would seem to melt through the darkness of the room, and look gently upon me as saying, "Don't mind it, Henry: it was shameful!" and this would lull me to repose till the ugly nightmare came again.

O how I dreaded to face the school the next day, and encounter the taunts of those coarse-grained fellows! I knew they envied me, for I went regularly above them, and now I was pitched down to their level. School had begun again. Every eye, I fancied, had a leer in it as I went to my cold corner. But there is, I verily believe, an invisible spiritual presence of one mind with another that imparts energy, peace, and self-respect. I did not look up, but buried my face in my book; yet I knew that Nelly must be in the room, for I felt her spirit shining into mine. And through all that cold winter, though I do not think she spoke to me half a dozen times, I went blithely to the school, endured the tyranny of Polyphemus, got my lessons, did my sums, and made what was called "remarkable progress," because I loved to be within the sphere of Nelly's maidenly goodness.

Do you remember, reader, the first "party" you ever attended? I have every reason to, for the first was also the last, during my school days. I kept in my sly corner and read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Riley's Narrative," and had a morbid sensitiveness to the giggle of divers empty-

headed damsels, particularly the girls of Farmer Dobson and 'Squire Topping. However, as my mother impressed upon me the importance of "going into company," I set off one evening to the Dobsons', where all the juvenile "best society" had been invited to assemble. How I remember that evening! The cold silver sheen lay upon the snow as I crunched it with shrinking nerves, till I came in sight of the Dobsons' windows, the "best room" all lighted up, and the buzz of garrulity and nonsense in the full tide of successful experiment. I braced myself up for the occasion and knocked, — door-bells had not then come into vogue. A dead pause as I entered, then a whisper and a simpering in the corner where Angelina Louisa Topping sat, and the hum and giggle went on again. I sat down by myself, and watched the conversation to see where several fine things I thought of saying might best come in. The trouble was they would n't come in anywhere. Games, forfeits, plays, kept circulating and sweeping all the rest into a general rotation of kissing, romping, and titter; I felt that a sixth sense was necessary to understand those matters, and that the world at one entrance was quite shut out. But in the progress of things, Nelly Goodwin's sweet and placid face was bent upon me. "I 'll show you the play, Henry." I followed her through easy windings and doublings, and came up with her. It seemed to me almost a sacrilege as I touched my lips timidly to the soft peach-bloom of her cheek, more brilliant than ever in the flush of the evening. I thought what a self-sacrifice it must be to her, — she so pure and sylph-like, and I so shy and awkward, — and how good in her it was to pass by those glib and frizzled-up fellows merely for the sake of putting me at ease.

But how rapidly time whirls us about the world! It whirled me into college, and left the old school-house and all its concomitants away in the distance. I do not think parents generally understand what they are doing when they send their boys away to college. I am quite sure, if some

pious country farmers knew of the abominations which I have seen their sons plunge into, as through a very baptism of filth and sin, they would not think all the learning of the Egyptians worth obtaining at such tremendous perils to the better nature. There are two kinds of safeguard. Those who have fixed religious principles go through unharmed. Those who have such family or social connections as enable them to put their sons under social and female influences which are constraining and hallowing, have also a tolerable assurance that their children are safe. Those who, without either of these, trust to the natural affection of their children, or the "ingenuous sense of youth," or native "purity of character," trust, as I have seen again and again, to a most deceitful dream. I had neither of those safeguards. I had nothing more than that natural love of purity, which is rather an intellectual taste than a religious sentiment, and I shudder now to think how I trod among the pitfalls of ruin. How many of those young men who appeared outwardly "sedate" and "pure," and whom their parents thought so when they received them home again, were to my certain knowledge thoroughly corrupted, with all their virtue undermined! I avoided the peculiar vices of college, notwithstanding its monkish way of life. I made up for the charms and protective potencies of woman's society, to which those of larger social connections were admitted, by cherishing the ideal of the noble and beautiful girlhood that burned in my imagination. I never saw Nelly again. I had no desire to, for personally she was nothing to me nor I to her. But as having fixed in my boyish fancy an image of maidenly grace, purity, and sweetness ripening into a glorious womanhood, she was everything to me, for she kept my imagination pure and loyal. She was the Laura of my most stainless fancies, and ever went before me like a beautiful star. She never knew the good she did me, nor the hallowing light that streamed over me from her character through all those solitary years. But it may be that some girl as pure and

noble as she was may run her eye over these pages, and be cheered by the consideration that maidenly goodness and tenderness may be performing a "woman's mission" to some minds, and sinking into them like a blessed evangel in ways that she will never hear of. So subtile and immortal is the influence of such a character, even amid coarseness and frivolity, refining the one and breathing soul into the other, and throwing even over the old school-room a supernatural charm.

I should think a dozen years of my professional life might have passed away, when I obtained a week's respite from its rubs and cares, and went back to the old haunts to revive my drooping energies. The shabby old school-house had disappeared. Horace Mann's potent cry for reform had reached even there, and a neat, convenient structure appeared on the north side of the village green. But my feet were drawn to the old spot, and I could have stood there rapt like Socrates into speechless mood from sunset till sunrise. The old box-stove, Polyphemus, the horrors of the frigid zone, the kind good women who taught the summer schools, the bristle-headed boys and giggling girls, and, above all, Nelly Goodwin, with a warm halo of heart-light around her person sending silent undulations over the whole room, and especially into my cold corner, — these were things that had come and gone, and appeared only as a luminous mirage away off over the desert of life. I roamed the woods and the fields, for these were mostly unchanged. The old century trees and granite rocks were there, with their stories of other days. I made my way one morning to the top of "Beech Hill," and was sitting upon the granite and looking down upon the church and the church-green, and the site of the old school-house, where I could read as from a book the history of my childhood. It was all there, starting out from a thousand objects. Suddenly the old church-bell struck and throbbed into the air and over the hills. I knew what it meant, and that somebody had died. I counted the strokes as it began

to toll, — 39. I ran down to the village and inquired. "Mrs. Gorham is dead!" was the pensive reply. Mrs. Gorham was the Nelly Goodwin who, without knowing it, had diffused the light of a sister's love over my childish sorrows and trials. It grieved me to learn that fortune had not been kind with her. She married a man well disposed, but without energy; they went off West, struggled with hardships and privations. She had smoothed the death-pillow of her husband and three little boys, laid them to their last rest beneath the trees of the Western forest, and came back to die under the old roof. However, it was easy to forget the outward and the perishing when they told me of the divine patience and more than mortal energy which every new trial had developed, and that the gradual passing away of mortality was almost a visible putting on of the angel from within.

I was almost a stranger to the family, was of a different religious faith; but I could not help crowding into the house on the funeral day. How I longed to clasp the aged parents bent down with age and grief, and pour out to them the praises of Nelly, and thank them for the goodness which had been to me like a talisman through the perilous and trying years of my boyhood! The clergyman had a good deal to say about her faith, and her "well-grounded hope." "Why don't he say something of her works," thought I, "and of the heavenly graces that clothed her from early youth like an angel's robe?" But he was a dry theologian, and could not appreciate such a character, though all the villagers praised her, each telling with softened eye of some delicate charity of hers, perhaps treasured up long ago, and now thronging up from the past to follow her to the grave.

I almost always avoid looking at a corpse, but I could not help it now. I believe I had never seen Nelly since the Dobsons' party. There was the same calm expanse of forehead, the long, delicate eyelashes that used actually to radiate the sensibilities of the heart. Of course the peach-bloom was gone; but, spite of the traces of suffering, the sweetness was

all there, almost living about the lips and the pale features like lines chiselled in marble.

It grieved me to think I had no right to go back to the house and sit down and weep with those broken-hearted parents, for I must do that if I did anything. Nelly was their only daughter, and I could not speak of her as that clergyman did. But the next evening I went down to the old churchyard, made my way through the weeds and briers with which it was overgrown, smoothed a spot upon the mound, and transplanted a sweet-brier there. The scenes of the old school-house came back with overpowering emotion, and I felt that there I had a right to my tribute of tears.

As she was the only person who understood me through all my juvenile crosses and trials, I had a half-believing faith that she was permitted to look into my mind from the purer sphere, and read the depth of my gratitude, and know the good she had done, not merely in soothing my little griefs, but in lifting up my ideal of a true girlhood and womanhood, and making it the radiant light of the solitary hours of my whole youthful morning. Why, thought I, may not that be one of her rewards in heaven?

"And now thy smiles have passed away,
And all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!"

E. H. S.

"LIVE unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last whether thou hast been a man. In thine own circumference, as in that of the earth, let the rational horizon be larger than the sensible, and the circle of reason than of sense. Let the divine part be upward, and the region of beast below; otherwise, 't is but to live invertedly, and with thy head unto the heels of thy antipodes."

THE CALAMITY AT LAWRENCE.

A SERMON BY REV. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, D. D.*

PROVERBS xxiv. 22: — "For their calamity shall rise suddenly."
JEREMIAH xlix. 21: — "The earth is moved at the noise of their fall."

THESE sentences have had a strange verification in the catastrophe of the last week, which has filled a neighboring city with terror and grief. Every morning's and evening's press has repeated new and fresh details of the scene of destruction, and recounted the names of the wounded, the missing, and the dead. Every telegraphic wire has trembled under the burden of the tale of horror; and already, in far-distant corners of our land, beneath unnumbered roofs, myriads of hearts have been touched to sympathy for the sad company of sufferers. How many prayers will go up for them from Christian altars to-day! "The earth is moved at the noise of their fall." The great deeps of the public heart have been stirred. If compassionate wishes and Christian prayers could at once put on the forms of angels, an innumerable host of ministering spirits would seem to come from business centres and scattered homes all through our land, to gather round the injured and the mourning, to strengthen them in their pain and agony. Even those silent wishes and secret prayers will do their work. Not one is lost by the ear of God; and he will find a way to change them into angelic aids to reach the sorrowing and burdened souls.

Filled as your minds have been with more extended accounts of this sad disaster, day after day, perhaps you may have wished to come to a Christian temple to find a refuge in different and brighter thoughts. But I have lingered over those accounts as well as you, — and, for a time, they have diminished my interest in other themes. It is not the loss

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of life, great as that already appears, and may prove to be, which invests this tragedy with such a strange and fearful interest. The number of victims has been far surpassed many times before. Many more went down beneath the waves when the Arctic sank into the ocean deeps. Perhaps more homes were shrouded by that calamity than have been smitten now. More were lost when the Central America was crushed by the pitiless sea; — or when, years ago, the steamship in which the noble and heroic Follen perished became a flaming sepulchre, and so many were left with only the terrible alternative of death by fire or flood; — or, yet again, when, within the last few weeks, a ship, crowded with hundreds of passengers, already rejoicing in the sight of home, was dashed upon the English coast, and almost none escaped to tell the tale of wreck. Larger companies have found their grave in many an ocean tomb, who shall come forth together when the sea shall give up its dead. Who can unroll the records of disaster upon the sea or upon the shore? Earthquakes have whelmed whole cities in instantaneous ruin, and changed every house into a sepulchre. The path of many an emigrant march has been marked all its way by graves. Almost as many perished, perhaps, in that expedition of gallant souls into realms of eternal frost, — the mystery of whose fate, which both the continents so long attempted to solve, has but lately been unveiled, — as in the tragedy which occupies our thought to-day. It is the singularity, as well as the extent, of the present calamity that so deeply moves us. We are familiar with the thought of perils on the sea. Brave men take their lives in their hand on their expeditions of adventure and discovery. But when, amidst no sign or dream of danger, while the busy hands of hundreds are working at their daily toil, and their hearts are beating with fullest life and hope, the crash comes as unexpectedly as if the solid earth had suddenly opened to let them drop into some unfathomable abyss, humanity must be strangely moved at the terror of their

fall. The hour, too, brought to many a double death. The sudden crash was not so fearful as the slower death by devouring flame. There were some, doubtless, racked by the pain of the first mortal injury, yet hoping for rescue to clasp once more their loved one's hands, who were afterward burned alive amid their deadly agony. There were others, unhurt by the first catastrophe, who were as if chained in their fearful prison-house, till the creeping, rushing flame could devour them by its fiery breath. Theirs was all, and more than all, of a martyr's suffering, — perhaps, *perhaps*, sometimes borne up with almost a martyr's trust, but unsustained by that inspiration of a martyr's noble purpose, which has made the sufferer chant anthems of triumph till his tongue was changed to ashes. When I think of that first crash, — that harrowing suspense of the still living and imprisoned victims, — that slow death of torture amid cries for help and shrieks of agony, — I picture a scene before my imagination, which, though it may be more than paralleled in the number of the perishing, still has its own peculiar and unmatched features of dread and horror.

But it is more than time to attempt to arrange these desultory thoughts into order. And, first, there are some general considerations which the details of the daily prints have suggested, that throw some rays of light upon the gloom. What marvellous escapes have been recounted to awaken the utmost wonder in every man, and everlasting thankfulness in those who almost seem to have had miraculous interpositions in their behalf! Though the crash came with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes thought, more rapid still, detected the means of deliverance. Or else the massive beams and ponderous shafts appeared to avoid the human forms which they would have crushed into a shapeless mass, and arrange themselves in ways that no skill could have devised, but which afforded a safer shelter to those who crouched beneath them than the broad roof and lofty walls before they started from their place. There were won-

derful deliverances, which will be repeated as legends long after those who were rescued shall have gone to their sepulchres. I remember how many perished. I know what awful disappointments came to some as the door of safety seemed just opening before their eyes, but whom the rapid fire wrapped in a winding-sheet of flame. I do not undertake to balance the unutterable joy of the rescued ones — or of mothers, children, friends, who clasped them to their breast — against the unutterable grief of those who looked upon the blazing funeral pile of their beloved dead. Such joy or such grief in a single human heart is not to be balanced or measured. But I know that, if there were many deaths amid that peril, there were many resurrections too. Indeed, every instance of escape seems to me a marvel. Who would have ventured to predict so many deliverances, if he could have dreamed of a calamity like this? The saved vastly, almost miraculously, outnumber the lost, and gratitude that the horrors of the scene were not greater still is, after all, the prevailing thought.

Turn now from the incidents to the manifestations of character to which such tragedies always lead. How the strong traits of human nature come out to view when such an intense light is thrown upon them, revealing all their beauty or their deformity! How surely a great calamity awakens an instantaneous compassion, which inspires men with heroic self-forgetfulness and tireless energy! Many men become changed into angels by such throbs of pity, to toil with more than a giant's strength, and to minister to the suffering with more than a woman's tenderness. Tears of admiration gush from the eyes, when I read how generously humanity responds when great calls are made upon it. There are some compensations amidst the terrible tragedies of life. When I read how a heroic boy will accept no deliverance for himself, and sends his rescuers away, till a beloved sister can be saved, I am not sure that all the peril both to himself and her is not a small price to pay for

one such hour of pure, self-forgetting love. When I think of the noble qualities summoned at once into life by such a calamity as this, in the army of generous helpers who become fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, to the suffering and the dead, or remember the compassion which it creates in myriad hearts everywhere, I sometimes feel that I see how God turns these dread calamities to glorious issues. A life is little to give for a pure flood of diviner feeling and thought. I know that there is another side to the picture. The demoniac spirit in men always comes out where the godlike is most clearly exhibited. Some go to plunder, where the many go to save. Selfishness puts forth its most terrific traits where generosity exercises the most Christ-like ministries. Sometimes human harpies have robbed the dying and the dead, or those who watched around them. There are degraded men who will give themselves to the brutalities of intemperance and rioting, when it would seem as if the very stones must be moved to compassion. Side by side with John stands Judas in the view of the world forever, and every scene which opens the deeps of the human heart reveals a similar association of purity and guilt. Still, how immeasurably the good and generous traits prevail amid the most tragic scenes of life! Every truer heart gives itself up to its nobler impulses, and hearts which were never moved before find deep wells of love sending up from their previously unsealed depths free and flowing streams. As gratitude for the greater number of escapes predominates even when we think of the great company of the lost, so admiration of the nobler qualities of humanity, so gloriously revealed, prevails, even while we remember instances of almost demoniac depravity; and again rays of light mingle with the gloom.

But still other views press upon the mind, and other lessons are enforced by these cries of agony. What a terrible indictment many of these sudden calamities bring against the want of thorough honesty in workmanship, the criminal

carelessness or incompetency, which so often perils, or sacrifices, multitudes of human lives. We are not so presumptuous as to prefer a specific charge in respect to this last direful tragedy, before all the evidence is presented on which to base our judgment. We would not minister to the disposition to bring such charges in moments of deep excitement. We may not know — indeed, we may never learn, beyond the chance of contradiction — the exact and fatal defect; whether the foundations at certain points rested upon shifting sands instead of immovable and solid earth, — whether the walls were not massive enough to sustain the mighty strain of the ponderous machinery, — or whether the pillars on which vast weights were laid were criminally weak, and snapped under their crushing burden. But somewhere a defect must have existed, which was the cause of the fearful massacre. Perhaps the man whose workmanship was so unsound never dreamed that such results could depend upon his thoroughness. Still, the defect did its work, and he is as truly the instrument by whom it was done, as if by some designed and malicious enginery he had crushed the mighty structure into fragments. We remember all the palliations for the individual man. The unfaithful have no conscious evil purpose. Yet, so far as the result is concerned, the workman who puts worthless timbers into the ship, or neglects firmly to bolt them together, and leaves a point at which the sea can make a fatal breach, might as well have bored through her sides amidst the raging of the storm; or he who makes the bridge, over which hundreds of men are continually carried in flying haste, of imperfect materials, or insufficient strength, might as well have dashed the train into the abyss, with its freight of inestimable lives. The mighty forces of nature are not to be ignored or trifled with, without inevitable retribution. Such sins find us out in the disasters that fill so many homes with agony, and shroud communities in gloom. We are slow to believe in disasters for which there is no blame. Such language is a contradiction in this

world of fixed and omnipresent laws. There may not be, we say again, perhaps there never is, the conscious guilt which merits the severest reprobation. But these disasters are not accidents. They are the retributions for some breach of nature's beneficent and mighty laws. The sentence may not seem to be executed speedily. It may often appear to be long delayed; but it comes at last in all its terror, to preach a truer, higher righteousness by its awful judgments.

There is a grand principle of thoroughness to be displayed in every work of mind or hand,—an absolute and noble honesty, which man everywhere is slow to learn, but which is essential to integrity of character. How scrupulous it is to make its every work complete! It lays the foundations of the massive edifice so deep and strong, that it cannot be shaken unless the solid earth crumble, or be removed from its place. It makes the walls so firm that no strain will shatter them into fragments. It puts no pillar under the timbers which will not ring out clearly, like the tone of a bell, when tested by trial blows. When it reigns in man, like the judgment of the Eternal One, it will overlook no defects. No peril that the utmost skill can detect, or the highest prudence can prevent, will be left out of sight. How beautiful, how almost divine, are its manifestations in child or man! It never permits the child to slight the smallest detail in his work. It never allows the man to be guilty of the pettiest delinquency to his trust. As the old Jew, in his superstitious reverence for the sacred books of his people, would not tolerate the alteration of a single letter, of the smallest point, when he copied law or prophecy or psalm,—so the man of this higher principle, in his glorious integrity, will not tolerate the slightest deviation from the sublimest ideal of his work. Like the sacrifices at the ancient altars, his offering of handicraft or of thought must be without spot or blemish. In the spirit of the Lord when he went to his baptism, he seeks to fulfil all righteousness. He needs no oversight to keep him steadfast to this lofty fidelity. Ac-

cording to that grand expression which pictures the ideal of such an excellence, "His eye, when turned on empty space, beams bright with honor." Is it not a glorious integrity? The absence of it not only makes many things imperfect, and leaves defects which are avenged by sudden disasters, whose noise moves the earth, but it destroys all thorough soundness of principle in human hearts. The most fearful disasters which it causes cannot parallel the spiritual calamity incurred by its loss. What outward misfortune or wreck can equal the wreck of such integrity! What a glorious world this would be, if the laborer at his toil, the student in his closet, the magistrate in his place of public trust, the man everywhere, should work and live in this absolute and thorough honesty! Then these appalling calamities would not only be averted, but life would present beautiful embodiments of a fidelity which, after all, could no more be fully expressed in such outward deeds, than the perfections of God can be perfectly displayed in the works of his hand. If man cannot be charmed and won by such a vision of fidelity, he will be driven to it by the retributions for his infidelity. Somehow, by love or fear, by angelic ministries or startling visitations, the all-controlling Providence vindicates its perfect truth, and brings men to its service.

But still another suggestion comes in connection with such calamities as that upon which we meditate to-day. What startling revelations they give of the unconceived and unsuspected might of these natural forces! Man conforms to these mighty laws, and he becomes almost omnipotent. He renders them exact obedience, and air, water, steam, electricity, gravitation, — the forces that uphold the stars and control the universe of matter and of motion, — become his servants, to toil and work for him. When he discovers any secret of nature, he becomes so far its lord; and he manifests his supremacy in the gigantic inventions which outstrip the prophecies of imagination by actual achievements. But the conditions of that sovereignty are as fixed

and immutable as the laws by which it comes. One violation of their requirements, one transgression against these almighty powers of nature which move on sublimely with no friction or jar, and men are crushed like moths, and their most ponderous works, which they can scarcely move into their place, are hurled hither and thither in wild confusion, like dust before the whirlwind. See how these sleeping energies can crush everything into fragments. So would suns and worlds be crushed, if such transgressions of law as man commits could occur among the spheres. Are these things symbols, I sometimes ask with a cry of exultation and of dread, — are these things symbols of spiritual facts? What is the whole universe itself, and every fact which it includes, but a picture of higher truths? I believe, and feel, that obedience to the eternal moral laws of the spiritual universe will confer upon man a majesty which his highest external achievements cannot image. When he obeys a grand spiritual truth, he is indeed exalted. What are the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount, but the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; and he who can gain possession of them unlocks all its doors to enter into its unutterable glories. He who yields to the whispers of the Divine Spirit, has the omnipotent Comforter of God to work its miracles of grace within his heart. I follow out this line of thought, and I accept the most glowing representations of the glory of a divine life as statements of simple spiritual facts. Why may not he who becomes the true servant of God be made his *son*, the heir of his unutterable glory and peace? Why must not that diviner life take the soul up into a realm in which there will be no more pain, or tears, or death, or night, where the soul will dwell in the unveiled light of the eternal throne? But are the conditions of this sovereignty as exact and immutable in the world of spirit as in the world of nature? Is the opposite analogy also true? Are unfaithful men as truly crushed when they transgress spiritual laws, as when they sin against natural forces? Is there a depth of

spiritual degradation which corresponds, by appalling contrast, with this vision of spiritual glory? I remember the words of Jesus, which apply to individual souls as well as to his Church, when he declares, in respect to whatever is built upon the rock of truth, that "the gates of hell cannot prevail against it." And I remember his other words, "Upon whomsoever this stone shall fall, it will grind him to powder." I dare not picture, even to myself, how far man, in his transgression, may be crushed by the spiritual laws whose destined office it was to lead him up to the very throne. I shrink from the natural analogies, whose lessons, in the swift destruction of these terrible calamities, I nevertheless cannot thrust aside. Indeed, when I see men who once looked up into mothers' faces with answering tenderness and love, whose hearts responded to the sweetest ties of human homes, become so lost to humanity in a few short years that they can go to scenes of overwhelming disaster to execute plans of theft and guilt, — when I estimate the rocky hardness of hearts which no suffering can really melt, — when I study the guilt of traitors, who, Judas-like, sell their Lord afresh, — I seem to see the deeps of that perdition yawning open to expose its awful secrets to my view. Do not trifle with, much less transgress, these everlasting laws of rectitude. Kindle not those passions which may burn into a quenchless flame. Do not, by conscious sin, put out the spiritual eye, which was made to look into the very heart of God, and thus leave the soul in rayless night.

But I forbear. A single lesson more, which might well detain our thought, but which must be given in a word, and I have done. Suddenly the calamity came upon the sufferers of whom we have been thinking to-day. It was to them as if the angel had instantaneously sounded the trump of judgment to summon the nations up to the great scene of the trial of living souls. There are other trumpets than those which are heard in scenes of disaster, that are continually sounding. Not to companies, but to single men, the change

often comes as suddenly as it came to those crushed and stricken ones. Whether men go in such startling haste or by slow disease, to all the change is as great as if in one moment we should be standing here, and in the next before the throne of God. God grant that, when the angel's trumpet is sounded over us, it may be no note of fear, but a tone of angelic welcome to that life in which the celestial powers, which now begin to bestow their majesty upon the faithful soul, shall clothe it with their highest glory, and endow it with their godlike peace!

THE LAKE-SIDE GRAVEYARD.

I.

Two little garden graves to see,
  Made beautiful by loving hands,
One day my friend invited me
  Into his friend's broad lands.
Our senses all were glad that day:
Around us fruitful acres lay;
We caught the breath of new-mown hay;
We saw the corn with pennons green;
The orchards wore their summer sheen;
Ground-apple blossoms too, were seen,
Blue, white, and cream-hued: all was fair
As if death could not enter there;
Gladness was dancing in the air.
Only the house, seen from the gate,
Looked mournful and disconsolate;
For lately there, in funeral state,
The fearful king's relentless feet,
Heard by men's ears with equal beat
On cottage and on palace floor,
Had passed through the unwilling door.

II.

Thus ever looks the stricken dwelling
  Whence loveliness is called away;
Why, it is past all human telling, —
  'T was ever as to-day.
But thoughts that make the bowed heart glad,
'T was plain, the sorrowing parents had,
Though the house wore the look so sad,
That gives kind souls the tender warning
That souls within it sit in mourning,
And bids them, pride's concealments scorning,
Speak from the heart to father, mother,
Meek sister and full-hearted brother,
And not one spark of feeling smother,
Sure that what speaks from heart to heart
Will win its way, and do its part,
To soothe the pain of grief's keen dart;
For though the whole domain was fair,
And beauty revelled everywhere,
The fairest spot in all the bound
Was that dear garden burial-ground.

III.

Close by the graves a lakelet spread;
  Two swans upon the waters sailed;
Queen-like careered each bright-eyed head,
  The wings seemed white robes trailed.
But still, though beautiful and bright,
With native royalty bedight,
The birds were not prepared for flight;
Nor could they to their march sublime
And rippling water's bell-like chime
With a majestic song keep time:
Only when plumed for their last day,
As if about to soar away,
Their wings will move in flight-like play;
And, warbling from each organ throat,
Rich music on the air will float,
Each breath of song a requiem note.

So speaks the mythic voice of old,
In which full many a truth is told;
Full oft in fables old we read
Evangels that we little heed.

IV.

We see our children at their play,
  We hear their winning voices blend,
And, dreaming, think their life's bright day
  Will never have an end.
But sorrow comes, and holds in thrall
The playfulness of hearth and hall;
And mirth-light darkens with his pall.
Then from his home, with loving hand,
To where we in amazement stand,
The golden sceptre of command
Our Father stretches o'er the gloom,
And bids us see beyond the tomb
Our darlings all their life resume.
We see their flight, and hear their song
Sweet as swan-music, clear and long,
And while the fainting heart grows strong,
Into our ears in accents plain
Sinks the rich burden of the strain:
"We go, God-guided, ye know whither;
Wait but a while, then follow hither."

WORDSWORTH.

Blest bard! who bathed in seas of light,
  And played with gems of truth,
Who roamed through fields of beauty bright,
  Crowned with immortal youth!

DR. HUNTINGTON ON THE TRINITY.

We have endeavored to give our readers, in another department of the Magazine, a view of Dr. Huntington's argument in favor of the tripersonality of the object of Christian worship. Many of them will read the volume itself, and see the argument in its whole breadth and fulness. The main points are the following.

The doctrine of the Trinity, or rather Tripersonality, for that is the form which it assumes in his statement, and the two terms are by no means synonymous, has with trifling exceptions been held by Christian believers ever and everywhere. Though truth is not determined by majorities, yet it is hardly credible that the great Head of the Church, who promised to be with it always, would suffer it to embrace a delusion so wide-spread, and running through all the ages. To suppose this is painful, not to say irreverent towards the Providence that has ever led and watched the true Christian Israel.

This doctrine, or the system of which it forms a part, is essential to render Christianity practically an efficient and vital power in the world and in the human soul. Leave this out, and man fails to see the extent of sin and its terrible evil; piety wastes, the Church declines, enthusiasm is chilled, prayer loses its efficacy, and the world reaps an easy harvest. Restore it, and the Church becomes aggressive; the sinner is convinced and finds peace in believing, and devotion revives again.

This doctrine, and the system to which it belongs, give unity to the Bible, and make all its disclosures and utterances fall into one majestic and consistent plan. From Genesis to the Apocalypse, the great themes of Incarnation and Redemption are all-harmonizing and make all difficulties of exegesis to vanish, while to the Anti-Trinitarian they are insurmountable, or require unnatural or labored explanations.

These three heads seem to us to sum up the argument, which in the Sermon is drawn out in various detail, and with great rhetorical skill. This doctrine of threeness in the Divine Nature has been the almost universally accepted one through all the ages of faith: it is necessary in order to make Christianity an efficient, working, and renewing power; and it makes the Bible a consistent and symmetrical whole.

These tests, if they would bear examination, would certainly be conclusive. To present them fairly and plainly, rather than to controvert them, is our purpose now. But as this is not our view of the Christian history, economy, and revelation, and as the whole subject goes to the very life and essence of Christianity, and the deeps of the Christian experience, we ask the company of our readers while we take them, not into another controversy about the Trinity, but to some points of observation, from which in a light somewhat different this great field of truth may lie before us.

I. It is a pretty sure indication of corruption in theology when its service requires of us to wrest language from its legitimate use, and employ it in the Church as Talleyrand did in the State, to conceal or to obscure thought rather than reveal it. Dr. Huntington does not consciously do this, but any system of tripersonality must. Everybody has an idea, till it is dissipated by metaphysics, of what a person is. A person is an individual being, having his own separate self-consciousness; and to be personally known to us, he must be revealed to us in living form. To say that God exists in three persons is to say that there are three self-conscious beings, and the conception is produced instantly in the mind of three Gods. You may protest that you are not using language in its common acceptation; but what does the protest avail, if you go right on and assign to the three persons such offices and functions as inevitably beget the notion of three self-conscious actors in the believer's mind? Is it the words on your lips, or is it the inmost thought of your heart, that God regards in worship? We may say "one God"

with the mouth all day and all night, and yet if the attitude of the soul within is towards three Persons each with an "independent self-consciousness," and each having Divine attributes, then the motions of the mouth are as empty sounds, while the act of the soul is an unblest idolatry.

The doctrine of threeness in the Divine Nature is held now, and has been held from remote ages, by those who do not divide the Divine Personality. We never can know anything of God, except so far as he becomes humanized to our human conceptions. This seems plain. Man is his image and partakes of his nature. All that we say of God, his mercy, his justice, his holiness, his goodness, mean nothing to us, except so far forth as there is something in our own being that answers to those great ideas. Just so likewise of his unity, his threeness, and his personality. There is ground for these in our own nature, or we could not even receive a revelation respecting them. Man's nature is triune. He is love, intellect, and active power: heart, head, hand; — as Sir William Hamilton puts it in his clear and masterly analysis, feeling, cognition, and conation: the sole ground in man whence he can arise to the august conception of the Divine Threeness, — the eternal Love, the eternal Wisdom or Word, and their eternal processions of Power. We may strain after something about God when there is nothing in man to receive it: it will not even fall within the laws of thought; we only beat the air and hear the "clatter" of our own intellectual machinery. That God is Love, Wisdom, and Power, all existing in one self-conscious being or person, creating man for feeling, knowing, and doing, comes at once into our faith that puts us in communion with the Supreme in just the degree that we will suffer him to mould us into his own glorious image.

II. It is the concession of candid Trinitarians that the Tripersonality is not found expressly in the New Testament, but was "developed" afterwards by the Christian Church. "This doctrine does not strictly belong to the fundamental

articles of the Christian faith, as appears sufficiently evident from the fact that it is expressly held forth in no one particular passage of the New Testament," is the language of Neander. "The unfolding of the mystery is committed to the scientific activity of the Church," is the language of Olshausen. But that the doctrine of Christ's essential divinity is set forth in the New Testament, yea, that it breaks from its pages in a blaze of glory, is the almost unanimous agreement of Christian believers. In the Incarnation, the Life, and the Mediation of Christ there is the full expression of the Godhead, the essential Divinity coming down into visible personality for the salvation of man. Never are we invited to come to the Father by climbing round the personality of the Son. That there are eternal deeps of the Divine Nature that we may never fathom, is only saying that we are weak and finite. That all which we can know or understand of God we have in Christ, the incarnate and revealing Word, is his own declaration again and again. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son that dwelleth in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." "*All that the Father hath is mine.*" "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." That the essential Divinity in Christ is not a person separated from the Father, another person, but consubstantial with the Father, and revealing the whole Godhead in one glorious person, "*all* the fulness of the Godhead bodily," is plain even in the letter; but in the only system of interpretation self-consistent throughout, — we mean the New Church law of analogies, — this central truth of the New Testament appears like the sun shining in his strength.

And mark with what plainness the Holy Spirit is described as the gift of Christ, the procession of life and power coming from him alone: "*He* shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." "*I* will send you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth." "He breathed on them, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." The exigencies of theology

must be hard-pressing indeed, that can turn this sweet and blessed doctrine aside, of a cleansing and comforting power pulsing into the soul from a Divine Saviour, brought near to the disciple by personal communion and lowly faith, for that strange riddle of the understanding, a third person in the Trinity coming and going between God and man!

III. The first historical development of Christianity was in strict accordance with this conception of one God in one person, and that person brought near to man in the Divine Saviour. The Pentecostal scene fulfilled the promise of the Comforter. It was not produced by preaching Tripersonality and a vicarious atonement. It was produced by preaching Christ and the resurrection with repentance and remission of sins; and as for the Holy Spirit which came as a baptism of fire, it was said of the glorified Saviour, "*He* hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." So the first conversions were made and the first churches were built up. When Paul looked up through the opened heavens, and sought the source of that power which smote him to the earth and overwhelmed him with self-convictions, the answer was, "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." They called on the name of the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Spirit came. It was the Divine Sphere of Light and Love and Power brought down to the earth in the Lord Jesus Christ, and turned full upon man. The "scientific activity" of the Church had not yet begun. They simply looked up to the Saviour, the God become man, and "the Holy Ghost fell on them," (a person indeed?) and its power rolled in upon them in surges of energy, peace, and love. And when John was "in the Spirit," and saw the glorious Theophany, did he see three persons each claiming divine honors, or did he see "one like unto the Son of Man," saying, "I am the First and the Last, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty"?

No student of history, we think, will affirm that there is the least hint of tripersonality in the Godhead in the writings

extant of the Apostolic Fathers. Later down, from A. D. 175 to 200, we have explicit statements from Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and Tertullian of the essentials of the Christian faith, and what had "always been believed" in the Church. In these the essential Divinity of Christ is fully and affectionately acknowledged, the New Testament form, both of language and doctrine, is preserved; but there is no lisp of tripersonality or a substitutive atonement. These old creeds are refreshing, for they have the breath of the morning hour. Irenæus gives the following as the creed of those "who diligently keep the ancient tradition": "Believing in one God, maker of Heaven and earth, and of all things in them by Christ Jesus the Son of God, who through his most eminent love towards his creature underwent that generation which was of a virgin, He by himself uniting man to God, and having suffered under Pontius Pilate and being rose again and taken up in splendor will come again in glory, a Saviour of them that are saved and a judge of them that are judged, sending into eternal fire the perverters of truth, and the despisers of his Father, and of his own coming again." Tertullian gives the following as "the rule that had been observed and adhered to from the very beginning of the Gospel," — that it was "prior to all heretics that had been in the Christian Church." He believed "in one God, and that his Word was the Son of the one God; who proceeded from him; by whom all things were made, and without whom nothing was made; that he was sent by or from the Father into the virgin, and from her was born Man and God, the Son of Man and the Son of God, and named Jesus Christ; that he suffered, that he died, that he was buried according to the Scriptures, and raised up by the Father, and, taken up into heaven, sits at the right hand of the Father, and will come to judge the quick and the dead; who from thence sent, according to his promise from the Father, the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, the Sanctifier of their faith who believe in the Father and Son and Holy Ghost."

That in this conception of Father and Son they did not separate the Divine Nature into persons, appears from the following explanation of Tertullian: "Before all things, God was alone; but not absolutely alone, for he had with him his own reason, since God is a rational being. This reason the Greeks call Logos, which word we now render Sermo. AND THAT YOU MAY MORE EASILY UNDERSTAND THIS FROM YOURSELF, CONSIDER THAT YOU WHO ARE MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD HAVE REASON WITHIN YOURSELF." *

IV. But "the scientific activity of the Church" was at hand. Precisely in the degree that it declined in godliness, and the primal graces disappeared, was the Divine Personality cloven and separated in its authorized formulas. The Arian controversy raged for more than half a century, in which the worst passions were unloosed on both sides. What a surface do these times present, from which to reflect the divine doctrines, — this surging sea of human hatred and strife! The Athanasians ejected from the primitive creed the doctrine of the Divine Unity, and two persons be-

* But Tertullian "developed" the doctrine of the Logos in opposition to the Monarchians, and grazed the borders of Tritheism, taking ground from which his successors developed it still farther. He is the transition point between Christian Monotheism and Tripersonalism, and might be claimed either way. Among other analogies, he compares the Logos proceeding out of the Divine Essence, and becoming incarnate in Christ, to a stalk from its root, both one in substance but numerically distinct, and the Holy Spirit to the fruit upon the stalk, continuously produced through the Son. Yet again he says, that each of the three may be called God, though he does not seem to conceive of each as having "an independent self-consciousness." Neander represents, with admirable truthfulness, that the unlearned among the laity, — or, as Tertullian says, "all simple persons, not to say ignorant and illiterate, who form always the majority of believers," — in whose Christian consciousness the doctrine of Christ's divinity was the most intensely wrought, revolted against the logomachists, and would only see the whole Godhead in Christ. They would not receive at first the "developed" theology of the metaphysicians, "pervaded by reflection and dialectic distinctions." Whether these "simple persons," with an intense Christian consciousness of a present Saviour, or the learned logomachists and wranglers, were the more likely to be right, is a question which admits of a difference of opinion. See Neander's *Antignostikus*, Part III. Sec. 2.

gan to appear. The Arians ejected the doctrine of the Saviour's essential Divinity, and God receded into the dim and inaccessible heavens. Which party was to prevail was long doubtful. The Church split into two nearly equal factions, and it seemed a drawn battle, except as one or the other allied itself with the civil power. At length the Tripersonalists prevailed. *How* they prevailed, and by what process the ancient Anti-Trinitarianism "died out," involve a very interesting passage of history, and one which is calculated to make a man exceedingly modest in urging an argument from the "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

In the year 379, Theodosius ascended the throne of the eastern division of the Roman empire. He was surnamed "the Great," and he well deserves the further addition of the Bloody and Cruel. Not that he was any worse than Roman emperors in general. He was not so bad, for he never murdered his own wife, brothers, or children, as other good Christian emperors were in the habit of doing. He had great energy of character, was thoroughly orthodox, and was amply accomplished in all the bull-dog virtues. An insurrection from a trivial cause broke out, and was soon quelled, at Thessalonica. The Emperor ordered from his officers seven thousand human heads to expiate the crime. The populace were invited into the circus; men, women, and children assembled expecting to witness the games. They were then shut in, and the butchery went on for three hours, till the seven thousand heads had been obtained. This was the man who undertook to settle disputes in theology.

The Arians were in possession of the Eastern churches. The Patriarch at Constantinople, the monks, the clergy, and the people, were generally of that faith. Theodosius did not trouble himself to examine it. He selected two prelates, Damasus, Bishop of Rome, and Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, and declared them the "treasures of true doctrine." Those whose faith conformed to theirs were orthodox, all

others were to be rejected as outcasts. Fifteen edicts were issued successively, continually increasing in severity, till the heretics were hunted unto death. The Arians were driven, not only from the Church, but from their homes, and languished and died in exile; "inquisitors of the faith" were appointed to act as spies and judges of the secret opinions of men. The orthodox bishops fanned the flame of persecution. St. Gregory was installed as the new Patriarch of Constantinople, in defiance of the whole flock intrusted to his care. The brutal soldiery attended in the cathedral to force the new bishop upon the people. Pagans and Arians alike were hunted down. The pagan peasants sometimes resisted only to be butchered on the spot. On one occasion the saints declared, and the judges admitted, that, in the slaughter within the pagan temples, devils and angels entered into the combat, and the idolaters merely shared the fate of the infernal spirits with whom they were leagued. Uniformity of faith followed. Tripersonality became, if not the "quod semper," yet undoubtedly the "quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."*

Then followed the long, dreary, arctic night of the Church. The litanies went up to three persons, and along with them the half-stifled groans and half-muffled cries of oppressed and weary human nature. From the cold regions or burning sands of exile, from souls slain under the altar, from the midst of blazing fagots, from dungeons under ground, from "the Alpine mountains cold," went up the prayer, "O Lord, how long!" while from all the cathedrals, churches, and monasteries went up the worship of Tritheism.

"But we must remember that the age was dark." The age undoubtedly was dark, and a very pertinent question arises,—WHAT MADE THE AGES DARK? Any age becomes dark just in the degree that the knowledge of God is lost. Any age is dark in proportion as its worship becomes untrue. The idea of God is vital, central; all our other ideas are

* Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire, pp. 110–112.

fitted to it and borrow their light from it, as the planets replenish their light and trick their beams from the sun. All our notions of man, of duty, of neighborly love, of nature and revelation, of this life and the next, of regeneration, redemption, and preparation for heaven, are determined and vitalized by our conception of God, for that is the inmost of all our thoughts and actions. Let God be one, clear-shining, ever near, and melting into the soul, and conjunction with him is unbroken, and worship is all-renewing; all other doctrine falls into its true place and order, and there is unity everywhere else. Let our idea of the One Infinite Person be lost or blurred and dissipated, and there is darkness or lurid twilight on all the landscapes of the mind, and there is no such worship or unison with the Lord as cleanses away the foul depravity of human nature. Thus the Christian idea of God, sinking down into the ages, gathered their darkness about it deeper and deeper, and was dissipated and divided and ended in confirmed Tritheism; and then there was pagan night over all the Church, and man was a wolf to man.

We have not time to trace the influence of Tritheism on the religion of modern Protestantism, but we think it has been disastrous enough. Under Protestantism it allied itself organically with the doctrine of justification by faith alone, or putative instead of genuine righteousness, and thereby preserved all its power to hurt and to kill. To this we owe all the lurking and deadly Antinomianism of Protestantism, which these three hundred years has separated faith from charity, religion from life, ritual from goodness, and devotion from honesty. Perhaps, if we summoned all the facts to bear witness, we might hurt the oil and the wine of neighborly kindness. They are patent enough in the history of the sects;—the stakes where the martyrs have died, the dungeons on whose impassive walls their prayers have been written; the Scotland heaths lifting up their hymns amid the wildness of nature with alarms lest the hunters might hear;

the Bunhill fields where the victims only found peace; the death-penalties on the statute-book wiped off within the memory of living men;* Arminianism mingling its blood with its sacrifice in all the by-ways of Holland; the half-suppressed history of the Familists, the Baptists, and the Quakers of New England; the maxims of trade and commerce and bargaining perverted, Mammon ruling in splendid churches, and starving women in sound of their bells, stitching at ninepence a day, and stitching their own shrouds; American slavery creeping into the churches, and up to the altar and the pulpit, and overshadowing both with a deadly Atheism; the hard Jewish bearing of the sects towards each other;—these, and ten thousand more, are swift and sharp-tongued witnesses to the results of the fundamental dogma of Protestantism, which separates religion from life, and under which the sweet and heavenly charities are blasted and withered.

"The times were dark, and human rights were not understood." What made them dark, and what is it that separates man from God, and by consequence man from his brother?

V. In days of darkest corruption, and amid the most awful wickedness of an apostate Church, there have been multitudes who have lived and died in the sanctity of a genuine faith. And what has been the doctrine which has laid hold upon them and saved them? We believe it will be found to have been the essential Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, breaking clear of the tangles of Tritheism, and offering the Divine Person to the humble believer. This has been the saving element which no corruptions could completely overlay. It is a personal, vital union of the disciple with his Saviour that causes the Divine Life to pass into him and transform him into the Divine image, and produce from within outwardly, not a putative, but a genuine righteousness: it is this which saves him when it becomes domi-

* Unitarianism up to a period comparatively recent was punishable with death in England. It was also punishable with death under Puritan law.

nant over the divided worship of Tritheism. Here in fact is the distinctive and renewing power of the Gospel. Thus Dr. Huntington writes in his Sermon on "the Secret of the New Name," and with an affecting truthfulness which in our judgment nullifies every syllable of his argument for the Tripersonality: —

"The special character and privilege of the Christian rest in a personal and conscious union between him and his living Redeemer. We vex our ingenuity straining after definitions of the distinctive thing in Christianity. They are all superficial and irrelevant compared with this. How uniform and majestic the testimony that rises from all the lands and ages of faith to this simple truth, — that it is not rules of conduct, not systems of ethics, not patterns of propriety, not eloquent expositions, that inspire the believing and faithful heart with its immortal energy and peace, but the simple secret assurance of being at one with the Lord Jesus, and resting in his almighty friendship! Where is the fiery furnace deep enough to burn despair into our souls, if we can see walking with us though the fire the form of the Son of God? What then is the tribulation, or famine, or sword, or nakedness which shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The mystery of that unity where He who is at one with God yet cried, 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt,' is not for us to understand. Yet the prayer of promise, 'They shall be with me where I am,' is for us to lay hold of, and breathe again and again when we are aching and alone and troubled."

Not only when we are aching and alone and troubled. When we are weak or cowardly in the face of duty, or braced up only by the pride of self or the fear of man, it is rest in that almighty friendship that gives both the docility of the child and the strength of a multitude of martyrs. There is other virtue which is hardy and brave, austere, and sometimes cruel, for the cause and the glory of God. This from the living and indwelling Christ has both the tenderness and omnipotence of Him who breathes it into us, for its strain of acknowledgment is, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." This, and not the Tripersonality, has been the renewing power of Christianity, and wrought all the graces

and the righteousness and the zeal and the piety distinctively Christian, for this is where God meets the soul and has his tabernacle with man. This is the door through which he comes and floods the heart with his strength and love. This made Methodism a saving and regenerating power, while the other churches lay high and dry on the sands of faith alone. It works the deepest and the richest Christian experience. It breathes and quivers through Moravian hymns. It shows man all the depths and windings of his depravity, and in the same measure supplies God's inexhaustible grace. It gives him the peace that rolls in like a river, and fertilizes all his nature as earthly fountains are becoming dry. It gives the Christian Church all the efficiency which it has for positive good in society. And when the hosts above sing "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," — the Divine Humanity denied on earth but acknowledged in heaven, — it is this vital conscious connection between Christ and his redeemed that inspires the "hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The argument for any doctrine based merely upon its prevalence is always suspicious, when we consider the tendencies of a corrupt human nature to bring down Divine truth to its own level. But when we lay our finger upon a doctrine which has been the animus of the Church through all its most fearful apostasies, the argument from its prevalence is blown into atoms. History as well as reason turns full against it. The temptation is strong and subtle to yield to the corrupt currents of opinion, and be swept along with them; but that we are going back to the ages when Tritheism shut over the Church like an iron cover, and shut in the darkness, there is no reason to apprehend. For one hundred years Tritheism has been less and less the organific centre of Christian theology, while the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Divine Incarnation, the descended Word, the God with men, has become such more and more. This becomes the theme of all that Christian revivalism that leaves in the renovated

heart the fragrancy of heaven; and there are omens enough, if we will but see them, that not a divided worship, but a Divine Christology, shall fulfil the prediction, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

S.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

PART III.

"Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,—
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cryed."

Old Ballad.

SCENE.— *The Entrance of a Forest. Two Servants appear on horseback, each with a child in his arms.*

OTHO.

How pale was Bertha, as we left her now
At yonder castle-gate! Trembling and pale!
Why was it? Fears she our return will be
Less speedy than we promised?

HUBERT.

I know not,
Otho; but I—already I would give
This my good sword that we were riding on
Another errand!

OTHO.

A brave fellow thou!
To win a purse of gold! Faint-hearted fool!
But silent we must be,—else shall we find
Our work not easy.

EDGAR.

We shall find mamma!
How glad to see her! Heaven is not too far,
As Bertha said, for me to find, — for I
Could go *so* far to find her! Now, so fast
We ride, Otho, we shall be very quick,
I hope!

OTHO.

Ay, boy! now we are galloping!
Ha! is not this brave riding?

EDGAR.

Will it bring
Us soon to heaven, where mamma is gone,
And now is waiting for us?

HUBERT.

Not so fast!
Prithee, good Otho! hush, my little one!
She's sadly frightened at the galloping,
And trembles in my arms, as a young bird
Doth flutter in thy grasp! Hush, little one!

OTHO.

Thou art a coward, Hubert! Canst not bear
The fluttering of a timid babe?

HUBERT.

Truly,
My heart's not made of steel! I would it were!
Otho, I cannot do this cruel deed!

OTHO.

Coward! it is no time to talk!

HUBERT.

But we
Can leave them in this wood to death as sure,
If not as speedy! All my purse of gold
I'll give thee, if thou wilt! Speak! speak!

OTHO.

But should they wander to the cot, and be
Found afterward, our master's anger will —

HUBERT.

They cannot be! Here in this endless wood,
So dark, and miles afar from human eye,
They must be safe! Otho, let us away!

(*Aside.*)

Ah, no! they shall not die! I 'll gladly risk
My worthless life to save these innocents!

(*They leave the children and gallop away.*)

EDGAR.

This is too dark a place for heaven! for
That 's so bright, — so bright! Nelly, perhaps,
Would show the way, if we could find her. Come!

. . . . .

Art tired now, little Jane? Then we will rest
Upon this mossy seat, and weep no more to-night!
We 'll eat our berries, and then go to sleep!
To-morrow, when we wake, perhaps, if we
Are patient, waiting her, mamma will come!

Morning.

(*A Robin on the bough above a bird's-nest is singing its morning song. Another Robin is flying back with berries in its beak.*)

DOLCÈ.

Carol, so long thou wert, the little birds
Are almost famished!

CAROL.

I will tell thee why
I am so late now, Dolcè! As I flew
In search of berries, — hither, thither, — I —
Come, tell me what I spied, — now, tell me what?

DOLCÈ.

Perchance, a serpent, or a wild-cat!

CAROL.

Nay!
Not either, foolish Dolcè! Could I be
So joyful, had I seen a catamount
Or serpent?

DOLCÈ.

Then, a kid, or lambkin!

CAROL.

Nay!
Not kid nor lambkin; something brighter, far!
I saw two lovely little beings lie
A-sleeping, on a mossy bank. Their arms,
So fair and beautiful, were graceful twined
Together. In the thickest of the wood
They lay, — as from the far blue sky, methought
They came, they were so pure and lovely! So
I stayed to look awhile. No fear I had
Of harm to me.

DOLCÈ.

Our Nelly — were they like?

CAROL.

Ay! but so far more lovely!

DOLCÈ.

Can they be
More lovely than our Nelly? She so sweet
And smilingly doth scatter crumbs for us
Around her cottage-door!

CAROL.

Kindly she doth!
But thou must see these lonely sleeping babes
To know how beautiful they are!

DOLCÈ.

Ah! then
I 'll go in quest of berries, leaving thee
To watch our nest.

CAROL.

Ay! Dolcè, — that will I,
That thou mayst see this picture!

DOLCÈ.

Whither fly?
I know not! thou wilt show me, Carol, — where?

CAROL.

One flight I 'll take to point the way, before
The little birds have found that I am gone.

DOLCÈ.

Now, then! Art ready, Carol? Here we go!

(*They fly away.*)

JOHN JACKSON AMONGST THE SLAVEHOLDERS OF SANTA CRUZ.

"12 mo. 3. — This town is called West End, or Fredericstead; and is pleasantly situated on the sea-shore, almost surrounded by high hills. Most of the persons who visit this island for health take boarding in this town. Here we are surrounded by the luxuriant products of the earth, growing in the richest profusion. The lofty cocoa-nut and mountain cabbage, whose stately columns appear like the pillars of a palace; the curious silk-tree; the tamarind; the orange, bearing its blossoms, its green and ripe fruit, all at once; the lime; the thibet-tree; a great number of flowers, among which I see some beautiful geraniums, and the 'Pride of Barbadoes' are now in abundance (December).

We walked to the fish-market, where we saw the most beautiful tropical fish, deep-red, blue, yellow, the variegated and striped; and it was an entertainment to get the sellers to give us their different names. The language spoken by the colored people in this island is a kind of broken English, with a mixture of Danish, and is almost unintelligible to us.

"12th mo. 5. — We occupied yesterday in making efforts to appoint some religious meetings. This being a despotic government, and the will of the Governor being the law in such cases, we mentioned to several persons, to whom we had letters of introduction, our wish to see the Governor." Here follow some accounts of the difficulties encountered. They found I. I. Gurney had been forbidden, a year before, to hold any public or private meetings; and the keepers of boarding-houses, to let their rooms for such a purpose under the penalty of a fine. I. I. Gurney had, however, obtained leave to hold one public meeting, on condition that he should say nothing upon slavery, and not request another meeting; but he held several private meetings, without having asked the Governor.) After some days, and a journey of fifteen miles, to see the Governor, (in vain, for he was ill,) the Police Judge, Andersen, received a formal letter, saying that "the requested permission cannot be granted," signed by the Governor, P. V. Scholten.

The journal continues: — "Thus it would seem that our mission will not be received. In the exercise of worldly power, men usurp the prerogative of Christ, and deny to him the right of sending by whom he will; forgetting his declaration, 'Whosoever shall receive in my name one of these little ones that believe in me, receiveth me; but whosoever shall offend one,' &c. The exercise of despotic power over the consciences of men has in every age retarded the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom; and it is to be deplored, that, with the history before us of the rejection of Jesus by the Jews, and of the ages of

martyrdom, any people should in this age be in bondage to a spirit of intolerance. The following is a copy of a notice issued by the Governor, and placed in all the boarding-houses of the place: 'Whereas it appears, that, notwithstanding the information and advice given to strangers and others at the police office, some persons have undertaken to hold meetings for the purpose of delivering religious speeches, discourses, or prayers: Notice is hereby given, that, agreeably to the existing laws and regulations of our country, none but the ministers duly appointed for the colonies, by the royal authority, or such persons as have obtained special permission from our government, are entitled to hold such meetings, and deliver discourses, prayers, or the like; and that, in case of non-compliance, the owner or tenant of the house where such illegal meetings may be found must expect to be prosecuted and dealt with according to law.'

"Having been prevented from holding religious meetings on this island, and not feeling entirely clear, without expressing more fully to the Governor and the inhabitants the object of our mission, I occupied a part of the day in writing 'An Address to the Inhabitants of St. Croix.'" From this address, which was subsequently printed and circulated in the island, we shall make an extract, which will serve once for all to give the practical, religious, and ecclesiastical doctrine as still held by the Quakers.

"The Society of Friends have, from their earliest rise, maintained as a fundamental point of doctrine, that a measure and manifestation of the spirit of Christ, 'the true light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world,' is given to all men, to lead and guide them in the path of duty; that this is 'the appearing' of 'Christ within' which the Apostle declared to be 'the hope of glory' (Col. i. 27), and which is the same divine power that the blessed Jesus alluded to, when he gave this command to his disciples: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into

the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost' (the baptism of fire, in discrimination from the baptism of water), 'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; *and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*' (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) This divine principle, or light of Christ within, is that to which our worthy predecessor, George Fox, called the attention of the people, as an efficacious teacher and spiritual guide to salvation, that they might conform their lives to the example and precepts of Jesus, and thus find peace with their Creator. Hence it is declared by William Penn, that 'a belief in the light of Christ within, as God's gift for man's salvation, is our characteristic or main distinguishing point or principle of doctrine.' And in relation to those Quakers whom it pleased Christ to call to the ministry, the same writer asserts, that 'these experimental preachers of the glad tidings of God's truth and kingdom could not run when they listed, or preach or pray but as Christ prepared and moved them by his own blessed spirit, for which they waited in their meetings for worship, and spoke only as that gave them utterance.' 'They went not forth in their own wills or times, but in the will of God; and spake not their own studied matter, but as they were opened and moved of his spirit, with which they were well acquainted by their own conversion. They directed people to a principle within themselves, but not of themselves, by which all that they asserted, preached, and exhorted others to, might be known through renewed experience to be true.'

"Although many of the builders of systems of religion have rejected this revelation, or manifestation of Christ's spirit in man, as their foundation, our forefathers built upon it as a rock immovable, as 'the corner-stone, the tried stone, elect and precious,' which the Lord's prophet declared should be laid in Zion. (Isaiah xxviii. 16.) They undoubtedly were sincere in their convictions, when they went forth, as under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as the servants of

Jesus Christ, to call men from under the dominion and power of transgression, into the glorious liberty of the children of God; for they manifested their attachment to these principles by a willingness to suffer persecutions. Fines, imprisonments, even the loss of life itself, were inflicted upon them, and drove many of them from the shores of Great Britain to seek a refuge among strangers. In the wilderness of America they found an asylum, ... there the enlightened Penn founded a colony, ... there the tree of religious liberty was planted, and many generations have already partaken of its fruits.

"We are unshaken in the religion of our fathers; like them, we believe in the light of Christ within, as God's great gift for man's salvation; like them, we believe that the Head of the Church is as able now as formerly to make use of the weak things of this world to advance his cause. He set us the example, by choosing some of the illiterate fishermen of Galilee to be among the first promulgators of his Gospel. And we believe that the learning and wisdom of man are not an essential qualification for a minister of Christ; neither do they receive a true qualification from the ordinations of men, or by virtue of an appointment from royal authority, or the consent of human governments; for they are the servants of Jesus Christ only, whom he, by his Holy Spirit, calls to the labor he hath assigned them; and who can say, with the Apostle (1 Gal. i. 11, 12), 'I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it by man, nor was taught but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.'

"Without assuming to ourselves more than belongs to the very least of the family of Christ, we unhesitatingly assert that we believe our Divine Master hath required at our hands the religious service in which we are now engaged. It is not our mission to teach for doctrines any commandments of men, or to call them to speculative theology; but to invite them to embrace the principles of practical right-

eousness, which will lead them to a knowledge of pure and undefiled religion. We dare not preach or pray in our own wills, nor in our own times, but only as our Heavenly Shepherd is pleased to enable us, poor instruments, to proclaim the Gospel. We covet no man's silver or gold; we are not in pursuit of any earthly treasure; we seek not the praise of men; but the love of Christ constraineth us; and for the spread of that religion which breathes 'Glory to God, peace and good-will to men,' we have left the endearments of home, to encounter many trials. Whatever may be the opinions of men concerning us, God is a witness that it is the religion of Jesus, which embraces the present and eternal welfare of our fellow-heirs of immortality, that we alone desire to promote. Our request to mingle with you in religious worship was because our love for all men extended over you. Therefore we are willing patiently to bear our burden, hoping that the day may speedily arrive when the feet of those who are commissioned to publish the glad tidings of salvation may be permitted to tread upon all the high places of the earth, to proclaim to Zion, 'Thy God reigneth.' But while we are willing patiently to suffer in spirit with the seed of the Church, we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that the exercise of human authority over the consciences of men is utterly at variance with the benign religion of Jesus Christ. We are well aware that nations have not unfrequently assumed the right to exercise this authority, and established what is called the religion of the country, which is either directly or remotely supported by the sword. The subjects of such governments are required, in a greater or less degree, to conform their views of worshipping their Creator to the standard thus set up for them; and they who may honestly and conscientiously dissent therefrom are subjected to spiritual bondage. We believe this has ever been detrimental to the interests of Christ's kingdom. His religion can never be forced upon men. They can only be induced to embrace it as they

behold the excellence of a life of holiness before God, exhibited in the daily walk of professors, and feel the workings of the Holy Spirit within. Nor are the ministers of Christ's Church exclusively confined to any particular sect or nation. For it is emphatically declared, that 'God is no respecter of persons, but, in every nation, they that fear him and work righteousness shall be accepted of him.'

"If, in the exercise of worldly power, men presume to deny to even the least of Christ's messengers the liberty wherewith he hath made them free, upon them must devolve the awful responsibility of rejecting Christ himself; for he has said, 'He that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me.' And again, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.' . . . . .

"In conclusion, we take leave of you in the language of Paul to his brethren, 'commending you to God, and the word of his grace, who is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified.'"

In a letter to his wife from Santa Cruz, he says:—

"One thing was calculated to awaken painful feelings: it was the 'gangs' of slaves, as they call them, toiling by fifties and by hundreds, without due reward for their labor, accumulating wealth that others are to enjoy exclusively.

"I find great excitement on the subject of slavery here. The king of Denmark has *requested* that the slaves be allowed the seventh day of the week, to cultivate and sell small things for their own profit (which they now do on first days), and that the first day shall be exclusively devoted to education and religion. It is said that a majority of the inhabitants are in favor of this measure, and that it is quite likely to be carried into effect, notwithstanding it has many violent opposers. This seems to be one step toward emancipation.

"Almost this whole island is under a high state of sugar cultivation; the plantations are beautifully laid out, and, without any fences, are divided from each other by rows of

ornamental trees, which presents to the stranger a very agreeable appearance. The trees by the roadside make a delightful shade. But ah! there is always something to mar the pleasures of an earthly paradise; and here it is the reflection that all this beauty is the work of slaves whose labor was unrequited. Although slavery in this island exists in one of its modified forms, the government allowing the slave liberty at any time to purchase his freedom at valuation made by impartial judges, and positively forbidding the master from inflicting much personal suffering; and although a plan is now in operation for educating the slaves, — yet, for all this, slavery is a bitter curse. I see nothing in the system that can reconcile me to it in any shape whatever. To see the poor slaves toil in the cane-fields by hundreds, both men and women, using the hoe, when the plough and other improved agricultural instruments might be substituted therefor, argues a want of common-sense among the planters, and subjects the slave to great unnecessary labor. But there *can* be no improvements where slavery exists."

In another letter from Santa Cruz to his wife, he says: —

"Besides this prohibition of the Governor, we have had another class of 'serpents' to deal with in Santa Cruz; one of our passengers called upon us, and informed us that an Episcopal clergyman at the West End had received some pamphlets from the United States, giving an account of the 'Hicksites.' (One was an abusive Philadelphia production, written about the time of the separation; the other was I. I. Gurney's address to the Friends in Baltimore.) A note accompanied the pamphlets, stating that 'George Truman and John Jackson, two Hicksite preachers, expect to visit your island this winter. A. S. T.;' — and that these books showed that the Hicksites denied the Divinity of Christ, rejected the doctrine of the Atonement, disbelieved the Scriptures, &c.

"We told our informant that the books had been ably

answered; and although it was not a part of our mission to be prejudicing the minds of people with books connected with the controversies among us, and we were not willing to lessen our dignity by so doing, we would be willing to see his friend face to face; and that we should consider him also of an unchristian spirit, if he should circulate the statements made in these books behind our backs, when we had offered him an opportunity for such conversation with us as would entirely remove his preconceived prejudices.

"What object can our orthodox friends have in circulating such books, at this late day, and among strangers? . . . . . I know it has cost me no small degree of deep spiritual baptism and trial, to give up to this work and service of my Master. Men may assume the judgment, and say that I deny the Divinity of Christ, and the offers of his love; — *I know in whom I have believed.* If the persons who sent these books had not known they were doing a clandestine business, they would have given their names in full; and if they had been in a Christian spirit, they would have taken an opportunity with *us*, before we left home, and known certainly whether we denied the Divinity of Christ, &c. . . . . I have called them 'serpents' because they manifest a secret unkindness, but I know not who has sent these books, neither do they trouble me."

We omit, because the world is not worthy of them, the consolations he offers his wife for their separation; which he believed "to be of Divine appointment," and was confident that they would hereafter be assured "it was desirable to have been separated," because it would be a proof to them that "they could be faithful to duty under temptation."

RANDOM READINGS.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.—INFLUENCE OF PRESENTIMENTS.

BELIEVE that you can do a thing, and you generally can. Believe you are going to die soon, and very likely you will. Believe you shall succeed, and half the battle is gained. Believe you shall be sick, and you open the door to disease. Hence the eternal sources of courage in Christian faith, and the power which superstition has to knock the heart out of us, and leave us to the mercy of defeat.

The Roman armies could not fight unless the omens were favorable. Cromwell's soldiers always conquered, because they had faith in God and kept their powder dry. Every one whose Christian reliance is not hearty and entire, is very apt to have some vein of superstition which lets in cowardice and fear, and hence unbelievers, or half-believers, are apt to be the most credulous. Knight quotes an anecdote of King Charles and Falkland, the best of his cavaliers, showing from what different sources the Cromwell men and the king's men replenished their courage. There was an old superstition of using the Bible, and sometimes other books, as fortune-books. Open at random, and you alight on the passage that describes your coming fortunes. Bishop Fisher resorted to this source of comfort when going to the scaffold. But Virgil was often used for the same purpose, and these trials of fortune were called the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The king and Falkland found a splendid copy of Virgil, and tried their luck. The king alighted upon a passage which Dryden thus translates. It is Dido's imprecation against Æneas.

> "Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
> His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
> Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
> His men discouraged, and himself expelled,
> Let him for succor sue from place to place,
> Torn from his subjects' and his son's embrace.
> First let him see his friends in battle slain,
> And their untimely fate lament in vain;
> And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
> On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
> Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
> But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
> And lie unburied on the barren sand."

The king was troubled as he closed the book. Falkland opened it to try his own fortune. He alighted upon the passage in which Evander bewails the untimely death of his son Pallas: —

> " O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word,
> To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
> I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
> What perils youthful ardor would pursue:
> That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
> Young as thou wert in danger, raw to war!
> O curst essay of arms' disastrous doom,
> Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!"

It is needless to tell the reader of history, that each filled out almost to the letter the prophecy which he had opened to himself. The young cavalier fell shortly after in the battle of Newbury, with a strong presentiment of his fate as he rushed into the fight; and everybody knows how fearfully the king verified in himself — his burial excepted — the imprecation of Dido. S.

THE CEMETERY.

WELL is this place a Cemetery called,
For here do we unto the earth commit,
With hope in Christ, the forms of those we love,
And say our friends have fallen asleep in Him.
Without this hope, how sad the thought of death!
Of separation from the friends we love,
Their earthly forms commingling with the dust!
How does the spectacle of this our race,
With solemn march, forever moving on
In one procession to the silent tomb,
Oppress the mind, and lead it to despair!
Nature with faithful trust restores the grain,
Which man unto her bosom doth commit;
But tells him not that he shall live again;
Or only in dim type obscurely speaks.
We need assurance from a higher source,
To look to Christ, and in his promise trust.
Earth can restore but that which is her own,
Give back the grain again an hundred-fold,
Perpetuate her kinds, beasts, insects, birds;

The individual in the species lost.
Christ is the Resurrection and the Life,
And at his coming them who sleep shall bring.
With the same beauty do the flowers return,
And with like foliage is the tree new clothed;
But in more glorious bodies shall they come,
Who here have sought and loved and served the Lord,
When He, with all his saints, shall be revealed
In glory brighter than the morning sun.
E'en now is earth and man, though mortal, touched
With foregleams of the bright, immortal dawn.
They followed not myths cunningly devised,
Who have proclaimed the coming of the Lord;
For they beheld his glory on the mount,
And heard the voice which came to him from heaven.
So shall the Saviour in his kingdom come,
And man, e'en here, transfigured be like him,
A pledge of that more glorious final change,
When God shall bring with Him the righteous dead.

J. V.

A BRIGHT BOY.

We never read the scene in Henry IV. where Falstaff and Prince Henry exchange characters, without thinking of a similar one said to have occurred in an ancient parsonage a great while ago. Rev. Mr. Regulus was an excellent man, rather eccentric and somewhat economical. Jonas, a farmer's boy, used sometimes to go with presents to the parsonage, a sharp-eyed little fellow, but rather uncouth in his manners. One day he brought in a leg of mutton, laid it down without ceremony, and was making off.

"I'll teach that boy a lesson in good manners," said Mr. Regulus to his wife. "He needs to have the clown rubbed off a little."

"Jonas! come back here a moment. Don't you know, my fine fellow, that you should n't come into a house in this way, without knocking, and with your hat on. Sit down in my arm-chair. Imagine yourself the minister, and I'll come in with the mutton and show you how a boy ought to behave."

Jonas sits up gravely in the arm-chair, and Mr. Regulus goes out with the leg of mutton.

Enter Mr. Regulus, in the character of Jonas. He takes off his hat, with a low bow.

"My father sends his compliments to Mr. Regulus, and asks his pastor to accept a token of his regard."

Jonas, from the arm-chair: "I thank you. *Mrs. Regulus, just give that boy a ninepence.*"

The lesson was mutual.

FAMILY COMMENTARY.

WE are glad to be able to present to our readers a specimen of a Family Commentary upon the New Testament, which the Rev. Dr. Morison has long been engaged upon, and which, we are happy to say, will soon be issued. E.

"PARABLES.

"The fountain of life within flows forth into outward acts, and those outward acts are an emblem of the mind from which they come. So in nature, whatever we see proceeds from a fountain of life within, and is an emblem and token of the divine source from which it proceeds. Everything in nature, therefore, is an expression of the Divine Mind, and has its message or its influence from Him for us. The lightest forms of nature associate themselves with our deepest feelings or our highest thoughts, and the more entirely we are born into the realm of spiritual things, that is, the more alive our spiritual perceptions are, the more shall we be able to see the tokens and to feel the influences of the Divine Mind in our intercourse with nature. To him who looks through the visible forms to the great spiritual realities which they would express, every object around us, every change in nature, as an expression of the Divine Mind, is the outshadowing or the foreshadowing of something higher than itself. This great fact finds its way more or less into our common speech. The morning or evening of the day leads us spontaneously to think of the morning and evening of life. When we see the sun go down, and as it departs light up the western heavens with a richness and glory which the day has never known, we can hardly help thinking of the good man's life, which when withdrawn from our sight throws around the whole place where he dwelt, in gracious and touching remembrances, affections, virtues, and prayers more beautiful and holy than when he was bodily present with us. So the flower, the fruit, the leaf, is each suggestive to us of thoughts and emotions which lie in a

higher plane of life. Thus it was that Jesus saw all outward objects and events in their higher relations, and made use of them to express the higher facts which they bodied forth to his mind. No one can understand his language who receives it merely in its literal acceptation; 'for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' (2 Cor. iii. 6.) We have only to open the Gospels to see how in his use of speech material things are made to lift us up into the realm of spiritual being. When he says, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' he speaks in no literal sense. When he speaks of light and darkness, it is the light and darkness of the soul. When he speaks of hell-fire, he speaks of it, not in its material, but its spiritual sense, as an emblem of the anguish into which the souls of the wicked shall be cast, unless they repent and are converted. So when he says, 'Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life,' it is in the higher and spiritual sense that these expressions are used. The devout heart catches this inner meaning of the Saviour's words, and finds them, as he has said, becoming to him 'spirit and life.' He that would read the Gospels in any other way loses all that is most holy and divine. It is as if we should confine our eye to the glass of the telescope, instead of looking through it to the worlds of light which it reveals beyond.

"These remarks are especially applicable to the chapter before us, which has been called the chapter of parables. The parables, like all figurative language and most of our reasoning from analogy, derive their power from the fact that material things not only have certain established relations among themselves, but also certain relations to spiritual things, which they may help to illustrate, explain, and enforce. The connection is not one arbitrarily assumed by man, but has its foundation in the constitution of the universe and of the human mind. The analogies which reach from one department of thought to another, from things material to things intellectual or spiritual, have impressed themselves on all languages, and perhaps most decidedly on those which have been used to express the highest spiritual ideas. The simplest mind catches these resemblances, and delights in the higher meanings which are bodied forth in the most common forms of speech. The image borrowed from some familiar object of sense, and standing as the representative of some higher truth, fixes itself in the mind, and acts upon it through the imagination with a power which more literal terms could not have. The greatest poets, the profoundest reasoners, and the common language

of mankind, alike abound in examples of this kind. Shakespeare, for instance, may be taken to show how, in the highest poetry, images drawn from material things or common life shadow forth to the heart a deeper, higher, or more affecting meaning.

'The immortal part needs a physician.' — *Henry IV.*

'The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on your heads like dew.' — *Cymbeline.*

'Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.' — *Romeo and Juliet.*

"No literal terms of description could convey to the mind the ideas here suggested with such exquisite beauty and tenderness. The Scriptures abound in expressions of this sort, which introduce into the mind some image easily comprehended, that fills the whole soul with sentiments and emotions suggested by it. Take expressions like these: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' (Jer. viii. 20.) 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' (Rom. xiii. 12.) 'Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.' (Luke xxiv. 29.) 'I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine: and I lay down my life for the sheep.' (John x. 14, 15.) 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, ... and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' (Matt. xi. 29, 30.) We see at once how the simple facts, which are presented in the words, spontaneously awaken other ideas; and the images, so familiar to us in nature, carry us on to thoughts which lie wholly beyond them. And not merely are other thoughts suggested, but sentiments and emotions which we can hardly define are awakened by the words, and lift us up into a higher sphere.

"'It is not merely,' says Trench in the introduction to his Notes on the Parables, 'that these analogies assist to make the truth intelligible, or, if intelligible before, present it more vividly to the mind, which is all that some will allow them. Their power lies deeper than this, in the harmony unconsciously felt by all men, and by deeper minds continually recognized and plainly perceived, between the natural and spiritual worlds, so that analogies from the first are felt to be something more than illustrations, happily but yet arbitrarily chosen. They are arguments, and may be alleged as witnesses; the world of nature being throughout a witness for the world of spirit, proceeding from the same head, growing out of the same root,

and being constituted for that very end. All lovers of truth readily acknowledge these mysterious harmonies, and the force of arguments derived from them.'

"All just reasoning from analogy depends on the recognition of a unity of purpose running through all the works of God, and making them all, as parts of one great plan, point upward to the same results. The outward system of things stands forth to the mind as the representative of higher powers than address themselves to the senses. 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' (Ps. xix.) 'The invisible things of Him, even his eternal power and godhead, are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things that are made.' (Rom. i. 20.) 'All things here,' says Tertullian, 'are witnesses of a resurrection; all things in nature are prophetic outlines of Divine operations, God not merely speaking parables, but doing them.' Not only in processes of reasoning, but in the finer and more important processes by which the imagination is quickened and the affections reached, we are constantly drawn up from what is material and temporal to what is spiritual and eternal. Works like those of Dante and Milton borrow their marvellous power from this fact. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' delight the heart, and feed the religious sentiments of generation after generation, through the mysterious but vital connections which bind what is seen to what is unseen. This alone makes it possible to weave, from scenes and incidents addressed to the eye, a narrative which shall bring us into connection with a higher order of beings and events. The language which has most deeply moved the heart of the world, and especially that which acts most powerfully on the masses, and at the same time on the purest religious minds, partakes largely of this character. The world is not only a school-room, in which visible objects serve as diagrams by which to prove the reality of spiritual things; but on every side are pictures addressing themselves to the eye, through the eye to the imagination, and through the imagination to the heart, awakening our spiritual sensibilities, and educating our whole natures to a higher life. We can hardly overestimate the influence in the religious training of the world, which has been exercised in this way by the pictures from nature, or from common life, which have been used by Jesus to represent spiritual ideas, excite religious emotions, or help us on in our religious experience.

"The parables belong to this department of religious instruction.

The value of a parable is not to be estimated by the single truth which it is employed to set forth, however great that truth may be. Its accompaniments, its indirect and subtle influences, through the imagination, the new meaning which it thus gives to nature or to life, the atmosphere of spiritual beauty, joy, or reverence in which it enfolds the mind of the child, and by which it ministers to its spiritual and immortal life, are to be taken into account as adjuncts, apart from which the truth would be left comparatively without interest and without power. The parable of the Sower who went forth to sow, of the Wheat and the Tares, of the Ten Virgins, the Rich Man and Lazarus, the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son, are among the most impressive and influential agencies in our religious education.

"As to the rules of interpretation, too much stress must not be laid on the details in judging of their relation to the main truth. Their office is rather, by completing the picture, to act on the imagination, to touch the feelings, and subdue the mind to the tone which is needed in order that it may receive the truth. This is a most important office. In the Prodigal Son, for instance, the little details which go to fill out the picture of want and wretchedness are what give its affecting pathos to the story. And the fact that they perform this essential office should put us on our guard against trying to force all the minute particulars into our interpretation. A parable is not an allegory."

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD-NIGHT TO GRANDFATHER.

It would seem as though brighter and sweeter spirits than those of childhood, if such there are, sometimes borrow their young lips to teach us concerning the dead. The night after their grandfather died, G. and F., of some three and four years, were dismissed as usual with their good-night kiss, in the hall at the foot of the stairs, to go to their trundle-bed. We listened lest any strange fear should overtake them. As they passed the chamber where the remains lay, one of them said, "Let us go in and bid dear grandpapa good night. *God may let him hear us.*" So they opened the door, and by the distant light of the hall lamp went up to the bed, uttered their sweet good-night, and went happily to their rest. Could the boasted oratory of any age have power so to flood the heart and suffuse the eyes until they ached from very fulness of blessing, as did those simple words of childhood?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Christian Believing and Living. Sermons by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — For many reasons, these twenty-five sermons will be extensively and eagerly read, but for no better reasons than the intrinsic value of the sermons themselves. They are produced out of a profound religious experience, and it would be difficult to say whether the riches of thought or of language are the more remarkable. For tenderness, unction, searching appeal, varied suggestion, quickening power, and subduing pathos, in a style that adapts itself to the theme, and rises and falls through all the shades and ranges of thought and feeling with inimitable dignity and ease, they are the most remarkable pulpit utterances we have ever known. Our sermon reading is somewhat extensive, but we have seldom met with anything from the English, French, or American pulpit which combines more excellences than these, or which seems to us better adapted to elevate the standard or sustain the honor of pulpit eloquence.

There is one characteristic which impresses us on reading the volume, and which reminds us of a remark we once heard from one of the preacher's most devout and intelligent hearers: "I always came away feeling sad." There is an undertone of pensiveness. It is true, he describes the joy and the triumph, the "peace by power," sometimes by the masterly touches of his rhetoric. But we are ever in a dim cathedral light, walking over graves, hearing the *miserere*, looking down the solemn aisles, and we never get sight of the naked heavens or hear the chants in open sunshine and air. This is not owing altogether to the sense of sin, which the preacher has felt deeply himself, and wishes also to produce in others, and which is one of the striking excellences of the sermons. It is owing to the nature of the remedy. Dr. Huntington evidently places the chief remedial power of the Gospel in the death of Christ, and emphasizes it as vital and central, and this, wherever it is done, gives its hue and tone to the whole cultus of devotion and piety.

The sermon to which the readers of the volume will turn with peculiar interest is the one entitled "Life, Salvation, and Comfort for

Man in the Divine Trinity." In this he takes decided ground as a Trinitarian, and fixes his final theological position with the Orthodox division of the Church. The following extract will give some of the reasons which influence him, as well as illustrate his skill in setting them forth: —

"Truth is not determined by majorities; and yet it would be contrary to the laws of our constitution not to be affected by a testimony so vast, uniform, and sacred as that which is rendered by the common belief of Christian history and the Christian countries to the truth of the Trinity. There is something extremely painful, not to say irreverent, towards the Providence which has watched and led the true Christian Israel, in presuming that a tenet so emphatically and gladly received in all the ages and regions of Christendom as almost literally to meet the terms of the test of Vincentius, — Believed always, everywhere, and by all,* — is unfounded in revelation and truth. Such a conclusion puts an aspect of uncertainty over the mind of the Church scarcely consistent with any tolerable confidence in that great promise of the Master, that he would be with his own all days. We travel abroad through these converted lands, over the round world. We enter, at the call of the Sabbath morning light, the place of assembled worshippers: let it be the newly-planted conventicle on the edge of the Western forest, or the missionary station at the extremity of the Eastern continent; let it be the collection of northern mountaineers, or of the dwellers in southern valleys; let it be in the plain village meeting-house, or in the magnificent cathedrals of the old cities; let it be the crowded congregation of the metropolis, or the 'two or three' that meet in faith in upper chambers, or in log-huts, or under palm-trees; let it be groups in dark and by-way alleys, companies of rescued vagrants, victims of persecution in caves of the rocks and hiding-places of the hills; let it be regenerate bands gathered to pray in any of the islands of the ocean, or thankful circles of believers confessing their dependence and beseeching pardon on ships' decks in the midst of the ocean. So we pass over the outstretched countries of both hemispheres: — it is well-nigh certain — so certain that the rare and scattered exceptions drop out of the broad and general conclusion — that the lowly petitions, the fervent supplications, the hearty confessions, the eager thanksgivings, or the grand peals of choral adoration, which our ears shall hear, will end in the uplifting ascription to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the one ever-living and almighty God of all the earth. This is the voice of the unhesitating praise that embraces and hallows the globe. Or we stand still, and look backward, to see what teaching it has been that has achieved all the great results that we glory in, as constituting our Christian civilization; and we find that in

* "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

simple, historical fact this very doctrine appears in immediate and significant connection with nearly all. It is this, or at least that system of which this is a characteristic and inseparable element, which has reverently reared the majestic and humbler temples, has piled up the vast cruciform structures by the hands of generations which crumbled one after another as the slow toil proceeded, has written the ancient creeds and modern confessions, has prayed the earlier and later litanies, has sung the *glorias* and *misereres* of exultant or penitent millions, has lifted the sweet hymns of East and West, has organized missions and sent forth their messengers, has called councils and subdued nations to the cross, has conserved the order and reformed the abuses of imperfect administrations, and has presided over the learning, the philosophy, and the poetry in the literature of the Christian centuries. Throughout all these diversities of sacred operation, this old and vital truth, reaffirmed, hardly questioned, if omitted soon resumed again, kept clear and confident, has wrought, has builded, has preserved. And then, if we enter into the private experiences, the griefs, and strifes, and sorrows of the unnumbered multitudes that have been born in pain, and died in the midst of tears, it is this truth which has kept its vigils by the weary processions of sufferers, and consoled them. All this is the undeniable report of facts. That there have been some, in different places, limited communities, or scattered individuals, avowing belief in the religion, and honorable in character, who have rejected the doctrine, is evident. Yet it keeps its place, — never more firmly established, or widely welcomed, with its related and attendant truths, than today. Grateful for a support so comforting, and a sympathy so large, its advocates can afford to leave all impatience and intolerance to less privileged men." — pp. 358 – 361.

Dr. Huntington goes on to state and further establish what he considers the essential doctrine, affirming not only the Trinity, but the Tripersonality of the Godhead, and attempting to prove it by Scriptural citations. All the texts quoted and the expositions of them for or against are already familiar to those acquainted with the Trinitarian controversy. He allows, nevertheless, that the doctrine is a "mystery offered to faith," and protests that the notion of personality is to be received in a special sense as applied to Deity.

"Hence it is pertinent to remember that, strictly speaking, personality is a human conception, applicable to God at all only by an extreme liberty, and not at all competent to include the measures of Infinitude; and that this is so generally held by all Trinitarian scholars that any attempt to press them into embarrassment by the consideration now before us is nugatory to the last degree. It is now as commonly admitted by the highest philosophy as it is cheerfully confessed by religious humility, that a proper, intellectual conception of the personality of an Infinite Being is impossible." — pp. 373, 374.

Dr. Huntington closes his argument by stating under three heads what he calls "the practical fruits of the doctrine." The first is, that it is a necessary means of manifesting and supporting in the mind of our race a faith in the true personality of God. It saves from Pantheism on one side, and idolatry on the other. The second is, that it is the groundwork of the whole Scripture doctrine of the atonement for sin. Under this head he assumes the ground that a vicarious atonement, one which satisfies the Divine law, is necessary to keep man alive to the enormity of sin. "There never can be a religion of vitality and commanding majesty, where enfeebled conceptions prevail of those two primal and terribly hostile forces, — the sovereign holiness of God and the wicked will of man." The third of these fruits is found in the vital connections which the doctrine establishes "between itself and the historic development and practical piety of the Church."

"When this view is denied, — if one may offer such a criticism with no affront to Christ's own charity, the bond of Christian perfectness, — it appears that, besides the direct loss of positive evangelical resources, there is also a general decline of Christian efficiency. There is a diminished attachment to the person of the Saviour, a cooler loyalty to him, a feebler sense of indebtedness to him, with a corresponding abatement of all those inspiring and grateful emotions toward him which the thought of God 'found in fashion as a man and humbling himself to become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,' is calculated to sustain. Moral obedience takes on a prudential, calculating aspect. The exultant thankfulness at release by the cross from a deserved misery is gone. Even the belief in Christ's personal presence with his people often becomes an abstract notion, and the joy of it fades away. In not a few instances, a living faith in any divine personality gives place to a frigid intellectual nature-worship, and God either subsides into a philosophical abstraction, or is tied up in the changeless and fatal continuity of his own physical laws. The supernatural grows unreal; its glories vanish from the scenery of the soul, and all the tangible communications it opens between heaven and earth are shut. Deism is followed by naturalism, naturalism by materialism, a materialism not a whit the less Pagan because adorned with taste, learning, and a liberal application of those terms of Christian phraseology, and those external habits of decorum, which are the inestimable boon and heritage transmitted from the disowned creed of the Gospels. The doctrine of the Holy Ghost dwindles into an attenuated, æsthetic impression of a regular, natural Providence. The special act of that Person, regeneration, is dwarfed into a self-improvement by the human will. The liberty of genuine prayer is shortened — if prayer survives in articulate

forms at all — into a dull and barren process of self-stimulation, which yields effects like dropping new or multiplied buckets into empty wells; — for a fixed order of events cannot hear supplication, praise, or thanksgiving. The life dies out of both private and public devotion. Man's part of the business usurps the interest that belongs to God's part; — the professed worshipper is more anxious to be enlightened or entertained or electrified by figures of rhetoric, or bursts of declamation, or ethical lecturing, than to be pardoned for his sins, or to have his soul borne up in self-forgetful homage. Through a sentimental fear of charging God with severity, a cruel blow is struck at his equity, — and his majestic attribute of mercy is construed to mean a fond indulgence of all sorts of people in all sorts of things." — pp. 399 – 401.

Dr. Huntington makes such exceptions and qualifications to these statements as he thinks the laws of charity require, and then sets forth two incidental advantages of this doctrine. One is clearness of thought in respect to the nature and place of Christ. The other is, that it "goes far to exhibit the mutual interdependence of the parts of Revelation, and to confirm the historical and moral unity of the Bible."

We have thus aimed to give as fully as our limits will allow an account of this remarkable volume, and especially the sermon which will impart to it a peculiar interest. We have only room here to express our admiration of the loyalty to religious convictions, and the reverent and catholic spirit, evinced in the theological and controversial portion of the volume, and our dissent from every position assumed in the argument for the Tripersonality. Not only neither of the main positions is made good, but it could be easily shown, we think, that reason, Scripture, the profoundest wants of man, and the richest experiences of the heart, the history of the Church, and the crying exigencies of the present age, are all the other way, and tell against this corruption of a past age with an urgency which will render the most impassioned appeals for it, and the most affluent rhetoric, altogether unavailing. S.

The Simplicity of Christ's Teachings set forth in Sermons. By CHARLES T. BROOKS, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Newport, R. I. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — "The writer of these twenty-five sermons has been persuaded to believe that they speak forth the words of truth and soberness in a wholesome way, for an age vibrating uncomfortably between extremes of religious thought and feeling, and yearning at heart for that unity in faith and

in life which Unitarianism in its best and true sense seems to him." This passage from the writer's preface sets forth succinctly the purpose and spirit of the sermons. In doctrinal statement they are thoroughly Unitarian, the views of God, Christ, retribution, progress, and Biblical interpretation being a very fair expression of the average Unitarian mind. On the subject of the Church, however, he adopts the idea of the minister of the West Church, and identifies the Church with the congregation.

The spirit of the sermons is uniformly gentle, and the style is clear as the waters of a purling brook. Whoever wishes to know what Unitarianism is, as reflected from one of the purest of minds and in the clearest intellectual light, cannot find a better volume for his purpose than this. S.

The Still Hour, or Communion with God. By AUSTIN PHELPS, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This is a little book of 136 pages, designed as an aid to devotion. We heartily recommend it. Let all get it who prize the privilege of prayer, and yearn for its highest blessings. We are tempted to quote from the title-page the quaint lines of George Herbert: —

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there."

S.

God Manifest; a Treatise on the Goodness, Wisdom, and Power of God, as manifested in his Works, Word, and Personal Appearing. By the REV. O. PRESCOTT HILLER. London: Hodson and Son. Boston: Otis Clapp. — The author of this volume is a native of Boston, and at present a minister of the New Jerusalem Church in Glasgow, Scotland. He is, we think, one of the best writers in the New Church communion. He is favorably known among New Church readers as the author of a volume of practical sermons. The present treatise sets forth in a style popular and sometimes beautiful, and in a spirit uniformly devout and tender, the manifestation of God in nature, in man, in the Bible, and in Jesus Christ, or God appearing to men "in a form accommodated to their sight and apprehension, — namely, with the cloak of humanity about him, — with a material veil over his

Divine countenance." In the last part of the book he treats of the problem of moral and physical evil, and attempts to reconcile it with the Divine attributes. No one can read the work in the love of truth without being led through fields of thought always suggestive, and into frames of mind always devout and elevated. S.

Life Without and Within; or Reviews, Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Edited by her Brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. — This is the third volume which Mr. Fuller has edited of the writings of his sister, and, as it seems, is to be the last. In our judgment, it is the best of the three. The essays and criticisms are spirited and racy. There is running through them a tone of independence and a freedom from cant which we like much, even when dissenting from the writer's views. Fronting the title-page is a portrait of Mrs. Ossoli, wonderfully idealized from any we have ever seen before. It has a pensive and contemplative air, and reveals depths of mind and heart, and great spiritual power chastened by suffering and sorrow. One would hardly take this to be the same Margaret whose countenance is given in a former volume, who wrote some rather sharp things in it, and whose self-consciousness seemed altogether too intense. *This* face is beautiful, almost heavenly, and is fit to represent one's idea of the wife and mother, after she rose out of the storm and the shipwreck and all earthly sorrows, and appeared in spiritual form among the soft serenities above. Both the face and the volume will be a memorial to be prized by her many admirers and friends.

S.

Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, with a Life of the Author and Illustrative Notes. By WILLIAM GRAY, ESQ. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — This volume does not include the Arcadia, which was regarded as Sidney's master-piece; but it *does* include the Defence of Poesy, full of the sweetest and most delicious things, drawn out in the most melodious and silvery of English prose. It contains also his miscellaneous poems and his famous letter to Queen Elizabeth, dissuading her from marrying the Duke of Anjou. The life is very full and satisfactory, and will be read with keen relish from beginning to end, both for the view of men and things connected with the court of Queen Elizabeth, and for the interest in the imme-

diate subject of it, "the mirror of knighthood and the flower of chivalry." The volume is rich in choice things, and the reading public do not deserve to be served well unless they buy it. The fair paper, clear type, massive binding, variegated title-page, and whole mechanical execution, are worthy of the contents of the volume.

S.

The American Almanac for 1860 abounds in statistical tables and "useful knowledge" of various kinds. Besides the calendar and the usual tables connected with it, there is the table of latitude and longitude of the principal places in the United States, a paper on Donati's Comet of 1858, from a pamphlet by Mr. George P. Bond, another on the Laws of Storms, an elaborate article on the Aurora Borealis and the Aurora Australis, by Professor Lovering, Meteorological Tables, &c. In Part Second we have a list of the Presidents, Executive Government and Cabinet, Army List, Navy List, the Marine Corps, the Judiciary, Abstracts of Laws, Revenue and Expenditure, Commerce and Navigation. S.

Hours with the Evangelists. By I. NICHOLS, D. D. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. — This is a valuable contribution to our theological literature. Upon the subject of the evidences of our Christian faith, which in every century from the founding of the Church has tasked the powers of the profoundest intellects and engaged their largest scholarship, one would naturally conclude that there were no new views to be presented, no new investigations to be made, and no new interest to be awakened. But Dr. Nichols has proved that such a conclusion would be a very hasty one indeed. He has presented us here with a work on this well-used theme, which, on account of its intrinsic merits, must command the attention and call for the gratitude of Biblical students, and of all who attach a value to the records of our religion. Writing from the point of view of a consistent and earnest and still deepening faith, and with a large experience in a long and successful and honored ministry, he brought to his undertaking a preparation of mind which, in connection with his varied acquisitions and fondness for philosophical inquiry, eminently fitted him for it. There is a rare mingling in the work of simplicity with profundity. Anybody can understand it, and yet evidences are constantly appearing in every chapter that it is the production of a metaphysical thinker.

Its language is simple, choice, chaste, and vigorous, while its thought is broad, noble, elevated, and spiritual.

It is a very suggestive work. The several topics discussed in the volume before us it does not appear to have been so much a purpose of the author to exhaust, as to present in new and original views. The reader is made to feel upon almost every page how rich a mine of wealth has thus been opened to him, which he may enter and work with the best results. It does not appear anywhere that it was undertaken with the intention of refuting Strauss, although the author does not hesitate to grapple with the speculations and conceits of that bold and daring thinker, whenever they come in his way, and he seems to us to have succeeded in showing their flimsiness.

The present volume contains an Introduction conceived in remarkable beauty and simplicity, in which the author gives utterance to his own religious convictions in a tone and style which show how sincere and deep they were, and sixteen chapters upon the following subjects: General Coincidences; Characteristics of the Gospels; The Mythical Theory; Miracles,—their Harmony with Nature; their Uses; their Credibility; The Nativity; The Infancy and Childhood of Jesus; John the Baptist; The Baptism and Temptation; The Apostles and Evangelists; Nathaniel; The Miracle at Cana; The Traders in the Temple; Nicodemus's Conversation with the Samaritan Woman; Cure of the Nobleman's Son,—of the Impotent Man.

The work is dedicated to the author's parish in Portland, at whose request and expense it was published, "to serve as a memorial of a long and happy connection with them." It is printed in the highest style of the art, and to it is prefixed a beautiful engraving of Titian's celebrated painting of our Saviour's conversation with a Pharisee in regard to paying tribute to Cæsar. P.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Three Hundred and Tenth Thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—Mrs. Stowe, in our judgment, has never surpassed the first effort that made her famous. "Dred" was a second Uncle Tom, produced with more labor, but flagging towards its close, and never finished. Her last work is more artistically executed, and has splendid passages, and scenes beautifully drawn. But Uncle Tom wrote itself. The tender humanity, the searching pathos, the indescribable humor, the power of imagination

that gives to sentences and single words the charm of pictures, exist unsurpassed in Uncle Tom, and children go back to it and read it over and over, who never would attempt either of Mrs. Stowe's more elaborate productions. Sam and Andy will live as long even as Dogberry and Verges, and this world will be a better one evermore because Little Nell and Eva have appeared in it, if only as ideals and possibilities. The ghost-story, got up to help off Emmeline and Cassy, is the only thing in the book which seems an *interpolation.*

Uncle Tom marks an era in the history of a great reform. It was one of the most powerful agencies in reversing the pro-slavery current of opinion, and it shows how much stronger is one woman in the right than all the statesmen and politicians in the wrong. The praise of this book in coming history will be that it nullified the Fugitive Slave Bill. S.

Worcester's Quarto Dictionary, long and eagerly expected, has appeared at last. We promise our readers in our next number some account of this splendid result of learning and labor. But they need not wait longer for a Dictionary that combines as many excellences as can be compressed within the same compass and price.

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E.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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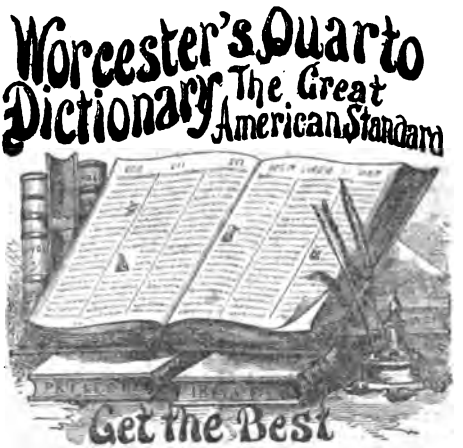

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THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY IN THE GODHEAD, AND THE MEDIATION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.

A. Have you heard any of the discourses which have been lately delivered upon the doctrine of the Trinity?

B. I have not. I know nothing about them beyond what I have gathered from the newspapers; and the reporters, marvellously well as they often do their work, are not always to be relied upon for those nice statements, and careful records of the very words, which are so important in theological discussions.

A. Perhaps not; but they are accurate enough for me. I can't say that I take much interest in anything which must be so precisely worded. I like the practical;—good plain common-sense, every-day preaching about the love of God and of man, about street and office and household moralities and graces;—whatsoever things are true, honorable, lovely, and of good report. I wish that the ministers would preach about these things, and let the dogmas about which they can never agree even amongst themselves go by default. Here we are in a world full of sin and sorrow, and

what wisdom or love can there be in forever disputing about the nature of God, and the deep things of revelation, instead of trying to help one another to keep God's commandments? There is no practical significance in this doctrine of the Trinity one way or the other, and I cannot see, for the life of me, what difference it can make whether you say Yes or No to it.

B. I agree with you entirely, my friend, as to your estimate of the practical in religion, and should say with you most heartily, that the faith which does not work is useless; but I think that you go quite beyond the truth when you depreciate religious doctrine. The life which you justly prize is nourished by thought and feeling; you cannot forget that our Saviour said, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom God hath sent;" and, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Certainly it must be of great practical importance to have right thoughts about the Supreme Being; and if doctrines are so utterly unimportant as many seem to imply, how happened it that such an earnest man as St. Paul had so much to offer of that kind, and that even St. John has left in his Gospel and Epistles the material at least for so much profound speculation? Moreover, why is it that doctrinal discussions have had so much interest for persons of deep religious experience and of a very earnest Christian activity? Practical preaching is indeed to be desired, but how many are made good by being told what they know as well as the preacher, that they ought to be good?

A. I know that somehow those who talk most about faith seem, many of them at least, to be very ready to work, and if any doctrine can be proved to me plainly from Scripture, whether about Trinity or any other subject, why I must assent of course, for the Scripture cannot be broken; but we know that these plain proofs are not forthcoming, that these nice points have never been settled, and

are no more likely to be settled now than ever they were; that if a system of doctrine is to be gathered from the Bible, we must have an inspired Church as well as inspired Scriptures, that is, we must give up our individualism and Protestantism, and go back into the Church which our fathers left, and try to reform and be patient with it; but, even so, I cannot see what these dogmas all signify to you and me, who have our work to do and our burdens to bear, and would live justly and mercifully every day. If I accepted them at all, it would be as an outside matter altogether: I should not know what to do with them.

B. There, I think, my friend, you are quite wrong. I am not a Trinitarian. I do not like either that name or its opposite. Both of them seem to me misleading and non-Christian; but I can see, at least I think that I can, what the Trinitarian finds in his doctrine which is really significant, and which has led him to lay great stress upon it, even at the hazard of being called a Tritheist or a believer in three Gods, which he often, though unconsciously, is. I am satisfied, moreover, that, if you are numbered with the Unitarians, you will never succeed in gaining recognition as a Christian from the other side, until you have learned and witnessed for, in your way, the spiritual significance of the doctrine of the Trinity. When this has been widely done, we shall find that, however much Christians may differ upon other points, they are not so much at variance as may be thought upon this great subject, that men born within the recognized limits of the Church, and not Calvinistic in their theology, are essentially at one in their doctrine of the Godhead with many who were born Unitarians, and choose on the whole to be so classed.

A. Ah! I understand now. You are one of those dreamy, mystifying, transcendental theologians, who are forever trying and failing to make themselves understood. The next thing I shall expect to hear from your lips will be an avowal that you *are* a Trinitarian in some sort. Now I am a plain

every-day man. Moonlight is well enough when you can't have the sun, but there are twelve hours in the day when we *can* have the sun; and the night is given, not for dreams, but for sleep, which is better and more wholesome. Now I am a Unitarian of the Unitarians. I believe in One God, and that He is a Father, and that, being a Father, He sent his Son into the world to teach and save us; and all this seems to me plain, usable, simple Unitarianism, such as the Apostles, of whom we read in the book of Acts, preached before any of these creed statements were heard of or thought of, hundreds of years before the bishops met at Nicæa, and Arius and Athanasius contended —

B. Have a care, my friend, lest you be misled by phrases or adjectives! — Call me transcendental if you please, only try to mean by the word, a believer in that which *transcends* our finite understandings, one who is not ready to say, "Where mystery begins, religion ends." Certainly we must understand as well as believe; we are taught to be "men in understanding." Nevertheless, we should hardly expect to understand everything: there must be the deepest mystery about God and about the relation of God to us; we *ap*prehend more than we *com*prehend, and a system of divinity which should profess to resolve every difficulty would stand convicted of shallowness, and would be false upon the very face. But you believe in nothing of the sort. Look a little into this very plain doctrine of yours. You tell me that you believe in one God, and that He is a Father. Here all Christians seem to be at one, — *seem* to be, I say, for when we come to look a little deeper down into the matter, we may find that this is not so truly the case as we suppose. You call God a Father. Do you mean, when you apply this word to him, that He is as truly a Father to you as you are to your children?

A. Certainly, it is one of my dearest persuasions. This is the faith upon which my soul most confidently leans; in my hours of weakness I rejoice to know that I am encom-

passed by the arms of an Almighty and Everlasting Father; and, indeed, one of the complaints which I have to bring against Trinitarianism is precisely this, that it separates man from this Helper of his spirit, and teaches him to lean upon Christ, giving us instead of God the Father, God the Son, a being unknown to prophets and evangelists. Show me the Father, and it sufficeth me; Jesus shows me the Father, and leaves me with the Father.

B. I am glad to find that your persuasion is so strong. Allow me then to ask you, even at the hazard of putting a question which should answer itself, Does your love for your children include sympathy with them, joy in their joy, sorrow in their sorrow, dissatisfaction or complacency as they do ill or well?

A. Truly it *is* a question which answers itself. Thou hast said. How otherwise could I be a father?

B. Very well. Now if God is a Father to you, as you are a father to yours, what you have just affirmed of yourself and of your affection must be true of Him and of his affection?

A. The same is true in Him and in me.

B. He sympathizes with you then, He is an emotional being?

A. He is.

B. Should you call a friend truly sympathetic who did not share your sorrows as well as your joys?

A. I should not.

B. I understand you, then, to allow that God suffers with you? Do you believe in a suffering God, a God whom you can grieve?

A. I did not say that, did I? I cannot have said that! The idea is horrible to me, — God a Sufferer! Why, it sounds almost blasphemous! God, the Everlasting One, the Fountain of all being, unlimited, illimitable, self-existent, possessed within himself of all possible perfections, blessed forever, perfect in peace as in power and wisdom, inde-

pendent of time and space, to whom past and future are an Eternal Now, and with whom all worlds, creatures, and all souls are present, — such an one a Sufferer! O no! I cannot have said that! The two ideas are irreconcilable!

B. Do you then take back what you have affirmed of the Fatherhood of God? Will you say that all that was spoken in a figure? Will you limit your creed to a faith in this absolute and unapproachable One? Consider before you reply, how much such a limitation involves. In saving the majesty of God, you separate him from yourself utterly. He is no God to *you* any more. Cicero says, in his treatise on the *Nature of the Gods:* "Epicurus plucked religion from the minds of men by the very roots, when he denied to the Immortal Gods the power and the will to render assistance to us." Consider too that consistency would seem to demand that you should refuse to accept creation as of God. He needs nothing, He has perfect joy in himself, His is a perfection to which nothing can be added, from which nothing can be taken away. He does not need a universe to be the image of his infinitude. Why then say that the God who dwells within himself, sufficient to himself, goes out from himself, and is the Life of all worlds, a Spirit of order, strength, and beauty, seen in ever-changing forms, revealed in birth and growth, and death and resurrection, manifested within the limitations of time and space, sending forth planets and races, one after the other, in predetermined succession? *

A. I cannot tell what to reply; but I must cling to my

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* Since writing the above, we have come to the following passage in the course of a most satisfying perusal of a fourth volume by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, entitled "Expository Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians": —

"The death of Christ was a representation of the Life of God. To me this is the profoundest of all truths, that the whole of the life of God is the sacrifice of self. God is Love: love is sacrifice, — to give rather than to receive, — the blessedness of self-giving. If the life of God were not such, it would be a falsehood to say that God is Love; for, even in our human nature, that which seeks to enjoy all instead of giving all, is known by a very different name from that of

faith in the Father, come what may; and, moreover, I must honestly confess that the "simplicity" of which I boasted is not so apparent, and that I ought rather to cry out, "Who by searching can find out God?" I see that there is a mystery about the Divine Nature, and that this mystery becomes more and not less profound the more we meditate upon the Father and upon our relations to Him. But what after all has this to do with the doctrine of the Trinity?

B. Let me try to tell you. It seems to me that this doctrine is an attempt to state in a dogmatic way what we would believe about God, and that there is a true meaning in it for the sake of which the Church holds it fast, and will continue to do so, until in some way it has been universally recognized. I believe in One Supreme Divine Personality, One God, the Father Everlasting; but I can conceive of this Personality only under three modes of being, a Triunity which is very distinct from a Tripersonality. I object, as I understand many who call themselves Trinitarians to object, to the phrase "three *persons* in one God," but I do find three *modes of being*. I find,—1. The Absolute One, to whom nothing can be added, from whom nothing can be taken, the Unconditioned and Unconditionable, before whom we may bend in adoration, but to whom no man prays; 2. The Creator and Redeemer, the Friend and Sympathizer, the Rewarder of all who diligently seek him, who is in real living and loving connection with us and our world, and bears with our infirmities and sins; 3. The Spirit which is common to the Two, which is the resultant, so to speak, of the Two, which could not be or go forth if either of the Two were not. And I say, these Three are ONE; it is absolutely essential to my practical purpose that I should

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Love. All the life of God is a flow of this divine, self-giving charity. Creation itself is sacrifice, — the self-impartation of the Divine Being. Redemption, too, is sacrifice, else it could not be love; for which reason we will not surrender one iota of the truth that the death of Christ was the sacrifice of God, — the manifestation once in time of that which is the eternal law of His life." Amen!

affirm this *Unity*, — absolutely essential for me to be a Unitarian so far as to deny that the Creator and Redeemer, though He seems to be limited and conditioned, is any other than Supreme God, and that the Spirit of perfect Peace and perfect Sympathy is any other than the Eternal Spirit. God, without ceasing to be God over all forever blessed, is our Father and our Redeemer. I do not believe in one God who is unconditioned, in another God who is conditioned, and in still another God who is the medium between the one and the other. Now I cannot understand these things. Indeed, I cannot understand the Personality of the Infinite at all; and yet when my thought of the Supreme Being is unfolded, and God becomes real and present, I have these three conceptions of the Eternal, each one of which seems to be a part of the completeness of the Supreme.

A. Do I understand you to say, that all this is contained in the doctrine of God our Creator and Father?

B. I believe that it is. Otherwise I cannot see, on the one hand, that God is a real Creator and Father, and not merely so called, by way of figure; and, on the other hand, it would not be clear that the Creator and Father is really God, and not a mere world-spirit, such as the Pantheist tells of. The Unitarian who really believes in the Father, in a God that hears and answers prayer, must virtually, if not in so many words, accept this doctrine; unless he is willing to admit so much, he will be driven to deny to the Supreme all emotional life; and whilst he refuses to talk of Three *Persons* in the Godhead, he must not refuse to contemplate the One Person in these three modes; because he cannot understand all about God, he need not decline to recognize what can be understood about Him.

A. Do you think that this is what the Trinitarian really means by the mystery of the Godhead?

B. I do think that this is the essence of their belief upon the matter, the truth which they suppose the Unitarian to

disown, and which many Unitarians do disown, and, if names could be forgotten, and Christians come together, mind to mind and heart to heart, I am satisfied that, dropping the unsatisfactory word Person, they would meet upon some such common ground as this.

A. But let me ask you, how is this doctrine about the Everlasting God connected with the Trinity which the Church has developed from the Scriptures, in the light, as it is claimed, of the Christian consciousness?

B. It supplies a firm and broad ground for the belief that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and that the Holy Spirit is evermore building up all true disciples of Christ, unto Him who is the Head, and the Beginning of the new creation of God; it serves this great purpose, because it offers to our faith a God that is not hidden away in the depths of Absolute Being, but on the contrary goes forth from all eternity in all His fulness to create and redeem, — One who, since He is Love, must impart himself, and must have an object for his Love besides his own Wisdom.

A. Be careful, my friend! Have you not admitted more than you meant to admit? If God creates from all eternity, putting forth all his power and goodness, if He is the Father Everlasting, must there not be an Eternal Son who is the perfect image of his infinitude, of his might and beauty, — one who is second to Him, not in the order of *time*, but only in the order of *apprehension*, and dependent upon Him. only as the Son must needs depend upon the Father, without whom he can do nothing? Have you not here a doctrine of Pre-existence and of Eternal Sonship which differs little, if at all, from the dogma of God the Son as taught by the Church?

B. I believe that I am fully aware of the extent of my admissions; but it seems to me that to affirm an Eternal Son of God, forever dependent upon the Father, the "First-born of every creature," is not the same as to speak of "God

the Son," which is a phrase unknown to Evangelists or Apostles. Besides, you must be on your guard when you speak of *Eternities;* you will do well to remember, that by the same process of reasoning you would reach the conclusion that, since the Almighty and All-loving has been putting himself forth from everlasting, there should be no Evil in the universe. In all eternity Good should have conquered Evil, or rather there never should have been any Evil, for there never was a time when God, who is Perfect Goodness, had not been at work from all eternity. The Eternal is ever revealing himself, and yet is never perfectly revealed; He is ever conquering evil, and yet evil is never perfectly conquered; from all eternity He is a Father, and yet He says, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee!" He has ever been showing to the Son all things that Himself doeth, and yet "of the day and the hour knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven, neither the *Son*, but the *Father* only;" which is manifestly spoken, not merely of the human son of Mary, but of Him who is above the angels in heaven. I have no objection, however, to the phrase Eternal Son, when it is understood in the light of these considerations. Please to observe, however, that the Scriptures do not find the Mediator between God and *man* in the Eternal Son until he is seen in the man Christ Jesus, first suffering and humbled, and then exalted and glorified, and raised from earthly humiliation to the right hand of God: — "*therefore* God also hath highly exalted him." It was necessary that the Sonship should be clothed in Humanity, and that Humanity should be taken up into the Sonship.

A. This reminds me to ask you what you mean when you say that God was in Christ. It is admitted, I believe, by all orthodox Christians, — though Mr. Henry Ward Beecher seems to deny it, — that the Christ was perfect man. Now in this perfect man did there dwell a being who had pre-existed as the Son of God, or shall we say that the Indweller was God himself? Have we, in a word,

three beings in Christ, namely, God, the Son of God, and the Son of Mary, or have we God in man?

B. The question, I think, cannot be fully and finally answered, and, fortunately, it is not absolutely necessary that we should be able so to reply. It is sufficient to say, first, that the name by which the Saviour was most accustomed to speak of himself was "Son of Man," and that his reliance and appeal, whether he spoke of the Son of God or of the Son of Man, were these: "The Son can do nothing of himself," and, "I am come in my Father's name." The Word is made flesh. The manifesting God is manifested. The Father is made visible to men in Humanity, to angels and men in glorified Humanity. I think it is very remarkable that the Saviour points us so steadily to the Father, bids us see the Father in the Son, speaks of himself as one whom the Father has sent, who is to image the Father, to fill us with the fulness of the Father, and to make us at one with himself and with the Father.

A. Notwithstanding what I said at the outset of our conversation about the simplicity of our faith, I must admit that there is one point which has never been very clear to me, and if you can help me to a better understanding of it, I shall be very grateful. You recall the exalted language in which St. Paul, who would not know Christ after the flesh, speaks of our Saviour as the Lord of angels as well as of men. Can we reasonably apply such words, and ascribe the offices which they indicate, to one whose life dates from a period in time? Was there no Lord of angels before Jesus was born of Mary?

B. It seems to me that there must ever be such a Lord, the Head of the Creation of God, a Son who perfectly images the Father. This is eternal truth for all ages and for all worlds, before the foundation of our world as well as since, before man was created as well as since. But observe that this truth is manifested, realized, embodied, for us who live in time and space and in bodies which are born

and die, which grow and decay, only in the life and death and resurrection and exaltation of Him who was miraculously born of Mary eighteen hundred and sixty years ago. The Son of Man could embody this Eternal Sonship for us, because man is made in the Divine Image, and because redeemed and glorified Humanity may be the perfect image of God, and can be perfectly blended with the most transcendent likeness of God which the universe can yield to the utmost searching of men and angels, because these perishing frames contain within them the germs of those celestial forms that shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord, "according to that mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto himself." It is admitted, I suppose, by all, that our Lord took his Humanity with him into the heavenly world, that it is a Divine Man who is Lord of the Angels, and this perfect union of the Highest with the lowliest constitutes a Divinely human and a humanly Divine Personality, above all angels and men, and which is from the beginning, though for us who live and think and feel under the conditions of time and space, it had a beginning and local habitation. I know that this is obscure. How can I make it otherwise? Is the Trinitarianism very plain which presents to our faith the Second Person in the Trinity dwelling for an indefinite term of years in a human form, and then reabsorbed into the Godhead, the human personality forever lost to us? I only offer these thoughts upon a very high theme for your hours of meditation, reminding you again, that, when we try to rise out of time and space, we are always confounded, and involved in apparent contradictions, as when we say that it is the property of good to conquer evil, and yet affirm that in all eternity evil has not been conquered, but still exists.

A. I confess that I do not quite discern your meaning, but I hope, to borrow an expression from Coleridge, that it is my ignorance of your understanding, and not my understanding of your ignorance. It cannot be easy for us who

were born only yesterday to roam through the eternities, past and future, and find the place in them which is held by One who was at once human and divine. Even the Scriptures which are given to enlighten must be obscure, as well as luminous, upon this point.

But one question more, since I have accepted the position of an inquirer, and you kindly consent to be catechized. Do not the exalted views which you cherish of Christ interfere with your devotion to the Father?

B. They would, if I regarded him even in his exaltation and perpetual mediation as the End of my communing and devout seeking; but this he never is, only the Way, the Truth, the Life, whilst the End is God, even the Father. When I magnify the Mediator it is as a mediator, and whether he is clothed in clay or in a body celestial the Mediator is the *Mediator;* and although the Divine dwells in him, and through him descends into us, in him and in us the Divine returns to its Source, and confesses its Source in adoration, worship, and prayer. Christ is the Head of the Church, but God is the Head of Christ, says Paul. He is raised to the right hand of God, and all who are his are raised with him, and they sit down with him in heavenly places, and his life is their life, and his Father is their Father, and together they see God as the pure in heart see Him. He is called also, you remember, the Chief Corner-Stone, and Christians are said to be the body of Christ, filled with his Spirit, which helps our infirmities, leads us into all truth, and makes us at one with each other, with himself, and with God. God sees us in him. He has redeemed Humanity in the sight of God. In him we pray and love and keep the commandments, forgive and are forgiven, suffer gladly, die peacefully, rise into the life everlasting, which is the earnest of immortality. He is the First-born amongst many brethren, and we are made joint heirs with him, adopted through him into an everlasting Sonship, and sit down at his right hand even as he sits

down at his Father's right hand; for the glory which is given to him he shares with us, according to his own word, "The Glory which Thou gavest me I have given them."

A. There are many other points in this great argument upon which I would gladly exchange thoughts with you, did time permit. I had no conception of the various paths that would be opened for our minds, or of the possibilities of a systematic Christology, or doctrine of Christ, awaiting those who, because they cannot accept the unscriptural dogma of a tripersonal God, are supposed to have no rich and positive views of our Lord and Saviour.

B. I am much your debtor for the patient audience which you have given to many things that must have sounded strange and obscure to you, some of them perhaps irreverent. If upon reflection any of my poor words should offend your religious sense, I crave for them your charitable judgment. We have not yet learned all the truth that is to be gathered from Scripture and from the Christian heart about Christ. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" The Spirit is the Life of the Church, and is still leading the Church into Christian knowledge, and we must try not to mistake the forms of truth for the eternal verities, or accept any creeds, however rich and sacred, as finalities. The Catholic doctrine of an inspired and teaching Church is essentially true; but remember, it is just as true of the Church now as when the great creeds were formed, and the Spirit which speaks to the churches to-day is competent to restate these creeds. A divided Christendom fails to hear the Spirit's voice, and shuts out as dissenters and excommunicate many who honor and love the Lord as they best can. They did not seek, they do not glory in their disfranchisement. It is a grief to them; but it is a grief which they must bear, and listen as they may in their loneliness to the Lord, who will not refuse to come even to them, though they are not found in any of the great companies of believers. They must not be driven into any narrow antagonism, or refuse to accept views which are

Scriptural and true, merely because they seem to differ but little from the doctrinal statements of Christians who repudiate them as heretics. They will try to be as liberal towards the Orthodoxy which brands them unbelievers, as towards the infidelity which reproaches them as superstitious and timid compromisers, halting between two opinions, and unwilling to give up Christ because they cannot accept the received doctrine of God the Son. What we want is a Unitarianism which has a kind side for Orthodoxy as well as for Rationalism,—a Unitarianism that is too wise to cherish obsolete antagonisms and keep alive old strifes when the thought and feeling of the age point towards the One Faith. Because the fathers differed very honestly and earnestly upon vital matters, it does not follow that the children must perpetuate the difference. But come what may, let us not sacrifice peace and love, mutual confidence and respect and good neighborhood; let us carefully abstain from adjectives, and resolve that the world shall not be scandalized by any new exhibitions of the *odium theologicum*. E.

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD."

The incident which suggested the following lines is briefly related in Mrs. Jameson's "Communion of Labor."

City, hamlet, and wood,
High tower and castle old,
In the growing light of the morning stood,
Tipped with its rosy gold.
The waking earth astir,
And the white caps of the sea,
The hymn of the earliest worshipper,
And the hum of the earliest bee,
Were matins that hallowed the breaking dawn,
Ere the rush and roar of the day came on.

The beams of the sun, aslant,
Crept up on a storied pile;
The crazèd walls were grim and gaunt,
As they caught its radiant smile.
Storied, — but not with the deeds
Of the brave chivalric days;
And the windows were stained, but not with hues
Which the touch of the artist lays;
'T was crowded, — but not with the gay or fair;
There were voices, — but not of triumph, there!

There were sounds of human woe, —
Wailing and writhing and pain!
The gibbering of hopeless idiocy,
And the laugh of the maddened brain!
The feeble infant's cry,
The blasphemous oath and curse;
And wounds and ills and deformity,
Waiting for shroud and hearse!
O'er birth unwelcome, and death unwept,
Had the solemn stars their vigils kept.

There, through the livelong day,
There, through the weary night,
With noiseless steps, in their robes of gray,
And their hoods of spotless white, —
Unthanked, yet with gentlest care, —
Toiled the meek sisterhood,
Who went about, like their Master, there,
On their mission of doing good.
Loathsome the task, o'er disease and crime,
But done with a constancy all sublime.

How were their brave souls strung
With the might of a purpose high?
How should they labor with heart-strings wrung,
Nor falter, nor fail, nor die?
Not enough were woman's faith,
With its anchor cast above,

Nor that which is stronger far than death, —
The strength of a woman's love.
Pause! for 't is morning soft and gray;
Listen! the sisters kneel and pray!

Mater sanctissima! Hear us, we pray!
Ora pro nobis! Weak and dismayed,
Come we to thee, ere the heart-sickening day
Conquers our courage! O, grant us thine aid!

Mater sanctissima! O, by the night
Once in Gethsemane broken by prayer, —
By the betrayal, forsaking, and flight,
Scourging and agony, thorns and the spear, —

Ora pro nobis! Will He not hear, —
Jesus, the strengthener, when human hearts fail,
By the great love which he bore to us here,
Bears to us still, — till we strive and prevail?

Mater sanctissima! Even as *He* bore
Meekly the cross, and the thorns, and the rod,
Following the path he hath trodden before,
Labor *we* still for the love of God!

Then up, with their strengthened hearts,
They rose from their bended knees,
For what they would do for their Lord on earth,
They would do for the "least of these."

Take courage, O heart of mine!
Which falters along the way,
Nor turn aside from that work of thine,
Which has saddened thee so to-day!
Kneel when the morning dew spangles the sod,
And labor still — "for the Love of God."

H. W.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

A SERMON BY REV. DEXTER CLAPP.

MATTHEW xxii. 42:—"What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he?"

IT was Jesus himself who put this question, and when the Pharisees answered, "Son of David," he had still another question to ask them: "How then does David call him Lord?" After this, it is said that they could not answer even a word; and more, they were intimidated as well as silenced, and from that day forth there was "not a man who durst ask him any more questions."

Jesus did not say that the Pharisees' answer was wrong; but intimating plainly his sense of its incompleteness, he asked them in effect, and very directly, "Is that *all* you know or believe about the Christ?" "Son of David" makes him a king on the earth, and not Lord in the heavens; enthrones him only at Jerusalem, and not at the right hand of God. Now we know that Jesus did not literally fulfil the Pharisees' expectation: he never sat in David's seat, he never gathered the dispersed Israelites, never restored their capital, nor their temple, nor their worship. So that, as simple matter of history, Jesus could not have been only what these Pharisees believed him to be, but must have been something more and greater. And to the unbelieving Pharisees now who still answer to this same question, "Son of David," Jesus replies in the same old words, "How then does David call him Lord?" There is a tone of mingled sadness and rebuke concealed in this language of Jesus. Plainly that answer did not satisfy him, and as plainly to my own mind, it never *has* satisfied and never *can* satisfy the truly awakened and seeking soul. The Christ is more than a temporal, earthly king, and the Gospel declares that, while he is Son of Man, he is also Son of God. Here he seeks to vindicate his divineness and spiritual lineage. There are other instances given where he vindicates the lower side of his nature, when

he seems to fear that the Divine will overshadow the human, and so tend to remove him beyond the sphere of our sympathies and needs. Therefore, he does not rest after asserting his union with the Father, but connects himself with publicans and sinners. In word and deed, by example and life, he proves himself both brother of the lowest and Son of the Highest. By his temptations he proves his humanity. By his sinlessness he proves his divinity. He weeps because he feels our love and tastes our sorrow. He is upborne and calm, because he has a divine consciousness that the Father is with him. He brings these states of being together, and shows that they are only states, conditions, parts, not distinct or separate existences. His nature is not divided, though sharing humanity with us and divinity with God. He can be both Son of Man and Son of God, and still keep unimpaired all the integrity of his being. Throughout the New Testament these two elements are affirmed and reaffirmed, and one is made as prominent and positive as the other. That book, as I read it, is a continued protest, from beginning to end, against the exclusive assumption of his manhood or his Godhead, against all denial of one or the other part of his nature; — it does not allow you to call him entirely and only human, or supremely and only Divine. Everywhere it blends the two, reconciles them, teaches their spiritual identity, and asks with Paul as if it were morally impossible, "Is Christ divided?" In the face of dogmas to the contrary, in face of sects that differ, one affirming the Divinity, another the humanity, *we* affirm, as believers in the Gospel, that he is not divided, that he is one in soul and life, though the range of his being is through all the spheres of earth and heaven. That Gospel teaches, if it teaches anything, that Jesus dwells here with us in our lowly habitations, while he also sits at the right hand of the Majesty above.

This is just that view of Christ which the Pharisees reject, and which the Apostles affirm. And here Scriptural

language is clearest and best. In our minute explanations we get bewildered and lost. It is the plain and obvious meaning that is most satisfactory. I accept Jesus's own words, when he asserts his spiritual Lordship. David in his prophetic speech called him Lord, and we are to call him so. Without knowing all the fulness of the language or the limits implied by it on one side or the other, we *do* know that it magnifies the Saviour, it exalts him beyond all mere human and Pharisaic meanings, gives him complete supremacy among men and among angels, putting him "above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." Jesus represents spiritual power on earth and in heaven. He represents *here* a divine condescension, and *there* he represents a divine intercession. Here he loves us, and there he pleads for us. "One is our Master, even Christ." "He is the end of the law for righteousness." Let us gladly admit his supremacy and Lordship over us. If we demand a perfect manhood, we have it in Him "who was tempted in all points as we are, and yet was without sin." If we demand the higher knowledge of heaven and the resurrection, we have *that* also in the same Christ, who is the Lord of life, who died, and rose, and liveth for ever and ever. Christ leads our feeble, faltering steps today as we move among the duties and cares, the sorrows and changes, of our mortal state. And it is he who leads our sublimer aspiration and thought when we are lifted out of this world into communion with "the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven." And in the Father's many-mansioned house, it is Christ who prepares the places for us. His Lordship extends over our entire existence, reaches and directs us on the lowest plane of action, — inspires us on the highest plane of worship and affection. He is both Master of our manhood, and Saviour of our souls. He teaches us what *to do*, as well as how *to pray*. There is not a sphere of life where Christ is not present to determine our way. After "putting on the new man," the Apostle says

that all diversities and differences are done away; there is no longer "either Greek or Jew, bond or free, but Christ is all and in all."

Again. This truth of Christ's Lordship has a further application to the conduct and life. No doctrinal exposition can exhaust its meaning or interest. Christ is "way and truth and life," — all these. Do we consider the immense practical gain that the Gospel here announces, revealing, not a complicity of laws or commandments, but a single moral supremacy sufficient unto all the purposes of being, suited to every heart and to the whole world? Jesus is Lord in our doing, in our believing, in our living. The entire New Testament, in all it teaches and promises, gravitates around him. Everything in that book falls to the ground if there be no Christ. Even hope fails if he be not risen. Out of Christ God himself retires back into the great and silent infinitude, beyond the reach of finite conception, and the old, dreary orphanage returns upon the heart, leaving us alone with our cries and prayers, without answers or help or light. But with this "Lord over all," so rich in mercy that "whosoever calleth on his name shall be saved," every need is met and every soul is satisfied. And the language does not mean merely a partial or technical salvation. It is unqualified and unlimited. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ is a faith that saves even to the uttermost. That faith answers to every human want, and will save you in everything and everywhere, make plain your duty at this moment and secure your welfare in eternity. Christ stands for the entire regenerate life. He purifies, refines, and moulds the inmost heart, out of which come all the issues of life. He cleanses the spring, and every stream that flows from it bears healing in its waters. Turn them upon the desert, upon the old wastes of sin, and the dry sands shall become a garden of green. The Christian heart will save the whole man, make his affections clean, his thought high, his action just. *That* will make him a sound man, worthy of trust, seeing the right, joining the strictest life to the largest charity.

But it is only Christ, by his Lordship, by the diviner fulness dwelling in him, who promises so much or justifies so much. He, and no other, claims *all* your faith. He alone works so mightily, so completely, on the soul. He alone can create you a new man in the likeness of God. This explains why the New Testament is so full of Christ. We are to preach him, believe on him, live and die for him. It is in him that we behold the Father, see the heavens opened, feel that we are pardoned, renewed, and justified. Put your faith anywhere else, in the best man that ever lived, base it on the steady, immutable laws of nature, and what living help or joy or peace do you gain? What satisfaction or repose of heart do you have from knowing that to-morrow shall be as to-day? You may know that the harvest shall come in its time, because the seasons cannot fail; but that only assures you of bread to eat, "daily bread," while your soul is hungering for the bread of life, — that "bread which cometh down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall never die." Nature answers for the body and its needs, but only God answers for the soul. Gravitation is a good law, and it works to beneficent results; but what comfort does it bring to sorrow, what word has it to speak over the grave? Flowers will bloom above our dust, and the green earth will smile when our lips are cold, but they never break the silence into which the dead sink, and for aught they can tell us, we do not know that that silence is ever broken. Their voices are uttered on the lower plane of being, while the voice of the risen Christ alone reaches or consoles the heart. The sun rises daily in the glorious eastern sky, and if you were kindred to the sun there might be a prophecy in it of your own resurrection. But the doors of the tomb do not open when the beautiful light unbars the gates of the morning. Alike through the dawn and the darkness our dead slumber on as ever, and all our hope that they are risen, and that we shall rise with them, centres in the living Christ, who "*is* the resurrection and the life." Laws are powerless, nature is dumb,

before the mysteries of life and death. The soul demands something higher than these, something kindred to itself, that can answer its prayers, respond to its love, and fulfil its hope. So we mount upward above nature and law into the sphere of spiritual life, the Divine Lord's own realm, and there alone do we meet a Saviour and find the Christ, in whom our hearts can rest, who is worthy of all our faith, and ready to answer all our needs.

Faith in Christ thus comes to have a character of its own, distinct, exhaustive, entire. Sometimes and most irreverently men write the name of Jesus with other and lesser names, and put his cross on a level with other and lesser symbols of suffering; — but whose heart, in its silent, spontaneous devotion, does not utter a solemn protest, and put the cross and the Crucified back on their own heavenly heights, far above all human martyrdoms, and wide apart from all the names of men? The reverent, believing soul always distinguishes Jesus from Socrates and Plato and Seneca, denies all equality of spiritual rank between them and him, takes *them* into its own mortal fellowship, and exalts *him* as the only sure hope of our immortality. Think what Christian faith is, and what it implies. Faith in nature makes you believe in to-morrow's sunrise, in the return of seed-time and harvest, in the revival of spring with the grass and flowers, in the order of night and day, of heat and cold, of growth and decay, and that is all. It has no promise for your heart, no word or sign about your destiny hereafter. Faith in man is a little higher, and carries you a little farther. It makes you believe in progress, in the victory of mind over matter, in the power of the human will to control circumstances and shape the conditions of outward life to moral uses and ends. But man, the noblest of the race, passes away. You can trace his steps down to the grave, and there they vanish like footprints on the sea. The divinest works of human genius are bounded by the present world. They were all wrought *here* while the pulse beat

and the heart was warm. But when these were still, no word came back to break the silence and reveal the future. It is faith in Christ, and that alone, which takes us beyond this earthly sphere, and speaks from the mysterious heavens in tones as articulate and clear as ever fall from mortal lips. The Lord's great promises all concerned his resurrection and return as the Comforter. For the first time in the world the heart feels and knows that death is not final, that its silence and mystery bear angel voices and ministries to the believer's soul. So Christ went away only that he might come again. So speedily did the Pentecost follow the crucifixion. And here where prophecy and fulfilment meet, the heart finds repose and rest. The disciple passes through these eras of the spiritual life, verifies them in his own experience, sees how they lie in his own soul, exact transcripts of the Gospel history, and how entire they are wrought into the Christian consciousness. The crucifixion and Pentecost, losing life and finding it, — what other words so clearly proclaim "the victory of faith"?

But faith in Christ is not only a central force and motive in the heart, — it must also work out into the life. And here the field is the world. To believe in the Lord is to accept all duty, to become personally responsible for every cause of righteousness, to seek the relief of all suffering and woe and want. Your Master, he in whom you have all faith, passed no sorrow by, but went with the healing of his perfect love to every troubled heart. Go ye and do likewise. Joined to him, you must do his work and bear his cross. You must be inwardly determined on his service, and be able to verify in your own higher experience the heroic words of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." So life expands under the impulse of Christian faith, giving us the highest ideal of practical manhood. The genuine believer becomes the greatest man that lives; his being extends the farthest, and comprehends the most; it absorbs most out of this world, and has the strongest hold on the world to come.

Finally, "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he?" Once it was answered, "Son of David." And from time to time we hear repeated the same imperfect answer. But the words of Jesus also remain in which he forever vindicates his divine lineage as the Son of God. Accept only the words of the Pharisees, and you have no "advocate with the Father." Accept the words of Jesus, and you have a perfect humanity comprehended in "the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." There is a deep, practical earnestness in the question, Will you repose your faith in man, or in Immanuel? It is only when Christ rises into Lordship over the mind and heart, over this world and the next, that faith can rise into a divine power, embracing and consecrating our entire being, and making us heirs of immortality. And it is only when Christ, the Son of God, is formed within, that we pass from death unto life. Then, by faith in him, we also become sons and joint heirs of the same eternal inheritance. For the sake of your human affections and hopes let the Saviour represent the Divine mercy, and so draw you to the Father. Come therefore to Christ, put all your faith in him, that, "whether living or dying, you may be the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died and rose, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."

STORE thy mind well with the best thoughts of others. Make them thy companions in the house, and by the way. Con them over in thy memory, while thou pliest the busy needle, or when thou performest thy heavier tasks. They will lighten the labor of thy hands in thy active days; and, should wearisome days and nights of sickness be appointed thee, thou wilt have with thee unwritten books of precious lore, which will beguile many a heavy hour. Whether it be the choice lines of gifted men, or the diviner Word of the Holy One, they will be as ministering angels around thy uneasy couch, and aid thee to bear cheerfully whatever God may send.

SONG OF THE HAMLET.

Call us not poor, though naught have we
Of gold or silver ore;
Nor enter we the lordly hall,
Nor ring at rich man's door.

Call us not poor, though costly robe
Ne'er from our shoulders hung;
Nor for our feet, in mazy dance,
His harp hath minstrel strung.

Call us not poor, though pomp and power
To us are words unknown;
And never for our humble name
Will fame's loud trump be blown.

But call us poor, and mean, and low,
If, in the early morn,
We walk not with the beautiful,
While earth seems newly born;—

If we can press the dewy grass,
So richly strewn with flowers,
Without a pulse thrilled through with joy
For this sweet world of ours.

O, call us poor, if we can close
Our hearts to all the charms
That Nature pours so lavishly
Into our open arms!

Ay! winter's lovely pencilling
Upon our window traced
Gives truer pleasure to the heart,
Than if with damask graced.

The stars our sweet companions are,
Before the break of day;
And soft, bright tints at gentle eve
O'ercanopy our way.

How radiant o'er hill and glade
Falls the pure, mantling snow!
A gift of glory, from above,
To kindred hearts below.

We 're passing rich, when we may look
Upon the fair, young brow,
And read the voiceless eloquence
That fills that spirit now.

We 're rich in mines of untold wealth,
If sweet affections twine
In holy truth around the heart,
Like some full clustering vine.

We 're rich, if life hath found an aim,
Free, simple, unconfined:
Enough to do, — some soul to bless, —
Some broken reed to bind.

Call us not poor, — the beautiful
To us is richly given;
Bright things of earth, dear memories,
Calm hopes of peace and heaven.

Call us not poor, but call us rich;
Man living as man should
Shall *ever see the Beautiful,*
Shall ever find the Good.

* * *

"THE SUSPENSE AND RESTORATION OF FAITH."*

It was a saying of the scholastics of the Middle Ages, that a thing is not well defined until you have told what it is not. And how often we see a bold and explicit negative performing, by reaction, the office of bringing into clearer relief the distinguishing principles of the Christian faith! Mr. Parker's "Experience as a Minister" will have its uses, at least in this respect if in no other. There were strong words needing to be spoken, about things as they exist, which he alone, perhaps, was exactly prepared to phrase and utter. Much that he tells us about God, and Right, and Conscience, and Duty, the religious perceptions assent to, while the heart rises up in response. But when he claims all this moral and spiritual light, now so brightly shining in our advanced Christian communities, illuminating the minds of the intelligent and wise, as the product of the human understanding, we shake our heads in doubt; and when he says further, that the great ideas and impulses of true religion — ideas of God and spiritual life, love to the Maker and the neighbor — are natural or native to man, as he is, without Divine interference, we open our eyes in wonder. Involuntarily, we picture Mr. Parker as he would have been if born and reared in the igloe of the Esquimaux, the kraal of the Kaffre, or the miserable earth-hut of the Fuegian; and we ask ourselves, What, then, would have been the ideas natural to him on these same subjects? And we turn to that early Christian nurture, of which he speaks, in a New England family, and to that constant teaching until his twenty-third year out of that old English Bible, as the sources whence his mind derived all that is valuable in it on these momentous themes.

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* Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister. — Theodore Parker, and his Theology, by James Freeman Clarke. — The Suspense of Faith, by Rev. Dr. Bellows. — The Suspense and Restoration of Faith, by Rev. John Cotton Smith.

No; Mr. Parker, here, is blinded by the fallacy which mistakes that which is proper or normal to the human constitution for that which is native or inheres within it. Food is normal to the body, but hunger only is the innate susceptibility which declares it. The food is not born there, the body does not evolve it from itself by any of its processes; it comes from without, and must be supplied. And if articles suitable for nourishment were not placed within his reach by Divine provision, man would pine in inanition and starve to death, — let him laud his native capacities as much as he may.

So the mind must get its spiritual food from without. It can hunger for it, but cannot supply its own wants. It can give soil and rooting-place to the seeds of Divine Truth, but the seeds it must have given. Revelation is the only medium through which these can be derived. No true spiritual ideas ever came to man in any other way. The eye can see, light being given; but withhold the light, and total darkness ensues. The light remaining in the world's religions outside of Christendom is only the twilight of a sun gone down, variously refracted and obscured, — the gradually lessening tradition of the primitive Revelation. Man left to himself continually lapses; as the nations depart they decline, until at length, like the destitute tribe of Southern Africa, they have no words left to denote spiritual ideas, and the very name of a Supreme Being perishes from among them.

In the suspense of a living faith, therefore, we must look to what is divinely given for its restoration.

Dr. Bellows, as we think, has well depicted some of the marked religious characteristics of our time; has uncovered the great main current in the general tide of Protestantism, and discriminated accurately enough between tendency and movement. But his title has made it easy for hasty readers to misapprehend him, as well as for some of his reviewers to appear to have answered him, when they

have refuted only something that he did not say. As we read him, he argues, not that there is a suspense of faith in the general truth of the Christian Religion, but mainly as to the particular forms of doctrine and ritual in which it is now embodied by the numerous denominations around us. Men pause rather than commit themselves to the keeping of any one persuasion. This at least is our own view. The Rev. John Cotton Smith has argued well the first point, contrasting the eighteenth century with the nineteenth, showing an increase rather than a decline in the total Christian sentiment for the last hundred years. This we are not only ready to assent to, but willing to maintain. But what is the answer to the present indecision among the masses in regard to existing organizations and the right form for a true Christianity? Men are ready enough to believe, but they want something *to* believe, that they can rationally confide in. Only show them clearly that the statements of doctrine and the form you present are what Christianity actually means, that they are the real teachings of the Divine Word, and that they are rationally confirmed by what we know of the universe, and they will go with you.

But this is just where their faith hangs suspended; they do not believe that what you hold out to them is the absolutely true Christianity.

It is useless to point us to the Anglican Establishment, or its American branch, telling us to take refuge in that; for it satisfies its own inmates and its native born no better than the other denominations around it. Has it not already tried the experiment and failed? Has it not once had the denominations within its keeping, and did they not one after another burst forth from its pale, unfed and unsatisfied? Whence came Puritanism, Methodism, Puseyism, and the rest? There is motion away from the Protestant Episcopal Church, as well as motion towards it. The running is to and fro. The truth is, men feel unsettled where they are,

wherever that is, and the impulse is to try a new place. There is a desire for something more than is realized under any of the old forms.

The "Church," truly venerable, indeed, for much that it possesses and for much that it has done, points us to its roots in the past, its "admirable Liturgy," its three orders in the ministry, and its short, accommodating creed, saying, Come in, be quiet, and think as you please. But in vain. It is a fatal mistake to put mere external aggregation, for real internal unity of sentiment. The day of short creeds is passing away. And in putting in this plea for its acceptance, the defenders of that Church do but expose its inadequacy. Precisely here lies her defect in view of the special demand of the times. If she teaches only the Apostles' Creed, it is too little; men now want to know more. If she teaches the Thirty-nine Articles, men have no faith that those articles are true. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." It is not enough that you tell one with how little raiment he may come into your church, or take a seat in your pew; he wants to know where he can go and get fully clothed. Positive, clear, definite, rational statement on a thousand points of Christian doctrine on which the old creeds say nothing, or speak what cannot be received, is what the spiritual mind of humanity is now longing for. And hence we should prefer to call it, what already it has been aptly termed, "The Hunger of the Churches," rather than "The Suspense of Faith."

The few words of an ancient formula, that may be interpreted almost at will, and made to mean a hundred different things to as many different minds, — however true they may have been to their framers, or however useful they may be for some purposes, — afford no satisfaction to a person whose special inquiry is how he ought to think on innumerable particulars of faith and spiritual truth. It would be a poor recommendation for a school of physical science, that it con-

fined itself to a few fundamental axioms, leaving its students the freedom of forming their own conclusions on the details of the science; when those students are there for the very purpose of being instructed as to what those facts and details are.

It is true that the theological systems of the past have been the embodiments of human opinion, and not simple statements of Revealed Truth; and this is the reason why they now fail to satisfy, and are beginning to pass away. But a system consisting of such statements, and of such statements only, is intrinsically possible. Such a system is now the want of the time, is what the future will have, and with which alone the present unrest will be satisfied.

We believe that the Church of the Future can reach its institution only through reconstruction by a new and vitalized doctrine. We believe that the first Christian Age is consummated, that its several agencies have done their appointed work, and all branches of the apostolic tree borne their respective fruits.

We believe, therefore, in a New Dispensation of Divine Truth, and in a New Church founded on that Truth, — the Church foretold in the seventh of Daniel, and more distinctly shadowed in the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, — a Church having a Revealed System of Doctrines, breaking forth in light from the Divine Word itself, now opened and explained, — a system in which men are taught how they may truly think on every point on which the Christian mind seeks instruction; — where the key is given to the interpretation of Sacred Scripture, and where every inquiring, truth-loving mind can read for itself the laws of our being, the mysteries of man's spiritual nature, his connection with the spiritual world, the life after death, with the great truths concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, the glorification of his humanity, his work of redemption, and of life, duty, and regeneration, as they have never been opened or given before. Such is now the "Word of the Spirit to the

Churches." The great body of Christian believers may be compared to the children of Israel encamped before Nebo. Thus far they had come, under the leadership of Moses; but now he can conduct them no farther, he cannot show them the Holy Land; but a new leadership must be instituted. So the Christian host of to-day has advanced as far as the Literal Sense of the Word can take it; henceforth the leadership is changed; and the Church is called upon to follow the Doctrine of the Spiritual Sense. This Doctrine alone can conduct its famishing hosts to the place where the tabernacle of God is with men, this alone can show them the way to the Holy City, and lead them into it.

Is it not proof that we live in a New Age, when men of sentiments so inharmonious, and from points of view so opposite, can yet discuss these momentary and exciting topics with every token, not only of Christian patience for each other's views, but of kindly feeling, and without the rupture of private friendships? Every attempt, from whatever quarter made, of honest and earnest minds to discern the signs or answer the questions of the times, is to be treated with deference and candor, with charity and consideration. W. B. H.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. — PRAYING TO CHRIST.

Prayer as an active exercise of the mind and heart, and a means of personal communion with the Lord, in distinction from vague reverie or mere contemplation, is an indispensable condition to growth in the Christian graces. The Lord's prayer as a guide to devotion, and as furnishing the "vials full of odors sweet," through which man's heart goes up to God, and the Holy Spirit comes down to man, is better than any uninspired human form; and, apprehended in its spiritual sense, expresses every possible want of the human heart.

But how few there are who do apprehend its full spiritual meaning; and hence, if these are the only words which we use in our devotions, devotion will be likely to languish and grow cold. We have often heard them used when they seemed to slide over the tongue as the mere routine of custom, neither opening the heart up to God, nor opening the Divine heart down to the worshipper. When once the object of Christian worship has been clearly apprehended, and our deepest needs have come fairly into our consciousness, there is no grief, doubt, or perplexity, — above all, no state of remorse or self-conviction when our evils stand out black in the light, and we abhor ourselves as unclean, but makes us yearn towards God as a personal friend, and pour out ourselves in our own language till we obtain cleansing, pardon, and peace.

There are some who think that all prayers addressed to the Saviour are idolatrous and forbidden by him. There are others who think it is the truest and most life-giving of all worship. Between these two classes there is sometimes evidently a misunderstanding and a false issue. The worship of any created and finite being must be regarded by all Christians alike as idolatrous and untrue; and the Saviour, seen only in his finite and suffering humanity, should not be the object of Divine adoration. But taking the first chapter of John in its unforced and obvious meaning, Christ within and above the finite human nature is the Word made flesh, the Father brought forth to view, the glorious and complete Theophany, and herein the object of all adoration and love. His glorification is none other than the more entire unfolding and coming forth to view of the Divine Humanity and the waning and passing out of sight of the assumed and finite nature when the purpose was accomplished for which its assumption was made. Those, therefore, who worship Christ, not as the suffering and crucified, but as the glorified, the Divine Theophany, God humanized to mortal conceptions, weaknesses, and wants, have no taint of idolatry, and

those who cannot see him as the revealing Divinity should not pray to him.

But happy those who *can* see Him thus, for God is brought how marvellously near! — a Divine Person, and not an abstraction; a person undivided, and therefore causing no painful doubts and distractions in prayer. The Holy Spirit is not now a person who "passes over" from place to place, but the surgings of the Divine Energy into the believing heart, from Him who said, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Those promises, which were nearly meaningless before, or which we missed of by our ingenious criticisms, now fulfil themselves in us with a significance that makes us look up in wonder and in tears. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, NEITHER KNOWETH ANY MAN THE FATHER SAVE THE SON, AND HE TO WHOMSOEVER THE SON WILL REVEAL HIM. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

S.

"THEY feared as they entered into the cloud." So was it with the chosen three of old, when the folds of that mysterious curtain closed around them. Yet when that celestial barrier had interposed itself between them and the outward world, they found themselves admitted to a view of their glorified Lord and Master, and to a conscious union with "the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

What a type is this of the experience of humanity! How many hearts have quailed at the approach of the hour of trial, mysterious in its unknown depths! Yet when the encircling folds have set it apart from the world of common life, how many a sorrowing but trusting spirit has echoed the words, "Lord, it is good for me to be here!" Under the cloud of adversity many a soul has met its glorified Master, and found itself very near to the spirit-world. Often through the portal of sorrow lies the way into the "secret pavilion of the Most High."

SONG OF THE MIDNIGHT.

'T is midnight on the waters, midnight upon the hills,
Midnight in silent valleys, and o'er the dancing rills;
Midnight, mysterious midnight, with its low, quiet sleep,
Lying upon the woodlands, within their cloisters deep.

Midnight, — O awful midnight! — can things unholy dwell
Beneath thy wing's stern shelter, — within thy magic spell, —
When that Pure Eye looks downward, piercing with spirit power,
Into the depths of being, and scans each secret hour?

God of the voiceless midnight, let each true heart draw near,
And, nestling close beside thee, think not of doubt nor fear;
And as the night's dark curtain is drawn around his bed,
May gentle slumbers bless him, and peace anoint his head.

Or if he holds a vigil at this calm, sacred hour,
And early memories gather, and hold him in their power,
Or if, entranced and silent, he looks the future through,
Weighing its hopes, its burdens, its duties yet to do, —

Still, strong in faith and blameless, the good must reverence thee,
Midnight, with all the darkness that crowns thy majesty;
A talisman thou holdest, that tries the human heart, —
Innocence alone can know and love thee as thou art.

So welcome, gentle midnight, and to the depths unseen
Open our misty eyelids, while humble and serene.
We tread, as Christ on Olivet, who, on the midnight air,
Sent up, amid its shadows, his soul in earnest prayer.

So shall each hour be hallowed, and life become a shrine,
For lowly hearts to offer all that is most divine;
And as thy sable garments spread lovingly around,
Order and peace shall blossom, and earth be holy ground.

JOHN JACKSON AMONGST THE EMANCIPATED.

"12 mo. 9th. Our little schooner did not land us until about nine o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful night; the full moon was shining brightly, and the stars appeared in their greatest beauty. I conversed with our seamen about the size of the moon and planets, and distances of the stars, and found they supposed them about a mile and a half off."

"10th. During an excursion this morning, we examined the Bombox Seva, or silk-cotton tree, which grows about two miles from the town. This tree, which bears a light foliage, and pods full of silky cotton, which is sometimes used for making hats, loses its leaves once a year. Its trunk is about fifty feet in circumference, of a singular contorted shape, with very high and thin projections; its vast branches spreading to a great distance at right angles with the trunk, and shooting out others nearly at right angles with themselves, very curious. On many of the branches various kinds of parasites are growing luxuriantly, and a number of aloes are also to be seen growing upon it, as though they had been arranged on the shelves of a green-house. This tree is of African descent, and is supposed to be near two hundred years old."

"The town of St. Thomas is very handsomely situated upon three hills, which run parallel to each other, from the harbor to the mountains. It is a great place of business; the commerce of all nations appears to be fully carried on there; often, more than two hundred vessels are there at one time. . . . . But little time is occupied with those religious services which are calculated to redeem from the world. . . . . The despotic government does not sanction religious liberty, but prescribes the form of worship. The tendency of such laws, which prevent the free exercise of conscience, is almost invariably to lessen love for the worship of the Almighty; and men do homage one to another, by a pretended rever-

ence for dogmas of human invention, which they erroneously call Divine worship."

As this island was under the control of the Governor-General, residing at Santa Cruz, no religious meeting was allowed, although the local Governor had no objection to it, and expressed an interest; therefore they left St. Thomas for Tortola.

"12mo. 12th. Being furnished by our kind friend, E. S. of St. Thomas, with a basket of provisions and a demijohn of good water, we set sail quite cheerfully, in an open boat, thinking we should have a short passage to Tortola. We were highly gratified by the scenery, as we passed St. James, St. Johns, José, Vandyke, and a large number of smaller islands, or keys, which rise abruptly from the sea, covered with verdure, and some of the high hills cultivated to their summits. As we passed St. Johns we saw the clouds resting upon the sides of the mountains, presenting a very novel and interesting appearance. Night came on as we approached the lee of Tortola, and our progress was greatly retarded, the trade-winds and tide being both against us. The night was clear and beautiful; Venus shone with a brightness that excelled anything I had ever seen of her, being sufficient to give a distinct shadow to illuminate our watery path. Orion and his attendant train trod quickly upon the last steps of the planet; and to complete the beauty, the moon rose at nine o'clock, to disclose to us the scenery of the surrounding hills. The whole firmament was aglow, and a field of contemplation was opened on this extended and luminous page of the book of nature; I resigned myself to meditation on the wisdom of the Great Architect of the Universe. . . . . .

"In taking a little view of the town to-day, we have seen many sad effects of violent tornadoes. In 1819 and 1827 many of the houses were demolished, the ruins of which are still left, to show that there were once comfortable and commodious habitations. The destruction by these hurricanes

is often so complete, that the owners of property destroyed by them are unable to rebuild, and restore from the desolation they have made. We delivered letters furnished us in St. Thomas, to some of the principal inhabitants, and were kindly welcomed by William R. Isaacs and James B. Rogers, who immediately manifested a willingness to afford us any assistance in their power; and we soon had it arranged to hold some religious meetings to-morrow, in the Methodist meeting-house, which was kindly offered us by the minister, whose name is Thomas Bates. He also offered us assistance in getting the people together from the town, and the plantations. We were also waited upon by a colored man from Kingston, a small place in sight of this, who informed us that the people there would be glad to hear us 'talk religion;' and said, if we would have a meeting, he would go home and tell everybody about it. We told him he might notify the people (for we had previously concluded to go there).

"13th. The morning had been very wet; but we found a large number collected in the Methodist meeting-house. Here we had an opportunity of witnessing a congregation of people, many of whom had lately been released from bondage; the meeting was composed of colored persons chiefly, of all grades and complexions, mingled with whom was to be seen, here and there, the fair European skin. One thing, which we did not before notice in these islands, was very apparent, — the very neat appearance of the people; their dress would have been considered an evidence of refinement, even in our American cities. The minister had some services to perform, agreeably to an appointment of his own, before ten o'clock, and we arrived before he got through, and had an opportunity of seeing the people in their usual morning devotions, in which they manifested much sincerity; and, although different from the form of worship to which we have been accustomed, yet I doubt not many of them will be justified, and their offerings ac-

cepted, by Him who sees not as man sees, but who looketh at the heart. My mind was very soon forcibly impressed with the confession of Peter, when at the house of Cornelius: 'I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, they that fear him, and work righteousness, shall be accepted of him.' And I was led to open to them, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, the wonderful dealings of God, at sundry times, and in divers manners, with the children of men. . . . . .

"It being a pleasant day, we undertook to go to Kingston on foot, by a winding pathway along the shore, through the thickets, about five miles, instead of crossing an inlet in a boat, three miles. We found a large number of people collected, all of them colored; and as there was but one meeting-house in the place, and that belonging to the Church of England, which could not be granted to us, we held an old-fashioned Quaker meeting under the dense foliage of a tamarind-tree. . . . . After we had sat with these people awhile in silence, my mind was opened in great love for them, and we were enabled to set before them the duties they owe to one another and to God, and many things connected with their salvation; which they appeared fully to comprehend, and manifested a degree of attention and feeling that I have seldom if ever witnessed; and I believe they fully appreciate our labor of love, for their souls seem to be visited with Divine favor, and they will remember the season till the latest period of their lives. We assured them that we did not come coveting their silver and gold, but that the love God shed abroad in our hearts had prompted us to visit them; that we felt them all as our brethren and sisters, and wanted to encourage them to love God and one another. It may be said of these people, whom many would be willing to pass by, as the priest and Levite did the poor man that had fallen among thieves, what the blessed Jesus said on one occasion, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.' And when I saw, from the youth to the hoary-headed, the

full tear freely flowing over their sable faces, I thought it worth a voyage across the Atlantic to hold such a meeting; and although many high professors had treated our mission with contempt, yet here I was encouraged to believe that now, as formerly, the Divine Master sends his servants into the highways, and by the hedges, to invite to the marriage supper. It was with great difficulty we could leave them; they seemed unwilling we should close the opportunity, but we had our evening appointment at Roadston.

"Kingston is altogether an African settlement. It consists of about a hundred buildings, and five or six hundred inhabitants. Its history is this: the English, some years ago, captured a number of slave-ships, and it became a question whether they should colonize the people or send them back to their native country. They determined on the former project, and this location was selected for the purpose. They had several hundred acres of land granted them by William IV., which they cultivate in patches for provisions, raising cattle, &c. Sometimes, as one of them observed, they have plenty; but very often the drought is so great that they can gather scarcely anything from their gardens. Their condition had been represented to us in the worst light; we were told they were idle, poor, and lived by stealing. But these reports are evidently the work of an enemy, for we had evidence to the contrary; and even with the little they possess, they are content. They were very neatly dressed, and well-behaved; very many of the native Africans can speak English, and can read; and we noticed very intelligent countenances, indicating minds susceptible of the refinements of civilization and Christianity.

"The evening meeting at the Methodist chapel in Roadstead was attended by a large number of the white inhabitants, and a very respectable and well-dressed company of the colored people. This, too, was a season of Divine favor, in which, I trust, many minds were reached.

"14th. Being furnished with horses, and accompanied

by our kind friend, W. R. Isaacs, we set off to visit his estate, to which he had invited us, to have a religious opportunity with his laborers, amounting to about seventy field hands, besides the aged and children. We found men, women, and children busily employed preparing the ground for the cane, and could not but remark how earnestly and cheerfully they appeared to labor; very differently from the slow motions of the slaves of Santa Cruz. There was a reason for this: they were stimulated by a reward for their labor. We then went to the school, kept on the estate, in which we saw fifty-three children, and were gratified at the manner in which they went through their exercises. The next object of interest was our meeting, which was truly satisfactory to us. I think I may say we were all edified together in love. About one hundred and sixty persons were present.

"After the meeting was over, we concluded to pay the President of the island a visit, and attempted to cross the mountains of Tortola. We ascended about a thousand feet, over a path by great precipices, and absolutely dangerous to travel on, unless upon the back of a Tortola pony. I was assured my little horse understood the mode of ascending and descending these frightful places, and I therefore left the matter to his judgment, while I entertained myself in making observations on the delightful scenery that at different elevations was presented to our view. From the summit of Sage Mount, sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, nearly all the Virgin Islands are to be seen, — also Santa Cruz.

"We were politely received by President Hay. We offered him our 'minutes,' and after reading one of them, he said he did not want any certificates; he doubted not our object in visiting the island was a good one, and he would gladly offer us any assistance in his power.

"The conversation we had with him was chiefly in relation to the moral state of the colony since the emancipation

had taken place. He related many evidences of the well-working of the new system, and its advantages to both servant and master over the old one of slavery. He said the amount of crime was not one third as much as formerly, and that the morals of all classes were on the advance; that none who had now tried the system of free labor would be willing to return again to the former practice, and that many who had been the most strenuous opposers of emancipation were now its strongest advocates. The people who had been subjected to slavery did not manifest any disposition to take advantage of their new condition to injure their former masters, but, on the other hand, manifested a willingness to work for even limited wages. I inquired of him what cause or causes had occasioned the decline in the sugar cultivation of the island, as only about half as much was annually exported since emancipation. He gave the following reasons: — 1st. The failure of many of the planters, just about the date of emancipation; for the extravagance in which they had lived had obliged them to force their estates to produce the full amount of sugar, working their people to an unreasonable extent, so that, when emancipation came, many of the people refused to labor for such masters, and turned their attention to other things more favorable to themselves, in consequence of which many estates were given up. 2dly. The dry weather for two years, and the hurricane of 1837, which destroyed nearly all the buildings on the island. 3dly. Emigration to Demerara and Trinidad, hundreds having gone thither. These were causes which operated against the production of sugar.

"William R. Isaacs was formerly the President of Tortola, and he was then a decided enemy of emancipation. But he said it had succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations; and now he was so well satisfied that freedom was better for both the laborers and planters, that he lately recommended to the planters of Santa Cruz, at which island

he has a large estate worked by slaves, to petition the King of Denmark to abolish slavery in the Danish islands immediately, even if it has to be done without compensation from the government. This, I thought, was a strong testimony in favor of freedom, and the man who gave it was as well qualified to judge as perhaps any other in the islands. I inquired of an intelligent colored man, how they liked freedom? 'O, very well, massa.' But I again inquired, 'Did not your masters give you plenty to eat, and were they not kind to you?' 'Yes, massa, dey kind enough to us, and dey use to gib us plenty to eat; but den we hab to eat it with a very sorry heart.' Liberty is dear to man; whenever a ray of intelligence sparkles, it kindles a desire to enjoy the free gift of Heaven."

E. P. P.

THE SUN AND STAR.

THE sun and star both draw their beams
From the same fount on high,
That wells, in never-failing streams,
From the Eternal Eye!

So, to all pure and faithful souls,
Each keeping its command,
Our God the same fair truth unfolds,
Though far apart they stand.

Meekly the little twinkling star
Into the dark retires,
Soon as the sun, from burning car,
Scatters his wide-felt fires.

The star has light enough to know
Whence sprung the sun to birth;
And while its own small lamp burns low,
Rejoices for the earth.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

PART IV.

"No burial did these pretty babes
Of any man receive,
Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

Old Ballad.

The Nest.

CAROL.

Were they not lovely, Dolcè, as I thought?
Why lookest thou so sorrowful?

DOLCÈ.

I mourn
The younger of the two is dead! Alone
The other roams about so sadly, that
It will not waken!

CAROL.

Ah! poor little ones!
How came they in this wood, without a guide?

DOLCÈ.

How, truly! if they came not from the sky.
But, then, they have no wings.

CAROL.

Whence did they come?
If now we fly to Nelly's cot, to find
Some crumbs around her open door, our nest
Of birdlings will be safe; for we can list
If anything disturb it. Dolcè, come!

The Bank whereon the Babes are lying.

EDGAR.

Asleep! asleep! I cannot waken her!
But she will waken when mamma doth come,
I know! I'll go to sleep beside her!

Ah!
Mamma is coming! dear mamma! I see
Thee now! And thou wilt lead us both to Heaven!

(CAROL *and* DOLCÈ *appear.*)

DIRGE OF THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

Behold the lovely lying
In death a-sleeping,—
Angels hovering o'er!
Hear the wood-echo sighing:
"O sight for weeping!
Never to waken more!"
Hie we quickly to the bowers
Where the pure white blossoms grow!
Mournfully bring leaves and flowers
O'er the lovely babes to strew!

The Terrace of the Forest Castle.

THE UNCLE.

Thou calm, pure River! give me, if thou canst,
Serenity and hope! Return to me,
Dark Wood, the treasures thou hast reft me of,
The which I vowed to keep so carefully!
The Demon of Ambition tempted me,
Resistlessly, or still they would have been
My joy and pride. Ah! what avail me now
These noble turrets, and these princely lands!
I cannot gaze around, but I am filled
With tumult of remorse. Serpents my heart
Are gnawing ceaselessly; and furies wild
Come thickly round, to mock me. Pity have
Thou God of Mercy, on my wretched soul!
Ye holy angels! save me from the fiends
That thus torment me! Edith, thou alone
Lookest with gentle sorrow on my fate!
Shineth with pale, seraphic light on me
Thy pitying eye! Canst thou forgive, forgive
The cruel deed? Oh! not in vain, I cry
To thee,— forgive! forgive!

The Wood.

HUBERT.

Wilt thou alight here, Bertha? Near this oak
We left the orphan babes. O, God be praised!
My dagger is unstainèd with the blood
Of innocence, — O Heaven! — and my soul!

BERTHA.

And art thou sure this path will lead us there,
Hubert?

HUBERT.

Sure as my life. I marked it well:
They could not wander far.

BERTHA.

O, Heaven grant
That we may find them safe! I tremble, lest
Some famished beast of prey already hath
Devoured my darling babes, or reptile tongue
Hath poisoned them. O, let us haste, Hubert!
To rescue them, if still they wander here!
My heart doth yearn for their embrace; and yet
It strangely faileth me! Here, on this mossy seat,
I 'll wait thy coming, Hubert. Horrid doubts,
Misgivings, have unnerved me; for, alas!
They may have perished even now, from thirst
Or hunger. In these wild and tangled woods
No sustenance for tender frames is found.
Ah! heedlessly I 've kept my lady's charge!
And yet I dreamed not of this cruel deed
By one so seeming fair and good! Alas!
Woe 's me if Hubert seek the lost in vain!
Hark! hark! 't is Hubert's voice. He beckoneth
My coming. Holy Christ! my fainting heart
Revive! Uphold my faltering foot, and nerve
My failing eye! Hubert! O holy Christ!

(*She follows Hubert.*)

HUBERT.

O'erstrewn with leaves and flowers, here they lie,
Bertha! What meaneth this? They are asleep!
The flowers are fresh with morning dew, as if
Just gathered now. Some gentle, unknown eye
Hath watched their slumbers! Bertha, fear no more
To know their fate!

BERTHA.

Alas! my babes are dead!
My babes are dead! O hapless, hapless fate!
Weep, weep, O eyes that saw the waking morn
Of this sad day! My beauteous angel-babes!
The gentle waving of their golden hair
By the soft, summer wind, no more they know, —
No more the snowy lids of their sweet eyes
Will ope to the glad sunlight, as it seeks
Their prisoned joy so vainly to unlock!
How lovely was the smile upon their lips,
As the death-angel came to lead away
Their infant souls to Heaven! Gently so
They woke in the dear presence of the one
They loved with the fond trust of infancy,
Thus to fulfil her dream of hope! My heart,
What tender, sweet consoling calmeth thee!
This holy thought, — their lips' soft smile, — this veil
Of purest, incense-wafting angel-flowers!
Before this shrine of innocence, I kneel,
Most Holy One, to thank thee!

RANDOM READINGS.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

UNDER the patronage of Charles II. was established the Royal Society. The king sent one day to the learned body for an explanation of the following remarkable phenomenon: "When a live fish is thrown into a basin of water, the basin, water, and fish do not weigh more than the basin and water before the fish is thrown in; whereas, when a dead fish is employed, the weight of the whole is exactly equal to the added weights of the basin, water, and fish."

This was considered a very curious fact, and the learned Royal Society put their heads together to explain it. Several elaborate papers were read upon the subject. Various theories were broached, but still the question did not seem to be settled, as neither hypothesis was entirely satisfactory. It finally occurred to one of the learned members that it might be well to ascertain whether the fact were so. This raised an angry discussion.

"The fact is notorious," argued one of the members.

"To doubt it would be an insult to his Majesty, and would amount to constructive treason," argued others.

The experiment, however, was made, when, lo! it was found that the fish, whether dead or alive, increased the weight of the basin and water by exactly his own weight.

"The Wise Men of Gotham," as the society was popularly called, were filled with surprise and confusion; but a very important principle began to dawn upon them, not yet universally acknowledged and practised either in science or theology, — that, before you attempt to investigate the *cur sit*, you had better look at the *an sit;* in other words, before you try to explain a thing, find out whether it exists. See Sir W. Hamilton's Lecture on Hypotheses. S.

POET-THEOLOGY.

WE have thought sometimes that a more complete and consistent "System of Divinity" could be made out from the poets than from the theologians, because men in their highest moods of inspiration

have clearer and grander perceptions of truth than when they undertake to argue it out dogmatically. All heresies are of the understanding; — only by the soul do we grasp truth in its catholicity. Henry Vaughan, one of the old English poets, believed doubtless with his understanding in the resurrection of the natural body; but observe how he soars clear of it in the following exquisite stanzas, from "They are all gone," and how beautifully he images forth the true doctrine of the resurrection in the deserted bird's-nest and the birdling that left it singing in some fair and far-off grove: —

"Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

"He that hath found some fledged bird's-nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair grove or field he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

"And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep."

Mrs. Browning is still more explicit, and sets the truth over against its besetting falsity with great emphasis, in these remarkable lines: —

"There are many even
Whose names are written in the Christian Church
To no dishonor, — diet still on mud,
And splash the altars with it. You might think
The clay Christ laid upon their eyelids when
Still blind he called them to the use of sight,
Remained there to retard its exercise
With clogging incrustations. Close to heaven,
They see for mysteries, through the open doors,
Vague puffs of smoke, from pots of earthen-ware;
And fain would enter when their time shall come
With quite a different body than St. Paul
Has promised, — husk and chaff, the whole barley-corn,
Or where 's the resurrection?"

THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE OPENLY SEEN.

It relieves somewhat the horrors of calamity, such as the one which lately occurred at Lawrence, that the hand of Providence, in some instances, seems to be thrust out visibly to save or to relieve the sufferers. Mr. Stevens relates a touching instance of this same kind in his History of Methodism, and we give it for the special attention of our young readers. We cannot turn to it, but it is substantially thus:—

A little girl who worked in the mines had been converted to Christ, and was in the habit of daily prayer. While in the mines, she had knelt one day during one of the intervals of labor, and was rapt in her devotions, when one of the accidents occurred not unfrequent in those underground operations. A large mass of earth fell, lodging at the right hand of the kneeling and praying girl. Then another fell at her left hand. Then a hugh rock fell, laying itself across the two mounds, thus making an arch under which she was preserved unharmed. It seemed as if the inanimate matter were endowed with a sudden intelligence, and by Divine direction preserved the little worshipper in the hollow of the Almighty's hand. So we are preserved all the while, only in these instances the Divine hand breaks through its concealments somewhat, to give us an idea of the unseen powers that encamp around us.

HOW PEOPLE CREATE WHAT THEY SEE IN NATURE.

Four men visited Niagara Falls. One was a preacher of the more lurid type of theology, the second was a mill-owner, the third was a poet, and the fourth was a geologist. What was your impression of it? was asked the clergyman.

"I could only think of the outpouring of God's wrath."

And what was yours, Mr. Utilitarian?

"I thought it a shocking waste of water-power."

And what was yours? was asked the poet.

"It seemed as if a million war-horses were rushing down a precipice, foaming, and with white-flowing manes."

And what was yours, Mr. Geologist?

"I calculated how fast the rock was wearing away, and how long it would take the cataract to travel up to Buffalo."

Sir William Hamilton, in one of his lectures, quotes an anecdote from some one who describes a parson and a fashionable lady looking by turns through a telescope at the moon, to see if it were inhabited.

"Why," said the lady, "do you observe those two shadows? They bend towards each other, and, I have no doubt, are two happy lovers."

"Nonsense," said the parson; "they are the two steeples of a cathedral!" S.

DESOLATION OF UNBELIEF.

A FRIEND kindly sends to us "Footfalls on the Borders of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen," which we are reading, charmed by its philosophical spirit, equally removed from credulity and cant. It is fashionable to denounce unbelief, making no allowance for the solid strata of error and absurdity which clear and earnest minds must often upheave and struggle through before they can come to the open sunlight of truth. We have seldom been more deeply touched than in reading the following extract in the foot-notes, which describes the confessions of an unbeliever: —

"I have been rudely driven out of my old beliefs; my early Christian faith has given way to doubt; the little hut on the mountain-side, in which I had thought to dwell with pastoral simplicity, has been shattered by the tempest, and I turned out to the blast without a shelter. I have wandered long and far, but have not found that rest which you tell me is to be obtained. As I examine all other theories, they seem to me pressed by equal difficulties with that I have abandoned. I cannot make myself *contented* as others do with believing nothing; and yet I have nothing to believe. I have wrestled long and hard with my Titan foes, but not successfully. I have turned to every quarter of the universe in vain. I have interrogated my own soul, but it answers not. I have gazed upon Nature, but its many voices speak no articulate language to *me;* and more especially, when I gaze on the bright page of the midnight heavens, those orbs gleam upon me with so cold a light, and amid so portentous a silence, that I am, with Pascal, terrified with the spectacle of the infinite solitude."

S.

MY WEST WINDOW.

I ALWAYS avoid a room that looks north. If I wanted to let a man down gradually into insanity or hopeless melancholy, I would put him in a room with a northern prospect, with only one window, covered with yellow or dingy paper, and with an old apple-tree to obstruct the view and for crows to alight in. I would set his bedstead with the head toward the south. Do you ask why? Reichenbach says that you must sleep in such posture that the electric currents will sweep your nervous system in the right way. If you let them sweep crossways or against the grain, your case will be like that of a kitten whom the boys stroke against the fur. Now, the magnetic fluids, it seems, set southerly; and Reichenbach says he has known nervous people who would sleep like infants with the head to the north, but would tumble and toss all night with the head south, east, or west. I am not so sure about this, but I am very sure of the other conditions. I am a Parsee so far as this, that I never turn my back upon the sun if I can help it. My room has a glorious outlook south and west, and I should insist upon one east also, only, for reasons too personal to mention, I am not always sure of seeing him in that extreme quarter. Then I put all the sun colors into the paint and paper that I can. To these arrangements I owe very much of my cheerfulness of disposition and my good-will towards all mankind. I would even add, my delightful religious views, for the reader must know that our moods and feelings color our religious opinions. It was said of the elder Buckminster that his theology ebbed into Calvinism, or receded from it, according to the state of his health. I contrive to get all the sunlight into mine possible, being here again of the Parsee faith, that the true God is Light, and ɐuɐɯıuqʎ — for they wrote the Devil's name inverted, in order to pour contempt upon him — is Darkness.

A correspondent of the London Builder says that, from several years' observation of manufacturing-rooms, he has found that in those with large windows, through which the sun looks in all day, the operatives are more healthy and cheerful; but in those with small windows, though equally ventilated, the operatives droop and pine. He says, moreover, that he finds invariably that workers in white rooms are more healthy than those in yellow or buff-colored rooms;

and once, by having the *yellow ochre* washed off and the walls and ceiling whitewashed, he wrought a corresponding change in the spirits of the occupants.

It is said that an epidemic follows the shady side of a street, in preference to the opposite or sunny side. It is a sort of judgment upon the people who turn their backs upon the sun; for darkness and shadow let in the prince of evil, with all his grisly train of diseases.

I wish I could describe the revelations that come to me through my west window, say between sunset and candle-light. Every evening the heavens have a new aspect, and new combinations of the prismatic glories. You have no idea, reader, of this endless shifting of celestial scenery, if you are so unfortunate as to live in a room that looks northward. And you have no idea of the openings to thought which are vouchsafed, and the liftings up towards the unseen and more glorious realities. Sometimes the clouds lie across the horizon, solid and mountainous, but somehow the sun contrives to get through them his good-night. Sometimes he only gives a faint streak at the bottom, which means, "You will see me again to-morrow." Sometimes he makes a broad opening, and shows Wachusett and Nobscott, and all their brethren of the hills, in clear yellow light, under a black canopy; and the hills seem to have moved towards you in fairy colors, they are so much more distinct than at noonday; and

> "Herds range along the mountain-side,
> And glistening antlers are described,
> And gilded flocks appear."

It is very much like the black, overhanging errors of the Church, which serve, nevertheless, to give you, by contrast, the fields of truth in more sharp and refulgent outline. Sometimes he changes the black mass into long horizontal bars, and turns them into golden ingots. But the other evening we had a new phenomenon. The clouds were light and feathery, and the sun seemed to have polarized them and turned them into radii that ran half-way to the zenith, with granular streaks as regular as those in curled maple. Nearly a third of the western sky was run into the moulds of this inimitable carving. Sometimes he clears all the clouds out of his way, and, as he sinks down, seems to swim in a molten sea. Sometimes the colors change so rapidly, that you half believe there is conscious life there,

and that these are the shades and tints of some great agony. Nobody has described this so well as Byron: —

"Filled with the face of heaven which from afar
Comes down upon the waters, all its hues
From the rich sunset to the rising star
A magical variety diffuse:
And now they change, a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; *parting day*
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 't is gone and all is gray."

S.

TRIPERSONALITY.

THERE could not be a greater mistake, than that of those who assume that the popular doctrine of God in three persons has been held essentially the same in all the ages of faith. It is practically rejected or left out by a great many people within the Trinitarian churches, and Neander himself avows that it is not in the New Testament, but was developed by the Church, or rather by the theologians, and that too in opposition to the masses among the laity, whose "Christian consciousness" revolted against it. He traces distinctly three currents of opinion. First, those who denied the proper Divinity of Christ, and admitted only the Godhead of the Father; secondly, those who asserted the Divinity of Christ, but divided the Divine personality; thirdly, those who asserted the Divinity of Christ, and held that in him all the Father was revealed in one person. And he represents that these last were the mass of Christians in whose consciousness the Saviour's presence and love were most warm and intense. Neander says the Church teachers "did not do enough for them;" that they were "mainly actuated by the practical religious interest;" that they were a great number of common Christians, or, quoting Origen, "the multitude of believers." It seems perfectly clear how the matter stood. As Christ began to fade out from the pious consciousness, they ran into dialectic speculations, either denying the Godhead of Christ altogether, or else making him a God subordinate to the Father.* We suspect that this will

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* Christian Dogmas, Vol. I. pp. 150, 151, Bohn's ed.

be found true in all ages, and that the common people, who keep closest to their Lord, and in whose Christian consciousness his presence is most intense, practically ignore the human "developments," and preserve theology in its greatest fulness of life and purity.

S.

"FAITHFUL WOUNDS."

A LETTER TO THE PROPRIETOR.

"FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend," said the wise man; and we are unwilling that the following pungent but friendly criticism should pass to the old letter-basket, before we have witnessed for its faithfulness, and made it render some service to others besides those for whose especial benefit it was written: —

"DEAR SIR: —

". . . . . If you would permit me to make a suggestion, I would just say, that, if there is any drawback to the usefulness of the Journal, it is in consequence of most of the articles being overloaded with *words*. For such a small publication the articles are not *direct* enough. Take, for example, ———. The introduction, *occupying four pages*, is quite useless. The articles generally are quite lifeless; they have no *quickening* influence, and for a magazine to become popular it must have something in it that will come home to the popular heart. The sentences generally (for a magazine) are too long. . . . . I don't think they (the editors) are much accustomed to prepare articles for the press. Hoping you will take what I have said in good part, I remain, truly yours,

"——— ———."

This letter, be it understood, was addressed to the proprietor of the Monthly, and, we ought to add, has since been qualified a little in a further epistle, called forth by the February number, which "has a little more freshness about it than some of the others."

Now we are bound to say, that there is a great deal of truth in what our friend has ventured to write, and we like his outspoken, and evidently well-meant, criticism. Life is indeed short, and paragraphs are long, and books are many, and pamphlets are numberless, and of making them there seems likely to be no end. Brevity and inspiration are indeed words to be pondered. That is a significant sentence by the "disciple whom Jesus loved," — "There are also many

other things which Jesus *did*, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." The *words* which are spirit and life, and which have been "bread of life to millions of souls," are few, contained in four very small books, which repeat again and again the same golden sentences. But how are we to realize this ideal of a brief lesson filled to overflowing with life? Will not our good friend send us something of the sort? Does he say that he is not an editor? True; but the office of the editor is not so much to "prepare articles for the press," as to bring the articles of others, the contributors, in good form before the eyes of the readers; but whilst we are abundantly supplied with elaborate pieces, essays, dissertations, and the like, pithy paragraphs and pages do not come. Now if we are long, let others be short, and the less shall prevail over the greater. Sometimes, however, a subject will come up for discussion, which cannot be disposed of in a page or two. The Magazine must not be a mere collection of laconisms. We recall, in this connection, a passage in our college rhetoric, in which the food of the mind was compared to the food of horses, and the necessity for quantity as well as quality was pointed out. It will not answer to supply only oats. There must be hay to distend the stomach, not to speak of the over-excitement produced by stimulating grain. Pithy sayings are quickening to the mind, but there is no reading which so soon palls as the reading of proverbs. One might as well go to dine in a confectioner's shop. However, our friend is doubtless largely in the right, and if we can only find the time, we will try to be shorter. Meanwhile, will not some of our friends who have the gift of brevity, and at the same time a burden to be rolled from their souls, come and help us?

E.

THE FATHER'S GIFT OF THE SON.

VIEW OF DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

We have given in a note to the first article in this number an extract from the fourth volume of Rev. F. W. Robertson, which suggests, though it does not fully unfold, his idea of the Atonement. What attracts us in the passage is the emphasis which it puts upon the infinite love of God, as manifested in that Christian mystery, with

the virtual rejection of that strange imagination of conflicting divine attributes, which has misled so many Christians. We believe that the thought which Robertson had in his mind, and sought to convey, is very dear to believers, and that, could it only be brought home and made clear to Christians, they would find in it a discharge from the dreary conflict about the doctrine of Atonement. The Unitarian at first relucts from Robertson's statement, but not, if we may trust the Rev. Dr. Pond, as lately quoted in one of our religious journals, any more decidedly than the Trinitarian; but it really does not contain the painful and incredible element in the vicarious atonement which has had power to prejudice many liberal Christians against the Fact and the Mystery as they are exhibited in the dying of the Lord. We have thought that the belief upon this topic of that large-minded and large-hearted Christian, the late Dr. Thomas Arnold, might be of interest and value to our readers. He writes thus: —

"The highest act of love is the sacrifice of self, — the highest act of God's infinite love to man was in the redemption; but from the ineffable mystery which hangs over the Godhead, God could not be said to sacrifice himself, and therefore he sacrificed his only Son, that object which was so near and dear to him, that nothing could be nearer and dearer. And so it is written, not as some would have it, that God died, but that 'God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all,' and 'God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'" E.

LENT. — GEORGE HERBERT.

We have some readers, we know, in that dear old Church of England, which we love with a sincere affection, spite of its Calvinistic articles that we cannot subscribe, and spite of its "three persons and one God" that we cannot find in the Book; and our quiet Magazine occasionally falls into the hands even of that more ancient Church, which claims to be the mother of us all, even of the prodigals who are children still, though they may be in a strange land and feeding upon husks. So we suppose that we may have a word to say about Lent, though our Church in the wilderness did not need it, maintained as it was amidst the graves of those who died martyrs to the forms of truth which they prized beyond ease and refinement

and their native land and earthly life. Lent is not a part of our sacred tradition. We have no such custom. Unless we find that there is a real necessity, it can hardly be wise to take it up. Imitation is hazardous. Be yourself! Be true to your own ideas! Stay where Providence has placed you, until you are clearly bidden to withdraw! He will be but an unsuccessful miner who is ever shifting from vein to vein. What we want most, is to take up cheerfully the crosses which come providentially in our way, to be temperate at all times, not merely abstinent upon occasions. But it is something, if not by any means all that one would desire, to have at least forty days in the year during which it shall not be necessary to amuse one's self; and an earnest person, without falling into will-worship or any sort of formality, may thankfully avail himself of a season providentially set apart for more frequent acts of meditation and prayer. Let us offer to any, who may find it in their hearts to keep the old fast, these words of George Herbert, whose sweet poems might persuade many who are beyond the reach of argument to observe the old Church order: —

. . . . . .

"Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

"'T is true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy e'en as he."
In both let 's do our best.

"Who goeth in the way which Christ has gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and, more,
May strengthen my decays.

"Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults control:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlor; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul."

And whilst the volume is in our hands, and penitence is our theme, we must copy the little poem entitled

"MARY MAGDALEN.

"When blessed Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before,)
And wore them for a jewel on her head,
Showing his steps should be the street
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness should live and tread:

"She being stained herself, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defiled?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sins are piled
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

"Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash
E'en God himself: wherefore she was not loath,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both."

What a true utterance of the sense of sin in those words, "Though we could dive in tears like seas"! and how the theologian and the poet join their voices in that sentence, "her sins did dash e'en God himself"!

E.

GOD AND MAMMON: CHRISTIANITY *vs.* TRADE.

LOOK on this picture:—

"They considered 'if God would be pleased to discover some place unto them, though in America, where, being free from Antichristian bondage, they might keep their names and nation, and not only be a means to enlarge the dominions of the English state, but the Church of Christ also, if the Lord had a people among the natives whither he would bring them,—hereby they thought they might more glorify God, do more good to their country, better pro-

vide for their posterity, and live to be more refreshed by their labors, than ever they could do in Holland, where they were.'" *

Then on that: —

"The barks ——— sailed from this port for Japan on the 24th, to obtain cargoes of fancy goods and other productions of that country, such as have recently sold here at enormous profits. Some skilful designers accompany the ———, with the purpose of furnishing Japanese mechanics or artists models, after which to manufacture articles better adapted for the American market; the object being to get the advantage of Japanese skill in execution for the manufacture of articles of furniture, &c., after plans designed by Americans. High hopes are indulged that such employment of Japanese labor will prove vastly profitable, and result in introducing into common use in this country many useful fixtures of household furniture of exquisite taste and beauty, and at moderate cost.

"*Rev. Mr. Gable and lady wished to go to Japan as missionaries, by one of the vessels above named, but the charter parties refused to take them as passengers, on the plea that their presence in that country as teachers of a new religion might lead to trouble, and hinder commercial operations.*" †

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and whatsoever else ye need shall be added unto you. E.

WORSHIPPING THE FATHER IN THE SON.

At the hazard of being regarded as a divided household, we must — (and by "we," please understand the "Junior Editor," who believes himself to be entirely at one in spirit, if not in the letter, with his associate in editorial service) — say that the proper worship of Christ does not commend itself to us as in accordance with Scripture, not even with the first sentence of St. John's Gospel, to which reference has been made on another page. If the *Logos* or the Word spoken of by the Evangelist is not *hypostatized*, regarded as a strict and proper personality, then to worship the Word is to worship God

* Winslow, Briefe Narration, 81, as quoted in Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. I. p. 147.

† Overland Mail from California, February 18.

as the Word, i. e. to worship God. If, on the other hand, the *Logos* or the Word is *hypostatized*, regarded as a strict and proper personality, then we must acknowledge a subordination in some sense of the Word to God, as of a Son to the Father, as of the Image to Him who is imaged, as of One who can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do to Him who can do all things, as of One who knew "not the day nor the hour," to Him who knoweth all things. We may, we must worship the Father in this *Logos* or Word, — "no man cometh unto the Father but by me;" but we do not worship the *Logos* or Word, — our thoughts still mount upward to the Father, in whom are all things, and we in him. And if this is true of the *Logos* or Word not incarnate, it must be as true of the incarnate *Logos* or Word, the Divine Man, Christ Jesus.

"To the Father, by the Son, in the Holy Spirit," seems to us the ancient and true Christian ascription, whilst the law of life is this: "God in Christ, Christ in us, God in us!"

But we did not propose an argument, only another statement, which we would offer in all charity, and not as a dogmatizer or "disputer of this world." E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brewer. 1860. — Dr. Worcester's labors as a lexicographer have been well known for thirty years, and have gained steadily in the public confidence. The present is not an enlargement and republication of his former works, but a new Dictionary throughout; and it seems to us almost a miracle of industry for one man to accomplish. It is a large quarto of 1854 pages of triple columns, closely packed, including the preliminary dissertations, the appended Key to the classical pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, it being Walker's Key corrected and much enlarged; a list of modern geographical names; a list of the names of distinguished men of modern times, with the key to their pronunciation; and a collection of words, phrases, and quota-

tions from ancient and modern languages. The preliminary dissertations will be exceedingly valuable to every student of the English tongue. That on the "Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language," presents a clear view of its rise and progress, and the elements that enter into it; and that on English Orthoëpy gives a succinct and perspicuous statement of the principles by which the rules of pronunciation are determined.

The English reader wants a Dictionary for three things, — for definition, for pronunciation, and for clearing up the *haze* which lies more or less on almost every page of modern literature from anomalous phrases or words only half naturalized, yet of frequent recurrence even with popular writers. In the matter of definition, we do not believe that anybody will supersede Richardson. In the department of etymology, he is unsurpassable. He gives the root of the word if it can be found, always digging for it at any rate, — and he seldom leaves you till the root, trunk, branches, stems, and leaves, if it have any, stand out clear to the eye, illustrated by quotations that show the history of the word, and its changes of meaning from the oldest times down to the present. The quotations alone are invaluable, and give to the study of words in Richardson the continuous charm of a novel. But Richardson makes no pretensions as an orthoëpist, and his dictionary is too bulky and expensive to come into general use. Dr. Worcester combines in his work all the excellences of Richardson which he could compress within such limits as would render it available to the mass of English readers. The etymology of the word is always traced when known, its ranges of meaning precisely defined, illustrated often by brief and apt quotations from the choicest English literature. The wood-cuts, a new feature in English lexicography, render important assistance, especially in the definition of terms used in the natural sciences.

In the department of orthoëpy Dr. Worcester leaves us nothing to be desired. For many years the standard of pronunciation in the schools and among the best speakers was Walker. Walker was an English elocutionist, and gave the pronunciation prevalent among the best speakers and the most cultivated classes of the English metropolis. But nearly seventy years have elapsed since his Dictionary was published, during which some changes in pronunciation have taken place. Not only so. Walker's notation was exceedingly faulty and defective. In his Key he failed to discriminate between the two

long sounds of *a*, — for example, *a* in *name* and *a* in *care*, and the consequence was, that many teachers introduced into the schools a set of provincialisms, under the impression that they were reforming bad habits of pronunciation. The fault lay wholly in Walker's Key, for it is known that he did not confound in his own practice the sound of those letters. Since Walker's day several pronouncing dictionaries have been published; but Smart, an English elocutionist, following Walker in part, and reforming him where the best usage has departed from him, is held the most correct expositor of the usage of the present day. Dr. Worcester generally follows Walker as reformed or supplemented by Smart; but where the pronunciation of a word is variant, he gives the authorities on all sides, that the reader may have all the means for guiding his own judgment, and he cites from English orthoëpists, and especially from Walker, any remarks that are deemed of value.

Another and most invaluable excellence of Dr. Worcester's present work is the admission of some thousands of words not yet Anglicized, but yet in such frequent use that any one who reads learned works, or even the current literature, wants to know their meaning. They are words which we might call "proselytes of the gate." Dr. Worcester only admits them as such. He puts them in Italics, as if only admitted to the outer court, and having no business among the faithful. The number of words which are technical, obsolete, provincial, or colloquial is also quite large; but these also are carefully marked and distinguished, so that the genuine natives and rightful occupants may be kept distinct. How extensive the author's researches are in this department may be judged from the fact, that, while the number of pure English words does not exceed 35,000, this Dictionary includes about 104,000. The reader of any English book, old or new, which is worth reading, if he finds himself beset with foreigners or barbarians, will get all the relief from Dr. Worcester which can be consistently rendered.

The list of the names of distinguished men of modern times comprises those of uncertain or difficult pronunciation, and will be found almost indispensable by every public speaker and scholar.

The publishers have executed their part of the work admirably, and it is an honor not less to American typography than American learning. It is not necessary to depreciate the labors of others in the same department in order to do justice to Dr. Worcester's truly mag-

nificent work. It must of necessity come into general use, both as a defining and pronouncing dictionary, as it leaves little to be desired or hoped for. Not only for the study of language, but as an encyclopædia to refresh one's knowledge or render it more distinct and precise under the various departments of science and art, such as zoölogy, mineralogy, architecture, chemistry, botany, mechanics, it might be turned over any hour, the wood-cuts examined, and the extracts from scientific works read without any flagging of interest. S.

Seven Years. By JULIA KAVANAGH. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — A series of tales, thirteen in number. We have read the first and principal one, which gives the title to the volume. It is a charming picture of life in the French metropolis among people struggling against poverty and reverses, — of unselfish and faithful love. The interest is well kept up, and the heart is made better for having made the acquaintance of Baptiste and Fanny. S.

The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records, stated anew, with special Reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times. In Eight Lectures, delivered in the Oxford University Pulpit, in the Year 1859, *on the Bampton Foundation.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Editor of the History of Herodotus, &c. From the London Edition, with the Notes translated. By Rev. A. N. Arnold. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — We ask for this book the particular attention of any of our readers who have ever been, or are now, students of the Bible. It is especially valuable to all who have been affected by the prevailing scepticism with relation to the Old Testament. Those who are familiar with the Notes to the second volume of the work on the Genuineness of the Gospels, by the late Professor Norton, in which the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is discussed, should not fail to read what is here written. Professor Norton was not so much at home in the history and criticism of the Old Testament, as in the matter of the Christian Evidences; but his authority has led many to give to the more ancient record a much lower place than properly belongs to it, whether amongst sacred or amongst secular Scriptures. Our own study of the Jewish Bible has been productive of an ever-increasing reverence for it, and interest in its wonderful contents. The reader of Rawlinson will be surprised to

find that many sceptical assumptions about the Old Testament, which pass in what are called learned circles almost without challenge, are wholly unfounded. It is strange how ready some persons are to accept almost any secular tradition, however vague, — to give in, for example, to some preposterous scheme of Egyptian or Indian chronology, — whilst they regard everything in the Book of Genesis with utter suspicion. Rawlinson's able and admirable Lectures may help to cure them, if they wish to be cured, of this illiberal and untaught liberalism. It is a timely publication. E.

Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M. A., the Incumbent. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Our readers are familiar with the name of this wondrous preacher, and if any have thought, as we will confess was our case, that in three volumes of Sermons and one volume of Addresses they must have received his best thoughts, let us make haste to assure them that this fourth collection does really add to a gift so precious before. These Sermons are admirable specimens of Expository Lectures, and are not to be confounded with the needless explanations, the weak paraphrases, the slipshod disquisitions, the commonplace "improvements," that are offered to congregations in so many instances, when they have innocently asked for Bible lessons in the place of more formal discourses. Such lessons are soon found to be unattractive. The persons who asked for them pay the penalty for their rashness by due attendance; the uncommitted multitude do not come. The truth is, that only when the spirit of a passage of Scripture has been heartily and intelligently appropriated, and the great principles from which the writer sets out have been firmly grasped, is it possible so to represent his thought as to gain audience for it from the living age. When the old truths and facts are thus resuscitated, we find that the old condition of mind and heart, of private and public opinion, — the ancient conflicts of representative men and organized sects, — have their counterparts in our day, and the inspiration which was profitable in the first century is found to be just as profitable in the nineteenth. Without proposing anything of the kind, Mr. Robertson really produced in these familiar lectures an admirable commentary upon the portions of Holy Writ which he discussed, — a commentary at once enlightened and reverent in its tone, pervadingly marked by spiritual

discernment, and as free from cant as from coldness. We shall ask with great eagerness for the Lectures by this same prince of preachers upon portions of the Old Testament, for we do not know where to look for his equal in the unfolding of the letter and the re-embodiment of the spirit of Scripture story. E.

Christ in History. By ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D., Author of "Genius of Scotland," &c., &c. New and revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — Dr. Turnbull's work is a very successful illustration of that pregnant sentence of St. Paul, in which, speaking of the Christ, he says, "By him all things consist." History must needs be regarded by the Christian as the realization in time and space, by the various races and ages of man, of that eternal purpose which God purposed in Christ Jesus his Son. Everything which preceded the coming pointed forward to the manifestation of the Life, to the incarnation of the Eternal Word; the hope of man was the promised Heavenly Lord. And now that the Dayspring from on high has visited us, and we live in the light thereof, progress has been achieved and will be achieved only so far as the seed of God has been or shall be scattered in the world, — only where the new Life passes from heart to heart and down the long Christian ages. Dr. Turnbull illustrates this — we will not say theory but — fact from the pages of ancient and modern story, Jewish, Gentile, and Christian, summoning his witnesses from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, showing us Christ before Abraham on the one hand, since Luther on the other hand. So studied, the records of human sorrow and of human achievement need be no longer a *rudis indigestaque moles*, no longer a haphazard collection of isolated occurrences; they are in a true sense the events of a creative and redeeming life, the steps of that Word by which the ages are ordered and humanity steadily but slowly raised to its heavenly seats. Dr. Turnbull has brought to his task a spirit at once earnest and catholic, and a competent scholarship; and what he has here written will be read with interest and profit. E.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the REV. JAMES WHITE, Author of a "History of France." With a copious Index. From the Second Edinburgh Edition. — Eighteen Christian centuries must needs be very closely packed to be brought within five hundred and

twenty-six pages *duodecimo;* but Mr. White is a skilful economist of space, and the life has not been pressed out of the ages. In truth, a volume of this kind by one who can group his facts skilfully, and select representative incidents and persons, and sketch with a ready hand, is an unspeakable relief to many who are unwilling to be ignoramuses, and yet have but few hours in a month to give to reading; and perhaps those who are not so restricted would do well to be familiar, through many reperusals, with such a manual, though, as a general rule, original authorities are to be sought, rather than the productions of those who give us history at second hand. Mr. White is a very pleasant writer, and has made a readable and usable book.

E.

Restatements of Christian Doctrine, in Twenty-five Sermons. By HENRY W. BELLOWS, Minister of All Souls' Church, New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1860. — We have been able to read only a portion of these sermons, but we shall not lay the volume aside unfinished. They are the words of a man who thinks aloud, and in whose utterances the abundance of a large and loving heart blends with the outpouring of a vigorous brain. They are representative discourses too, — they tell in a manly and reverent way what numberless persons would tell, but are not able. In some respects they disappoint us, — not more, however, we are inclined to think, than they disappointed the preacher himself. Sometimes the discourse only just fails to be perfectly satisfactory, — rouses, guides, nourishes, but leaves us at last asking and disappointed, because we have not heard the conclusion of the whole matter. Sometimes we find a great spiritual truth unfolded with marvellous spiritual discernment, and we walk in the light thereof, and presently we hear a word which throws us back into the darkness, and we are groping our way again. But continually do we say to ourselves, — Something will come of all this: here are the old verities, here is the dear Gospel truth working like leaven in a noble soul, and whatever is written in living Scriptures, whatever can be realized in human experience, whatever the Spirit that guides the Church, and each true soul in it, shall say to this mind and heart in Christ, shall go forth in good time a veritable *credo* and a spiritual *cultus*, and the Church, by which we mean all those who are vitally joined to Christ, gathered up into the fellowship of the Divine Lord, shall be the gainer thereby. Here is a man

who is not afraid of what looks like Truth because it is called Orthodoxy, or unable to recognize the struggles of honest souls in the questionings of those who are called unbelievers. Far more than this we can truly write of some of the Discourses, especially those entitled "Docility," and "Religion a Refuge from Evil," which are admirable at once for breadth and for positiveness. The latter is at once a grand refutation of the sciolism which presumes to justify the ways of God to man, and a most successful testimony for the true defence against our fear and our grief. E.

The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas. A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK, R. N., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — There is something especially refreshing in a book which was not made by a bookwright. Professional writers have much to learn from those who, with only the education of a gentleman, take up the pen, not because they would make paragraphs, but because there is something which must be told, and can be told only by them. We are secure in such a case against rhetoric and mere verbiage, especially if the writer, having achieved much in act, is under no temptation to try to add achievements in word. This Narrative *is* a narrative, and not fine writing; and although many of the details are such as the reader of stories of Arctic explorations is perfectly familiar with, the account of the discovery of the remains of the Franklin Expedition gives a peculiar and sad interest to the volume. We should say, Let the Arctic world rest, let us lose no more valuable lives of brave navigators in those barren regions! — were not the utterance checked by the remembrance of the heroisms that have been born of these seemingly unprofitable ventures. Certainly one might as well go and perish bravely, if to no tangible purpose, there, as die of routine and of utter *ennui* amidst comforts. E.

A Trip to Cuba. By MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Mrs. Howe's tale of travel deserves to be rescued from the imprisonment of a bound volume of magazines, and to be sent forth in comely guise, as a manageable fireside book. We followed the steps of her pilgrimage in the day of it with great interest and real entertainment, and not, we trust, without profit, though we

are ready to confess that our object was amusement, not instruction. We found what we sought, — for there is a deal of true humor in the narrative, — and more; and we are glad that so clever a woman has sailed on the sea, and lived in hotels, and visited plantations, places of amusement, of torture, of worship, and lived to write out her experiences for duller and less enterprising mortals. The course of travel was old and familiar, but the eyes that saw, and the ears that heard, and the pen that wrote, were new; and even in the multitude of books the appearance of the little volume is justified. E.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — In common with a multitude of persons, we are thankful to know who wrote "Now and Afterwards," the exquisite and most touching little poem, beginning

> "Two hands upon the breast,
> And labor's done;"

but this is *the* flower of the anthology, and most of the residue seem to us to be scarcely more than *mediocre.* E.

Poems. By SYDNEY DOBELL. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Our first feeling in turning over these pages was a sense of disappointment; but as we went on, and looked deeper down, the words began to glow, and the true poetic fire made the heart burn. E.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery: or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1860. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, &c., together with Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year 1859, a List of Recent Scientific Publications, Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men, &c. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., Author of Principles of Natural Philosophy, &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — To all who are interested in the progress of science, to the true children of the age of inventions, to the rhetorician who would replenish his store of metaphors and illustrations, to the general reader even, this volume is of great value and interest. E.

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THE

MONTHLY

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS and REV. RUFUS ELLIS,

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

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GOOD CHEER.

We presume there is no character from which hope has been completely eliminated and lost. But there are a great many characters in which it is not a prevailing and inspiring force. There are some whose future is never clear, and, as a consequence of this, the present is always under a cloud. Good cheer we hold to be one of the prime Christian virtues and graces, and it depends more upon ourselves than we generally acknowledge. There is no one, whatever his temperament or his surroundings, who may not attain unto it, unless there is in him some hereditary taint of monomania; and even then we are not sure but the mania may always be kept at bay. Despondency, in fact, is an inceptive insanity, and needs to be watched and carefully barred out from our domestic, social, and religious world; while the door should always be kept open toward hope, that it may come in with its irradiations and rainbows.

In the household, a morbid disposition develops itself in chills and gloom. Sorrow is good for us, for it melts our hearts and subdues our selfish will. Anger we can endure, provided it comes and goes like the lightning, and leaves a

clearer atmosphere afterwards. But a moody temper, that glooms out day after day, and loves the darkness better than the light, is a great deal worse than that. It generally chooses to retreat within the prerogatives of silence and reserve. It says very little, it refuses to state its case with any such explicitness that you can apply a remedy. Only it implies by its tone and manner that it is enduring great wrong and suffering, slow martyrdom, somehow and from somebody. Its influence on the economy of the household is very much like one of those long easterly storms that invest your premises with a sullen air which permeates all the nooks and crannies, — makes even the paint and the furniture look dingy, — singing doleful tunes around the corners of buildings, wailing on a minor key through old crevices, and finally possessing the whole house with its damps and shadows. Not less pervading are the chills and damps of a moody spirit, too fond of self-martyrdom to utter loud complainings, but choosing rather in silence to radiate itself through the household. Whenever any house has become possessed with such a spirit as this, I rather marvel that the swallows and the robins should come and sing about the premises, for it seems more fitting that the owls should perch on the chimneys, and the bats seek their habitation under the eaves.

Mark the contrast to this where good cheer is the prevailing and elastic spirit, and sheds over all things its light and gayety. When hope has become such a habit of mind as to give spring and buoyancy to its natural movements, two results invariably follow. Duties become easy, and common troubles become light. The same amount of physical strength goes twice as far, if put forth in a cheerful and not in a desponding mood. In one case obstacles become slight; you stretch out your hand, and they vanish. Distance becomes less, because wings are added to your feet. In the other case, the body hangs lifeless on the spirit; you carry it about by main strength, and even the grass-

hopper is a burden. And, what is of vast importance, when hope lends its spring to your motions and radiates from your heart, it inspires all about you with strength and confidence. The secret which a great many people have of gaining the victory, is that they breathe courage into those that work with them. They make the atmosphere about them electric, and so it braces everybody else that comes and breathes it. The troubles that come, bound off with feathery lightness, yea, in such an electric air they rather dance through it for sport and pastime; whereas, upon one of these collapsed souls they are sure to alight and cling with a tenfold tenacity. We infer, then, that good cheer is one of the prime duties of the household, — that good cheer which is born of hope, flinging its prismatic colors over common interests and common things.

Temptation comes in subtle and variant shapes. There are some who can resist the Devil when he urges to grosser sin, but who do not resist him when he sends those multitudinous little imps of darkness, that come up into the house like the frogs of Egypt, covering the chairs, the floors, the ceilings, the window-panes, and settling down as an impalpable cloud on all the household, and the minds of all within it, so that whereas there was once merry sunshine, flashing free and filling the whole house from cellar to attic, there is now moping silence, despondency, and spleen. These tempters are sometimes harder to keep off, for they creep in through cracks, and broken panes, and doors ajar, and sometimes, perhaps, have got possession before you know it. Some will have it that there is no resisting the emissaries of Satan when they come in the shape of these dusky but almost invisible gnomes. Do not believe it: they seldom come where affection reigns in its fulness; and when they do, they will vanish before a few flashes of heart-sunshine, and

> "Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

Not less important shall we find this virtue of good cheer, if we enlarge our view a little, and look at social relations. Here again the contrast is quite as striking between those who have it and those who have it not. Eliminate the hopeful element from a man's character, or even obscure it considerably, and you unfit him very thoroughly for all efficient duty in society. St. Paul, describing Charity, names it as one of her essential virtues, that she hopeth all things. He means by this that she hopeth the best things of other people. Take this away, and you will be dwelling eternally upon what is faulty or defective in character. The spots which you see upon it — for every character has them — will take up your whole attention. You will always be sighing, and looking solemn, and shaking your head in view of your neighbor's sins and evil prospects; and this will be very sure to beget within you a censorious temper, that feeds on evil surmises and short-comings. That person does you a signal benefit who puts you on the best terms with your fellows, by bringing you into correspondency with all that is good and noble in character. That person does you a heinous wrong who impairs your confidence in man and woman, so that you may not see the luminous spots as well as the nebulæ, — so that you may not sometimes hear commendation that shall not be followed by the croak of the ravens.

This disposition is generally produced, or at least very much aggravated, by taking some artificial or technical rule of duty, and gauging everybody else by it. Does a man believe this or that dogma which I have settled to be all essential? Does he believe in this or that measure of reform, or adopt this or that practice in special cases? Then I put him down as a saint; otherwise, a very great sinner. By some such standard as this a man goes forth and takes the gauge of character, and comes to the conclusion that the world is in a very bad way, unless he

and God together can contrive something for its relief and safety. So he goes forth with his taper-light, like Diogenes emerging from his tub and peering about with his candle to find an honest man. How many have been passed over by such people as hopelessly incurable, because they fell short of some standard of civic virtue or local morality, who nevertheless are quite reclaimable through that largeness of charity that can look through circumstance and accident, and hope for all things.

From want of this buoyant hopefulness comes the disposition always to scold and find fault. Matters are always out of joint, and always going backward, and everybody is to blame. Cheerfulness, however, that comes from this gay and living hope, always thanks God for the good that is, and on that basis asks your aid to work for the better time; and such a one works with tenfold efficiency, and obtains tenfold co-operation, because his courage is contagious, and puts heart into everybody else.

Hopefulness is all-essential as an element in your character, if you would educate your children and educate them well. Let them feel that you expect the best things of them, and they will delight in making efforts to come up to your expectations. Hope nothing good of them, and very likely they will see to it that you shall not be disappointed. Some maxims of education take it for granted that youth will do nothing but sin, — they were made for that, and nothing else; and under such systems of culture I believe there is generally a very large crop of depravity. Other systems of culture — that of the Moravians, for instance — assume just the opposite. Youth are expected to grow up religious, — that thing is taken for granted, and they generally do. They hope the largest and best things; they assume vice to be the exception, and not the rule; and their own efforts are stimulated to make it the exception. And the young are stimulated, too, by this generous confidence, and co-operate with their teachers, and the result is auspicious.

Never give a child to think that you expect he *can* do a mean action; lead him rather to think that you expect of him none other than true and generous courses, and your confidence will inspire him with the hope that maketh not ashamed. Under the depressing conviction that nothing good is hoped of him, who could make his way upward to the field of noble achievements?

In religious life, good cheer is not only important, but we attain to no full and rich experience unless it becomes largely dominant, yea, unless it settles at length on the Christian brow like a crown of light. There are two things which are very often confounded; and because of the mistake, the result is sometimes doleful indeed. These two things are self-examination and self-contemplation, — things very different. The first is a very good thing, the last is a very poor and wretched thing. Self-examination is important, and every one ought to practise it, not only now and then, but statedly; and if he does, he will find enough sometimes to fill him with dismay. But this is only in order to a great victory afterward. It reveals the want and the chaos within, that God may come and fill it up, to your greater and abounding joy. Afterwards your eye is not on self, but on God, and he fills your whole vision. But there are those who, having found out that they are in themselves nothing, and worse than nothing, never pass out of themselves; they dwell there eternally, parading their own littleness before their own eyes. This is self-contemplation, and is sure to beget a pensive and desponding tone of mind, — never ending in that self-oblivious repose in the Divine strength and love, when we forget our weakness and littleness in God's almightiness and grandeur. Cowardice and despondency come from morbid self-contemplation. Courage, strength, and exuberant peace come from passing out of self over into God, and fixing on him the steady and unclouded gaze. Self-examination reveals our deepest needs and our inmost sins, to the end that our needs may be met and our sins

purged away. Self-contemplation keeps the eye turned inward long after the work of self-examination is done; and so not God, but the uplooming depravity, fills the vision, and lends to piety its melancholy tinge. False views of God may have something to do with the matter, but false views of God even are generally nothing more than some projection of self upon the Divine character, that overlays, and so shuts out, the Divine glories. Hence two styles of piety: one that whines and one that sings. Though an Apostle says that hope shall vanish away, he is only speaking of a specific and technical kind of hope, — the hope the Christian has of his own salvation. That salvation obtained, he will hope for it no longer. Still this angel of good cheer will go with him; for, one heaven attained, another breaks on his faith, and so hope will spring up anew. So that the bard of this virtue sings its praises aright when he says it began with the march of time, and will continue "when all the sister planets have decayed." S.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

First Recollection.

Childhood has its mysteries and its wonders; but who can tell and who can explain them? We have all wandered in this dark, wondrous forest; we have all, at some period, opened our eyes in happy astonishment, while the fair reality of life overflowed our spirits. Then we knew not where we were nor who we were, — then the whole world was ours, and we belonged to the whole world. That was an eternal life, — without beginning and without end, — without repose, — without pain. Our hearts were serene as the

spring sky, fresh as the breath of violets, — still and holy as a Sunday morning.

And what disturbs this God's peace of the child? How can this innocent and unconscious state of being come to an end? What drives us out of this blessedness of isolation and universality, and plunges us at once alone and solitary into a darkened life?

Do not say, with solemn aspect, that it was sin! Can a child sin? Say, rather, we do not know, and must submit ourselves.

Is it sin which makes the bud a flower, and the flower fruit, and the fruit turn to dust?

Is it sin which makes the caterpillar a chrysalis, and the chrysalis a butterfly, and the butterfly dust?

And is it sin which makes the child a man, and the man old, and the old man — dust? And what is dust?

Say, rather, we do not know, and must resign ourselves.

But yet it is so charming to look back on the spring of life, to penetrate its mysteries, — to remember one's self. Yes, even in the sultry summer, the stormy autumn, the cold winter of life, there comes now and then a spring day, and the heart says, "It is spring with me now." This is such a day, and I stretch myself down on the soft moss in the dewy grove, extend my weary limbs, and look up through the green leaves into the infinite blue, and think, How was it with me in childhood?

Then everything seems obliterated, and the first pages of memory are like an old family Bible. We find the first leaves wholly faded out, something scrawled upon them, and not quite clean. Not till we look further, and come to the chapters which tell of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise, does all begin to be clear and legible. Ah, but if we could only find the title-page, with the place where it was printed, and the date! But that is wholly lost, and instead of it we find only a simple inscription, — merely a record of baptism, — and there is written when we were born, and the

names of our parents and sponsors; and so we need not consider *ourselves* as editions without name or place.

Yes, but the beginning, — if there were only no beginning, for at the beginning all thought and memory ceases at once. And when we thus look into childhood, and back from childhood into the infinite past, it is as if this mysterious beginning receded more and more, and the mind goes back in vain, and yet can never get away, just as a child tries to find the place where the blue sky touches the earth, and runs and runs, and the sky keeps running before him, and still always rests upon the earth, — but the child is tired and never gets up with it.

But now as we were once there — there — here, — as after all we did once begin, — what then do we know about it? Yes, memory shapes itself like a poodle emerging from the water which half blinds him, and makes him look very oddly.

But yet I think I can remember still the first time that I saw the stars. I may have often seen them before, but one evening it seems to me as if it were cold, although I was lying in my mother's lap, and I trembled, and was either chilled or frightened, — in short, something was passing within me which made my little self more than commonly observant of myself. Then my mother pointed out to me the shining stars, and I admired them, and thought they had made my mother look pretty. And then I felt warm again, and fell asleep pleasantly.

And I remember too how I was once lying on the grass, and everything around was shaking and nodding, humming and buzzing. And then came a whole swarm of little many-footed winged beings, who placed themselves on my forehead and eyes, and bade me good morning. Then my eyes ached, and I called out to my mother, and she said, "Poor child, how the mosquitos have stung him!" Then I could not open my eyes, and look any more at the blue sky. But my mother had a bunch of fresh violets in her hand, and then it

seemed to me as if a deep blue, fresh, aromatic fragrance went through my head, and even now when I see the first violets I recollect this, and it seems to me as if I must shut my eyes in order that the old dark-blue sky of that day may again arise in my soul.

Yes, and I remember also how a new world again opened upon me, and one which was more beautiful than the starry firmament and the violet fragrance. It was on an Easter morning. My mother awaked me early, and our old church was before my window. It was not beautiful, but it had, nevertheless, a high roof and a high tower, and on the tower a golden cross, and it looked also much older and more gray than the other houses. Once I wanted to know who lived in it, and looked in through the iron grating of the door. But it was quite empty within, and cold and cheerless, — not a soul in the whole house, — and after that I always shuddered when I went by the door. Now, on this Easter morning, when there had been an early rain, and afterwards the sun had risen in full splendor, and then shone the old church with the gray slate roof, and the high windows, and the tower with the golden cross in quite wonderful brilliancy. All at once the light which streamed through the high windows began to live and move. But that was much too bright to permit one to see within; and as I shut my eyes, the light came as it were into my mind, and everything within seemed to beam light and breathe fragrance, to sing and resound. Then it seemed as if a new life were beginning within me, as if I should become another man; — and when I asked my mother what it was, she said it was an Easter hymn they were singing in the church. What pure, sacred song it was that penetrated my soul at that time, I have never been able to find out. It must surely have been an old church melody, such as sometimes burst upon the earnest soul of our Luther. I have never heard it since. But even now when I listen to an adagio of Beethoven, or a psalm from Marcello, or a chorus of Handel, or sometimes

when I hear in the Scotch Highlands or in the Tyrol a simple song, it seems to me as if the high church windows were shining again, and organ-tones passed into the wind, and a new world were opening itself, — more beautiful than the starry heavens and the violet fragrance.

This is what I remember from my earliest childhood, — and then comes between the dear face of my mother, as well as the mild, serious glance of my father, — and gardens, and vineyard, and green, soft turf, and an old, venerable book of prints, — and that is all I can make out from the first faded leaves of memory.

After that it becomes clearer and plainer. Names and forms are deciphered. Not only father and mother, but brothers and sisters, and friends and teachers, and a host of *strange people*. Ah yes! of *strange people*, — so many of these are written in the memory!

Second Recollection.

Not far from our house, and opposite to the old church with the golden cross, there stood a large building, even larger than the church, and with many towers. These towers looked gray and old, but they had no golden cross; stone eagles were seated on their summits, and a large blue and white flag fluttered from the highest tower over the high entrance-door, which was ascended by steps, and where on both sides two soldiers on horseback kept guard. The house had a great many windows, and behind the windows one could see red-silk curtains with golden tassels, and in the court-yard the old linden-trees stood around strewing the turf with their white, fragrant blossoms, and overshadowing the gray walls with their verdant foliage. Often had I gazed on all this, and in the evening, when the lindens gave out their fragrance, and the windows were lighted, I saw many figures like shadows gliding hither and thither, and music was heard from above, and carriages drove up, from which men and women alighted and hastened up the steps. They

all looked so good and beautiful, — and the men had stars on their breasts, and the women had fresh flowers in their hair, — and I often thought to myself, Why dost not thou go in also?

At last one day my father took me by the hand and said: "We will go up to the castle. Thou must behave very gently, if the Princess speaks to thee, and must kiss her hand."

I was about six years old, and was greatly delighted, as one can only be at six years. I had already had so many silent thoughts about the shadows which I had seen passing before the lighted windows of evenings, and had heard so many good things said of the Prince and Princess, how gracious they were, and how they helped and comforted the poor and the sick, and how they were chosen by the grace of God to protect the good and to punish the bad. I had for a long time pictured to myself how everything must go on in the castle, and the Prince and the Princess were already old acquaintances in imagination, whom I knew as familiarly as my nut-crackers and my tin soldiers.

My heart beat when I was going up the high steps with my father, and whilst he was still telling me that I must call the Princess "Your Highness," and the Prince "Your Excellency," the doors flew open, and I saw before me a tall figure with brilliant, penetrating eyes. She was coming towards me and holding out her hand. There was an expression in her face, — which I had long known, — and a familiar smile passed over her features. Seeing all this, I could restrain myself no longer; and while my father was still standing, and bowing very low, I could not tell why, my heart sprang to my lips, and I ran up to the beautiful lady, fell on her neck, and kissed her as if she had been my mother. The beautiful tall lady did not seem displeased; she smiled and stroked my hair. But my father seized my hand, and drew me away, saying I was very naughty, and he would never bring me here again. This perplexed me

greatly; the blood rushed to my cheeks, for I felt that my father was unjust to me. And I looked at the Princess, expecting that she would defend me; but there was an expression of mild seriousness in her face. And then I looked round to the ladies and gentlemen who were in the room, thinking that they would stand by me. But when I looked, I saw that they were all laughing. Then the tears came into my eyes, and I ran out to the door, down the steps, passed the linden-trees in the court-yard, and ran homewards till I got to my mother, when I threw myself into her arms, sobbing and crying.

"And what has happened to thee?" said she.

"Ah, mother!" cried I, "I was near the Princess; and she was a beautiful and kind lady, just like thee, my dear mother, and so I fell upon her neck and kissed her."

"Ah," said my mother, "but thou shouldst not have done that, for they are strangers and high dignitaries."

"And what then are strangers?" said I. "May I not love everybody who looks upon me with kind, loving eyes?"

"Thou mayst love them, my son," answered the mother; "but thou must not show it."

"And is it then anything wrong," I asked, "that I love people? And why then should I not show it?"

"Well, thou art quite right," said she; "but thou must do as thy father tells thee; and when thou art older, thou wilt understand why thou must not embrace all the beautiful ladies who look at thee with kind, friendly eyes."

That was a dark day. My father came home, and insisted on it that I had behaved ill. In the evening my mother put me to bed, and I said my prayers; but I could not sleep, and I kept thinking what these *strangers* could be, whom one dared not love.

Alas the poor human heart! thus were thy leaves torn off even in the spring, and the feathers pulled out of thy wings! When the spring dawn of life opens the folded-up bud of thy

soul, all within is breathing out love. We learn to stand and walk, to speak and to read; but no one teaches us to love. That belongs to us as life does; indeed, we might say it is the inmost foundation of our existence. As the heavenly bodies attract and revolve about each other, and are held together by the eternal law of gravitation, so do heavenly souls attract and revolve around each other, and are held together by the eternal law of love. A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live without love. Would not the heart of the child break with anguish, when the first cold breath of this strange world comes to it, did not the warm sunlight of love meet it from the eyes of mother and father, — as a mild reflection of divine light and divine love? And the longing which arises then in the child is the purest and the deepest love. It is love which encloses the whole world; which kindles when two kind human eyes shine upon it; which shouts again when it hears the voices of men. This is the old, inexhaustible love, — a deep well which no plummet has sounded, — a source of immeasurable riches. He who knows it knows also that there is no measure in love, no more and no less, but that only he who loves with the whole heart, the whole soul, with all his powers, and from his whole mind, can love at all.

But O how little remains of this love, before we have accomplished half our life-journey! The child learns that there are *strangers*, and ceases to be a child. The well of love is uncovered, and in the course of years it is wholly filled up. Our eyes kindle no more, but we pass each other soberly and quietly on the miry streets. We scarcely greet each other, for we know how sharply it cuts into the soul when a greeting is not returned, and how much pain it gives to separate from those whom we have once greeted, and whose hand we have pressed. The wings of the soul soon lose all their feathers; the petals of the flowers are almost all torn and faded; and from the inexhaustible fountain of love there remain to us only a few drops, which

cool our tongues to keep us from quite fainting away. And then we call these drops love. But it is no more the pure, full, fresh child's love. It is love with care and anxiety, — a burning glow, a raging passion, — love which consumes itself like rain-drops on the hot sand, — love which desires, not love which bestows itself, — love which asks, Wilt thou be mine? not love which says, I must be thine, — selfish, doubting love it is! And that is the love which poets sing, and which youths and maidens believe in, — a flame which flashes up and vanishes, but does not warm, and leaves nothing behind but smoke and ashes. We have all believed, at one time or another, that these rockets are sunbeams of eternal love. But the clearer the brightness, the darker the night which follows.

And then when all around is dark, when we feel ourselves truly alone, when all men, right and left, pass us by, and know us not, then a forgotten feeling sometimes arises in the breast, and we know not what it is, for it is really neither love nor friendship. "Dost thou not know me?" one might call out to each one who passes us by coldly and strangely. Then we feel that man is nearer to man than brother to brother, father to son, friend to friend. And it resounds through our spirits like an old, sacred tradition, that *strangers* are our nearest neighbors. And why should we pass by them silently? We do not know why, and we must acquiesce in our ignorance. Try it when two railroad trains are passing each other, and thou seest the eye of a friend who would fain greet thee, — try to stretch out thy hand and press the hand of thy friend, who is flying past thee, — try it, and thou wilt perhaps understand why man here below passes silently by his fellow-man.

An old sage has said: "I saw the fragments of a shattered bark floating on the sea. A few encountered each other, and kept together a little while. Then comes a storm, and drives them eastward and westward, and here below they never come together again. So is it with men. But no one has seen the great shipwreck."

Third Recollection.

The clouds in the sky of childhood do not last long, and they vanish away with a soft, warm shower of tears. I was soon at the castle again, and the Princess gave me her hand, which I ventured to kiss, and then she brought her children, the young prince and princesses, and we played together like old acquaintances. Those were happy days, when after school-time — for I had now begun to go to school — I was allowed to go to the castle for my play. There we had everything which heart could wish. Playthings, which my mother had shown me in shop-windows, and which she had told me were so dear that poor people could live a whole week on the money they would cost, I found at the castle; and if I asked leave of the Princess, she would let me take them home and show them to mother, or even keep them for myself. Beautiful picture-books, which I had seen at the bookstores with my father, but which were only for very good children, these too I found at the castle, and might turn over the leaves by the whole hour. And everything that belonged to the young princes belonged also to me. At least it seemed so to me. For I not only took away whatever I fancied, but often gave away the toys to other children; in short, I was a young communist in the full sense of the words. Once only, I remember, when the Princess had a golden serpent twined around her arm, as if it were alive, and she gave it to me to play with. Now when I was going home, the serpent was around my arm, and I thought I could frighten my mother with it. But as I was on the way home I met a woman who spied out my golden serpent, and begged me to show it to her; and then she said that, if she might keep the golden serpent, she could free her husband from jail. On this of course I did not hesitate a moment, but ran on and left the woman behind with the golden bracelet. The next day, however, there was a great uproar; and the poor woman was brought up to the

castle, and the people said she had stolen the bracelet from me. I was greatly troubled at this, and told with great vehemence how I had given her the bracelet, and that I would not take it back again. I do not know what was the end of it, but I remember that after that I was told to show everything to the Princess that I wanted to carry home.

It was a long time, however, before my conceptions of meum and tuum were fully developed, and even quite lately they have been much confused, so that for a very long time I could not distinctly distinguish between the red and blue colors. The last time I remember my friends laughing about it was when my mother had given me some money to buy apples with. She gave me a groschen. Now the apples cost only a zechser, and as I was giving the woman the groschen, she said, and it seemed to me as if she were quite sorry, that she had sold nothing the livelong day, and had not a penny to give in change. She wanted that I should exchange the sixpence. Then I recollected I had another penny in my pocket, and, much delighted that I had solved the difficult problem, I gave it to the woman, saying, "Now you can give me back a penny." She understood me, however, so little, that she gave me back the sixpence and kept the penny.

About this time, when I used to go almost every day to play with the young princes at the castle, as well as to learn French with them, there comes to my memory another figure, — this was the daughter of the Prince, the Countess Maria. Her mother had died soon after the birth of the child, and the Prince had afterwards married again. When I first saw her I do not know. She comes slowly and by degrees from the darkness of memory, — first as an aerial shadow, which gains more and more in expression, presses nearer and nearer to me, and at last comes before my spirit like the moon on a stormy night, when she throws from her all at once the cloudy screen with which she has been enveloped. She was always ill and suffering and silent,

and I have never seen her otherwise than stretched on a couch, on which she was brought into our room by two bearers; and when she was tired, she was taken out in the same manner. Thus she lay in her ample white robe, her hands generally folded, and her face was so pale and yet so gentle and beautiful, and her eyes were so deep and impenetrable, that I often stood before her lost in thought, gazed upon her, and asked myself whether she too belonged to the world of *strangers*. And then sometimes she would lay her hand upon my head, and it seemed to me that some magnetic influence rushed through me, and I could not go away nor say anything, but could only gaze into her deep, impenetrable eyes. She said very little to us, but her eyes followed our sports; and even when we were very noisy and obstreperous, she never complained, but only held her hands over her white forehead, and closed her eyes as if she were asleep. Some days, however, she said she was better, and then she sat upright on her couch, and then there would be a light glow on her face, and she talked with us and told us fairy stories. I do not know how old she was at that time. She was like a child in her helplessness, and yet she was so serious and thoughtful that she must have been more than a child. If people spoke of her, they involuntarily spoke in a low voice, and gently. Often when I saw her lying so silent and helpless, and thought that she might never be able to walk, and that there was neither labor nor pleasure in store for her, and that she would be carried back and forward on her couch, until she should at last be laid on her last couch of rest, I asked myself why she was sent into this world, when she might have rested so sweetly in the lap of angels: they would have carried her through the air on their soft wings, as I have seen them in many of the images in the churches. And then I felt as if I must share a part of her sufferings, so that she might not suffer alone, but me with her. But I could not say all this to her, for I scarcely knew it myself. I only *felt* something; it was not as if I

must fall on her neck, — no one could do that, for it might have hurt her. But it seemed to me that I could pray for her from the very depths of my heart, that she might be released from her sufferings.

One warm spring day she was again brought into our room. She looked very pale, but her eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, and she sat on her couch and asked us to come near to her. "This is my birthday," she said, "and I have been confirmed this morning. Now it is quite possible," she continued, looking at her father with a smile on her face, "that God will soon call me to himself, although I would gladly stay much longer with you. But when the time comes that I must leave you, I would not like to be wholly forgotten, and so I have brought a ring for each of you, which you must wear now on your forefinger, and when you grow larger, you can wear it on one of the others, till it comes to fit the little finger; but you must wear it there all your life."

With these words she took the five rings which she wore on her fingers, drawing one off after the other, looking all the time so sad, and at the same time so lovingly, that I shut my eyes to keep from crying. She gave the first ring to her eldest brother, and kissed him, and then the second and the third to the two princesses, and the fourth to the youngest prince, kissing them all as she gave the rings to them. I stood by looking steadily at her white hand, and I saw that she had still a ring on her finger; but she took a reclining posture and seemed exhausted. Then my eye met hers, and as the eyes of a child speak so plainly, she could not but be aware what was passing within me. I would much rather not have had the last ring, for I felt that I was a stranger, that I did not belong to her, that she did not love me so much as her brothers and sisters. At this thought, something gave me a sudden pain in my breast, as if a vein had opened or a nerve been cut, and I knew not which way to look to conceal my distress. But

she raised herself up, laid her hand upon my forehead, and looked so deeply into my eyes that I felt as if there were no thought within me which she could not see. She drew the last ring slowly from her finger and gave it to me, saying: "I meant to take this with me when I leave you all, but it is better that thou shouldst wear it, and think of me when I am no longer with you. Read the words which are written on the ring: 'As God wills.' Thou hast a wild and a tender heart; may life tame, but not harden it." And saying this, she kissed me as she had her brothers, and gave me the ring.

What passed within me on this, I cannot distinctly tell. I had grown up already to be a boy, and the soft beauty of the suffering angel had not been without its attraction to my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love, — and they love with a depth, truth, and purity which but few can retain in adolescence and maturity. But I thought that she belonged to those *strangers* to whom one must not say that they love. The serious words which she said to me I scarcely heard; I only felt that her spirit was as near to mine as those of two human beings can be to each other. All bitterness had vanished from my heart; I felt myself no longer alone, not strange, not excluded, but by her, with her, and in her. Then I thought that it would be a sacrifice for her to give me the ring, and that she would like better to take it with her to the grave. And then a feeling came to my heart, that overpowered all other feelings, and I said, with a hesitating voice: "Thou must keep the ring, if thou wouldst give it to me; for what is thine, that is mine." She looked at me an instant with surprise, and musingly. Then she took the ring, replaced it on her finger, kissed me again on the forehead, and said to me in a low voice, "Thou dost not know what thou sayest. Learn to understand thyself, and thou wilt be happy, and make many others happy."

Fourth Recollection.

Every life has its years, during which we go forward as on a dusty, uniform alley of poplars, without knowing where we are, and of which nothing remains in our memory but the melancholy thoughts that we have been going on, and have grown older. As long as the river of life flows on tranquilly, it remains the same river, and only the landscape on both shores seems to change. Then come the waterfalls of life. These remain fixed in the memory, and even when we have got far beyond them, and are approaching nearer and nearer to the silent sea of eternity, it is as if we still heard from afar their rushing and raging; indeed, we even feel that the strength of life which remains and urges us forwards, still derives from those waterfalls its strength and nourishment.

The time of going to school had passed, and the first years of life at the University were over, — and many beautiful life-dreams were passed too, — but one thing had remained: Faith in God and in man. Life had indeed become very different from what had been thought of it in the childish brain; but everything had gained a higher consecration, and exactly the painful and mysterious circumstances of life had become proofs to me of the omnipresence of the Divine in the earthly. "The least thing does not disturb thee, unless God wills it," — this was the short maxim of life-wisdom which I had adopted.

Now came the summer holidays, and I returned with them to my native place. What a joy is that of reunion! No one has ever explained it, but the seeing again, the finding again, the memory of one's self, is the chief secret of all pleasures and of all enjoyment. What one sees, hears, or tastes for the first time, may be beautiful and good and agreeable; but it is too new, it surprises us, we have not yet enjoyed it tranquilly, and the excitement of the enjoyment is greater than the enjoyment itself. But

to hear a familiar piece of music again after a long interval, when we thought we had forgotten every note of it, and yet, as fast as they came, to greet each one as an old acquaintance, — or to stand again after many years before the Madonna de Son Sisto in Dresden, and then to recall all the feelings which the infinitely spiritual eye of the child have kindled in you from year to year, — or even to smell a flower, or taste something pleasant, of which we have never thought since our school-days, — all this gives one so deep a joy, that we know not whether we rejoice more at the present impression or the old recollection. And so when one returns after long years to his native place, the soul unconsciously swims in a sea of memories, and the dancing waves break mysteriously on the shores of long past times. The church-clock strikes, and we feel as if we should be too late for school, and then recover from the fright, and rejoice that this trouble is past. A dog runs across the street; it is the same dog which years ago we went so far out of the way to avoid. There sits the old apple-woman, whose apples once led us into temptation, and which now, in spite of all the dust with which they are covered, we fancy must taste better than any other apples in the world. There they have torn down a house and built a new one, — that was the house where our old music-teacher lived: he is dead; but how pleasant it used to be to stand here under the window on a summer day and listen to the good soul, when the hours of daylight had passed, pleasing himself with his fantasiren, and like a steam-pipe letting off all the superfluous steam which had been collecting during the day, with rushing and impetuous sound. And here in this narrow path in the grove, — but it seemed then much wider, — here it was that, as I was coming home late one evening, I met our neighbor's pretty daughter. I had never ventured before to look at or speak to her; but we boys in the school often talked about her, and called her the handsome girl; and

when I saw her at a distance coming down the road, I was so delighted I could scarcely believe that I should ever be so near to her. Yes, and here in this wood-walk, which leads to the church-yard, I met her one evening, and she took me by the arm, although we had never before spoken to each other, and said she would go home with me. I believe we neither of us spoke a word the whole way; but I was so happy, that even now, after many years, when I think of it, I could wish the time would come again, and that I could walk home again so silent and so happy with "the handsome girl."

And thus one recollection follows another, until the waves meet over our heads, and a long sigh escapes from our breast, which warns us that by mere thinking we have even forgotten to take breath. Then the whole dream-world vanishes, as risen shadows at the crowing of the cock.

Now when I passed by the old castle and the linden-trees, and saw the body-guards on their horses, and the high steps, what memories rushed into my soul, and how was everything here altered! It was many years since my visits to the castle had ceased. The Princess was dead, the Prince had resigned his place and gone to Italy; the eldest Prince, whose companion I had been, having assumed the government. His train consisted of young noblemen and officers, whose company was agreeable to him, and whose society had wholly estranged him from his former playmates. Other circumstances contributed to dissolve our youthful friendship. Like every young man when he first learns the needs of the German people, and the crimes of the German government, I had acquired readily some phrases of the liberal party, and these would sound, at the least, somewhat as indecent expressions might in a respectable clergyman's family. In short, for many years I had not once gone up the steps. And yet, there lived in the castle one being whose name I pro-

nounced almost daily, and whose memory was almost constantly present with me. I had long accustomed myself to the thought that I should never see her again in this world; indeed, she had attained in my mind a form such as I knew did not and could not exist in reality. She had become my good angel, my other self, to whom I spoke instead of speaking with myself. How this had happened I could not explain even to myself, for I really scarcely knew her, and only as the eye at times transforms the clouds into living figures, so, I felt, had my imagination enchanted before me this shadowy apparition in the sky of my childhood, and from the delicately drawn lines of reality my fancy had constructed a complete picture. My whole course of thought had involuntarily become a dialogue with her, and everything which was good in me, everything for which I strove, everything in which I believed, my better self, — all this belonged to her, I gave it to her, it came from her lips, from the lips of my good angel.

I had been but a few days in my paternal home, when I received one morning a letter. It was written in English, and came from the Countess Maria.

"DEAR FRIEND: —

"I hear you are with us for a short time. We have not met for many years, and if it is agreeable to you, I should like to see an old friend again. You will find me alone this afternoon in the Swiss cottage.

"Yours sincerely,

"MARIA."

I wrote back immediately, also in English, that I would wait upon her in the afternoon.

The Swiss house formed a wing of the castle, which was towards the garden, and which could be entered without going through the court-yard. It was five o'clock when I went through the garden and approached the house. I struggled to repress all emotion, and prepared myself for

a formal interview. I endeavored to quiet my good angel within me, and to prove to her that this lady had absolutely nothing to do with her. And yet I felt myself very uneasy, and my good angel herself would not inspire me with any courage. At last I took heart, murmured something to myself about the masquerade of life, and knocked at the door which stood half open.

There was no one in the room but a lady whom I did not know, and who immediately addressed me in English, and told me the Countess would be here directly. Then she went away, and I was left alone, and had time to look about me.

The walls of the room were of oak-wood, and there was a twisted lattice-work all around, on which a full, broad-leaved ivy was entwined, which went round the whole apartment. The tables and chairs were all of carved oak. The floor was of tessellated wood-work. It made a singular impression to find in this room so much that was familiar to me. Many objects were known to me, being from our old play-room at the castle; but others, namely, the pictures, were new, and yet they were the same pictures which I myself had in my room at the University. On the walls were hanging the portraits of Beethoven, of Handel, and of Mendelssohn, — the very same which I had myself chosen. In one corner I saw the Venus of Milo, which I had always regarded as the finest statue from antiquity. There on the table lay volumes of Dante, of Shakespeare, Tauler's Sermons, the "Germania Theologia," Rückert's Poems, Tennyson and Burns, Carlyle's "Past and Present," — the very books which lay in my study, and which I had just before had in my hands. I began to be perplexed in mind, but I shook off my strange thoughts, and was just standing before the picture of the deceased Princess, when the doors opened, and two bearers, the same whom I had so often seen when a child, brought the Countess into the room reclining on her couch.

What a vision! She did not speak, and her face was calm as a lake, until the bearers had left the room. Then she turned her eyes on me, — those same deep, impenetrable eyes, — her face became every moment more animated, until her whole countenance wore a smile, and she said: "We are old friends; I think we have not changed for each other, — I cannot say *Sie*, — and if I may not say *Du*, we must talk in English. Do you understand me?"

I was not prepared for this reception, yet I saw there was here no masked ball; here was a soul seeking for a soul; here was a greeting, as when two friends, in spite of their disguise, in spite of their black masks, recognize each other by the mere glance of the eye, — I seized her hand which she held out to me, and said, "When one speaks to an angel, he cannot say *Sie*."

And yet how peculiar is the force of the forms and customs of life, how difficult is it, even with souls the most closely allied, to speak the language of nature! The intercourse was constrained, and we both felt the embarrassment of the moment. I broke the silence by saying just what came into my head: "Men are accustomed from their infancy to live in a cage, and even when they are in free air they do not venture to move their wings, and are afraid every moment of striking against something should they attempt to fly."

"Yes," said she, "and that is all just right, and cannot be otherwise. We often wish, to be sure, that we could live like the birds, who fly about in the woods, and meet each other on the boughs, and sing together without waiting to be introduced. But, my friend, there are among birds owls and sparrows, and it is well that we may go by these in life as if we did not know them. Yes, it is perhaps in life as in poetry; and as the true poet knows how to say the truest and most beautiful things in a prescribed form, so should men also know how to preserve the freedom of thought and feeling, in spite of the fetters of society."

I could not help reminding her of Plato's lines: —

"For what, where'er we find it,
Shows an eternal life,
Is when our bounded language
With boundless thought is rife."

"Yes," said she, with a friendly and almost a roguish smile; "but I have a privilege from my sufferings and my isolation; and I often pity the young girls and the young men, that they cannot have any confidence and any familiarity with each other, without either themselves, or their friends for them, being forced to think of love, or of what is called love. By this means they lose a great deal. The girl does not know what slumbers in her soul, and what might be awakened there by the earnest words of a noble friend, and the young man would regain so many knightly virtues, if women ventured to be the distant spectators of the inward struggles of their spirits. But this does not answer, for love must always come into the game, or what is called love, — that quick beating of the heart, that stormy movement of hope, the pleasure in a pretty face, the sweet emotion, perhaps even the prudential calculation, — in short, just everything which disturbs that ocean calmness, which is, after all, the true image of pure human love."

With this she stopped suddenly, and an expression of pain passed over her face. "I must not talk any more to-day," said she; "my physician would not allow it. I should like to hear a song of Mendelssohn, — the duet, — my young friend used to play that years ago. Did he not?"

I could not answer, for just as she left off speaking, and folded her hands as before, I saw on her hand a ring, — she wore it on her little finger; — it was the ring which she had given me, and which I had given back to her. The thoughts were too many to be clothed in words, and I placed myself at the harpsichord and played.

When I had done, I turned round, looked at her, and said, "If one could only speak so in tones without words!"

"And that may be," said she. "I understand all. But to-day I cannot speak any more, for I grow weaker every day. But we must get used to one another, and a poor, sick *solitaire* may count upon indulgence. We will meet to-morrow evening at the same hour. Shall we not?"

I took her hand, I would have kissed it. But she held my hand firmly, pressing it, and saying, "That is best. Good by!"

THE IMMEDIATE VISION OF GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH, BY C. A. BARTOL.

REV. 4, 2: — "And immediately I was in the Spirit; and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."

You will bear me witness, that I seldom preach what is called a doctrinal sermon. If I do it to-day, it is because I think it seasonable and useful in the aspects of the times. "I was in the Spirit *immediately*," says the writer of this book. Whoever he was, he certainly was an inspired man, if anybody ever was inspired, or if a divinely exalted heart and sanctified imagination be essentially what by inspiration we mean. — "Immediately I was in the Spirit."

But this statement does not fall in with most of the thinking and the popular theology of our day. If we were asked what substantive word of general meaning recurs most frequently in the human speech of this age, we should answer, It is the word, of precisely contrary signification, *Medium*. This is a material word in Natural Philosophy. Through what *medium*, light or air, solid or fluid, electric or magnetic, was an observation made, a result reached, a discovery confirmed? It is a sentimental word in society. Through what *medium* did the acquaintance, introduction,

message, or letter come? It is a word, sometimes very spiritual and sometimes very gross, in religion. By what mediation, personal, ecclesiastical, or dogmatic shall the soul of man behold, arrive at, and know God?

This last is the most important question that can be asked. Let me, in answer to it, maintain, by the warrant of reason and all Scripture, as well as of our text, the possibility and reality of an interior and immediate acquaintance with God. That the soul has momentous *mediate* or indirect relations to its Author, through nature and history, through Christ and the Church and all living humanity, I do not deny, but gladly and gratefully own. But that in nature and the Church, in the flood of events and the host of persons, the soul of every one has or may have an immediate relation also to the Most High, I both affirm in the light of truth, and I might cite the loftiest experience, the most ecstatic piety, blessed living and triumphant dying, in proof. Of all the literature, however, in which such things have been recorded, excepting only the Gospels, and perhaps some of the Psalms, the Book of Revelation stands at the head. The author of the Revelation asserts *his* direct heavenly vision. In this immediate opening on his intuitive mind, what did he see? Here certainly is the decisive point, conclusive of all controversy about the Godhead. When all was clear in a blaze of light, through all height and breadth of perception and prospect, what did he see? A throne, and *One* sitting on it. There was no *Trinity*, then, when the sky was uncapped, and the doors flung wide from the mansions of glory, and the very constitution of the heavenly hierarchy unveiled. The Greek pronoun used allows nothing but unity. There was no *third* or *second* person visible in the supreme seat disclosed to the prophet's eye.

It was not because he did not see what there was to be seen. Certainly no believer in the Book and its infallibility can take that ground. It was not because the sup-

posed second person in the Godhead was absent at the time, on earth and in the flesh. Long before, the Saviour of the world had risen and ascended; and, as we learn elsewhere in this very book, he was actually in heaven receiving homage as the Lamb and Son of God, but not as the absolute, all-perfect, and eternal One. As to the third person in the Trinitarian Godhead, not only did none such occupy the throne of the universe, thus made apparent to the great seer who is supposed to have had his earthly observatory of heavenly things in the isle called Patmos; but none such, as *a third person*, was visible, or anywhere *extant*, in the scene of supernal splendor described. The Spirit, to this sublime scribe of the Apocalypse, came not as a person at all. It was a *presence*, that encompassed him. It was an air he breathed. It was a power he was in. It was an effluence of God himself, who sat on the throne, the *object* of his sight, yet moreover passing to and beyond with measureless and infinite reach, to fold him as the subject of eternal and incomprehensible love.

Nor was this any peculiarity of John. Whenever there is the same immediate vision, the same thing will of course inevitably be seen, namely, the unity of God. Such a position, however, may by some be called in question. Trinitarians, formalists, theologians, and ecclesiastics in general may deny it. They may say, John, with his inspired imagination, could have this glimpse of the essential *one*ness of Deity. Paul and Peter in their apostleship could have it. David, celestially smitten to sing and sweep his harp-strings, could have it. Isaiah and Jeremiah, with their burdens of predictions and lamentations specially laid upon them, could have it. Moses, raised up among the Hebrews for a leader of the people, and a herald and ante-type of the Messiah to come, could have it. That Messiah, when he came, could have it in immeasurable view. But common and uninspired mortals can have it no more. The human soul — that, on earth, depraved and degraded thing — cannot have it. Im-

mediate spiritual communion of inward joy with God is a possibility no longer. The *vision* of God in any way is a historic fact alone. It is a record in certain documents. It is an antiquity which scholarship has transported to us over the tide of thousands of years. So the Protestants will tell us. The Romanists in turn declare, it is a limited fund, of which this great corporation of theirs in the Church is exclusive trustee. Although the immediate vision, where that is possible, may be of unity, yet for common men, for the mass of men, it is pronounced impossible. We are dependent on a medium; and that dogmatic, ecclesiastic medium certainly teaches a trinity. Nay, in man's inability to realize unity, the trinity is a device of mercy to give him a practical understanding of God.

It has come to this, then, has it? to this pass, our miserable polemics, as the result of ages of argument, have brought us, that we can have no direct feeling of God! Mankind, his own children, can have no feeling of their Father! The human soul, his offspring, cannot lean on his bosom and be sensible of the love and wisdom of which it was begotten and born! Paul was not right when he said, that in him we live, and move, and have our being. The Inspirer is gone. Inspiration is dead and buried. About forty men in all, since the foundation of the world, have been inspired, — to speak and write the Bible, — but of others none! Nay, — knowing God in my own breast, beholding others around me that thus know him in his essence and unity, and reading in the Bible countless affirmations of our power to apprehend the one infinite reality, — while every moral creature of necessity affirms and takes this power for granted in every word and act and inward motion of prayer, — I will not deign to stoop from the height and clearness of such knowledge, to refute the contrary assumption. It is absurd, irrational, and on the face of it self-refuted.

Besides, observe to what wretched consequence it leads, of shutting us up in unavoidable illusion! If John *saw* that

One, without distinction of persons, was on the throne, such at any rate must be the *fact* in this case of divinity, as Trinitarians themselves must admit, whether *we* can see it to be the fact or not. If, on account of our weakness and sin, we must see the Divinity threefold, then all is, we must see it as it is *not* in fact. We must see double, as we say, or treble, as a jaundiced, distorted eye does, when there is but a single object. If God is revealed as threefold, he is revealed as he is not in fact, that is, he is revealed untruly, in accommodation to the weak and guilty human mind. Many theologians boldly take this ground, that we cannot see God as he is, but only under some disguise or false appearance, as we see the sun through a cloud or piece of smoked glass, or as a mock-sun is painted in faint watery reflection and repetition through the mist on the horizon of the earth.

To this I put but one question in reply. Is such a lying communication to be ascribed to the Source of all mercy and truth? No! otherwise indeed he communicates the truth of the unity in which he sits on his throne! Throne, as you know, in the symbolism of the Scriptures, means supremacy. Here, then, in one text, we have the two ideas of supremacy and unity as constituting the Divine nature. Indeed, the Trinity of three equal persons, first, second, and third, in the Godhead, is self-contradictory. The second person cannot be equal to the first. In the very order assumed for it of being second and secondary, it is of course inferior and derived. That there are three great names, heavenly offices and influences, reason admits as freely as Scripture declares. But the co-equally personal Trinity of the creeds, in any statement of it ever made, thus, like a shell with an explosive mixture inside, is blown to atoms on the way by what itself contains. The *second* cannot be the causative, commencing, and creating force, but must itself be dependent thereon. In truth both learning and genius are well aware that the Trinity is not an

original inspiration of the soul, or teaching of any divine prophet, or belief of the first centuries of our religion, but the ecclesiastical invention and prudential metaphysical construction of a later age.

But to any one who disputes these points, and also denies the immediate vision which patriarchs and prophets, Psalmist and Apostle, affirm, and every holy soul has had, — to any one who sees no sense in Christ's own declaration, that "the pure in heart shall see God," — I shall reply, furthermore, that the vision of him through any true *medium* or *mediator* is the vision of his *unity* still. It is only when the medium or mediator is allowed to become a substitute for the object which its only business is to disclose, that any doubleness in our conception is introduced. If we choose to make the medium or mediator another deity equal with the original one whom it but proposes to show, then we have two gods, three gods, as many gods as there are mediums or mediators; and we may worship, as Romanists and Romanizing people do, the Child and the Virgin, the Host and the saints. But we can do it only by violating, and just in proportion as we violate, not only the soul's immediate relation to God, but also the very office for which a medium or mediator exists. What is that office? Never to be itself a finality! Not to be opaque at all, or ever to stand distinctly between to stop our vision! It self-destructively would lose and abolish thus its one quality, which is simply to manifest what is beyond itself. This, according to its truth or perfection, it always does.

Do you query as to this position? I need only refer to familiar earthly illustrations to prove it. *Glass* is an ordinary material medium. But two persons on an evening walk through a neighboring street see in the entry of a dwelling-house a light burn so clear, they cannot decide whether there *be* any glass betwixt it and their eyes. The glass, like a good medium, indeed, makes nothing of itself, and disappears. I

saw a diamond, glued to the under side of the top of a jeweller's case, yet through the transparent partition shining so clear, that a thief, passing by, might be tempted to try to seize it, it so manifestly seemed to be on the outside. The medium did its work so completely as utterly to vanish away. *Air* is a medium. I stood some years ago, in Switzerland, on the Wengern Alp, and gazed over at the Jungfrau, looking like the snowy vertex of the sky, being nearly three miles above the level of the sea. Its distance from me seemed horizontally but an arrow's flight, though it was ten miles off, so fine and modest a medium the clear air was to make the mountain known. I walked in a hollow of some hills, after a snow-patch, to which I imagined a few steps would fetch me, to quench the thirst occasioned by a very long and laborious ascent; but, after I had discovered and begun to seek it with a half-hour's fatiguing jaunt, the snow-patch still kept me at bay with its far-off glittering crystals of frost, so spotless was the medium of the atmosphere through which it was beheld.

When, too, the medium is one of organized life, we have evidence to the same result. The *face* of a man is the medium of his soul. But when, by the working of a noble soul, it has been wrought and transformed into a faultless medium, we do not much peruse the separate features, — face, forehead, and mouth, — or dwell on the fleshly substance and shape; but, through all that is external and material, the inner power, thought, and love of our admired and endeared ones pass into our own bosoms. This explains the fact, that intimate lovers and kindred cannot, even so well as comparative strangers to them may, describe each other's physical characteristics. Two warm friends of a man once disputed, and were unable to decide, on a matter so obvious as the color of his eyes. It was, of course, because his eyes, faithful mediums, as God meant they should be, had done nothing for his friends but to convey his heart and mind. What did it matter

whether they were blue or gray or black? We speak of the qualities of a voice, — of a sweet, rich, loud, mellow voice. I hope it is not in poor taste or a heresy to say so; but it is a bad voice that draws attention to itself, though its tones were as delicious ear-drink as can come from an organ or Æolian harp. The best voice is that which most disappears and is consumed in its meaning, and which you cannot remember or even hear in any separate sound, save as a pure and perfect *medium* of the sentiment or idea it would express. So of all mediums. *The imperfection of the medium* is what the so-called school of Spiritualists at the present day complain of, in the communications from the unseen land they profess to receive.

So of the great and truly perfect Mediator between God and man. The office, the glory, of Jesus Christ is not to be part of a Trinity, second person in a Godhead, but to be a medium to show God himself, to bring *him* near, to break down all walls that had intervened, never by any means to make or be a new wall, and no wise to eclipse the Almighty Friend with his own personality, but just to let the absolute Being and Glory, in its own wonderful unity, through. In one word, the Mediator discharges and fulfils his work when he sinks from sight and draws us into immediate view of our God and Father, such as elevated and blessed the inspired penman of our text. So then we end where, in this discourse, we began. Mediate knowledge of God concludes in immediate, and both in unity.

We may doubtless properly consider Jesus Christ, in his own life and character, as an individual being by himself; but in *his capacity as Mediator*, that is, his highest capacity, his charm, his beauty, his excellency is, by whatever he does and says, to acquaint us with Him that sent him. So of all things which are mediums or mediations to us of the Divine. As the sweet singer, Herbert, tells us, —

"A man that looks on glass,
On it may *stay* his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

So we may look on or through Jesus Christ. He is the glass of God. All the objects of nature — stones, trees, stars, and animals — may be studied in themselves for their particular attributes. But when to the true, that is, lowly and reverent, man of science, as he studies them, appears the consistent plan, on which throughout the creation is made, suddenly the whole manifold existence, organized and inorganic, becomes a transparency for the being and unity of God. The mediation leads to immediate view, and that contemplates always and only One. So Kepler, the great astronomer, declares that through the maze of systems, vanishing like a cloud, he saw God passing by, making him the observer stand in wonder mute and still. In that vision was no trinity, but unity alone.

Not the knowing head alone, but the feeling heart, demands oneness in the object of its highest worship and love. When we are stirred with gratitude, when we are kindled with spiritual affection, or straitened in our sore need, while what is most precious to our eyesight is lowered into the grave, we want but One. We go and can go to but one Deliverer, Benefactor, and all-sufficient Friend. All about twos and threes, trigonometrical modes and persons, confuses us. God can be put into no such logical pound with triangular fence. As Luther sees Melancthon sick and ready to die, he turns to the window and clasps his hands in prayer. The attendant physician, the kneeling and weeping friends, the room and furniture, are lost to his sight. He looks up and pours out the most fervent prayer, crying, "Our Lord God!" for the recovery of his friend. No threefold conception of the Deity is in his mind. That is forgotten, left behind in the creeds of

synods and the speculations of the schools. He is a Unitarian then and there three centuries ago, as John was nineteen centuries ago, and, in all he says afterwards about the merciful answer to his request, recognizes only the One Source of all pity and love. Even the adorer of Christ is, while adoring, perforce a Unitarian, for in his adoration he makes him to be the only God.

As the *head*, in the clear light and before the open windows of the universe, can own but one Creator; and as the *heart* can love and adore but one Father; so the *conscience and will*, too, in all their work of duty, can see, in the Apostle's phrase, but one Lawgiver. All science and experience, spite of huge ranks behind in darkness still, marshal the van to this result. Moral obligation, progressive knowledge, and holy, unbounded love, in the mind and breast and life of man, thus accept and confirm the report of that sky-piercing gazer from the rocky isle in the Ægean Sea, of *One sitting on the throne*. May they prevail to form in *us* sometimes the state of mind represented by that modern poet of spiritual truth, Wordsworth, in his book of "The Wanderer":—

> "In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> His *mind* was a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made him; *it* was blessedness and love."

THE WARFARE OF LIFE.

DIMLY lies the way before thee,
Child of earth, though heir of heaven;
Oft the shadows darken o'er thee;
Oft thy heart by grief is riven.

Veiled in mystery lies the morrow,
Yet thy feet must onward press:
Know'st thou not that joy and sorrow
Come alike with power to bless?

Sacred is the life thou bearest, —
Thou to angel hosts allied;
While thy Maker's seal thou wearest,
Let no sin His impress hide.

Life is conflict: hostile legions
Camp around thee day and night:
Thou must march through desert regions,
Ere thou reach the world of light.

Falter not, though human weakness
Oft thy rising hope o'ercast;
Fruits may spring in Christian meekness
From the errors of the past.

Gird thee at the call of duty;
Hold no loving service mean:
Thou shalt find a heavenly beauty,
Lighting even the darkest scene.

Hark! the angel spirits call thee;
Radiant forms above thee bend;
Let not grief nor sin enthrall thee,
While such hosts thy course attend.

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OUR LIBERTY AND PLACE IN THE CHURCH.

THE great Apostle of the Gentiles is also the great Apostle of Liberty. The philosophers and statesmen, even Luther and Milton, have not defined and justified our liberty with Paul's precision and fulness. He told the Corinthian church once, and now tells all churches and all men, in the same explicit language, that this principle is not supreme, but is limited by other spiritual forces, and fulfils its office only when allowing them to direct and qualify its own energy and activity. The mind is free to renounce idolatry and mammon, but by the exercise of the same freedom it is impelled to accept and worship the true God. In all his expositions, he is careful to keep this strong and often unruly element in its appointed place and sphere, to show where it belongs and what it is ordained to do, and settle its rank in the order of our human faculties. Liberty, according to the Apostle, does not mean unconditional license, — freedom to *do* everything and *obey* nothing. It does not imply all absence of restraint, or all abnegation of law. Rights are sacred as well as liberty, and no man is permitted to interfere with another on the plea that he is free, and can do as he will. That boast is itself an abuse, and implies the bondage a man is in to some low passion or prejudice. For it is not liberty that is absolute, but God.

We prosecute inquiry under the stimulus of liberty, and nothing else gives such vigor to our higher mental processes; but in all research, the way is not quite free to the end, — we meet checks and limitations which suggest the presence and action of other forces, equally to be heeded and worthy of equal authority in making up the final judgment. The sentiments that oftenest interfere with our liberty are among the most profound of our religious nature, — such as wonder and awe and reverence. To a devout soul the exercise of liberty tends more strongly to belief than to

denial, as Paul assured the Corinthians that it was a higher mood of mind to confess the Father and the Son, than to expose an idol which they had found out to be "nothing in the world." Thus we are sometimes free to *do;* and again, a right freedom requires us to *refrain* from *doing*. Liberty does not lead us off on a straight line of unrestricted, lawless, and irresponsible action. Liberty does not mean license, excess.

Our ecclesiastical position is usually described by this word. We are called Liberal Christians, indicating a place independent and outside of the church that asserts an evangelical submission and doctrinal conformity. Taking our position as the index of our creed, other denominations suppose that we hold only lax and indefinite notions of religion; and it would be but natural, if sometimes we fell into such notions, — if we actually held the very errors that we are charged with, and drifted away from the higher sentiments, under the lead of our liberality and independence. Men often find idols where there are none, and they do not always find God where he is. So with us. We are liable to go astray, and to mistake error for truth. But down in our hearts we are honest men, and do not mean to be misled by words, — neither to worship idols, nor to forget God. We range ourselves with all true seekers and worshippers. And as our place is not defined by creed or form or authoritative priesthood, we must, from time to time, define it for ourselves, — show in word and life how we are a living branch of the true Vine. This we believe it possible to do, and, more than this, indicate some marked advantage over those brethren who stand *within* the great ecclesiastical bodies and sects. Surely we have our strong point, and we may assert it and maintain it, without attributing any weakness to others. Here we do not boast of ourselves, but rather vindicate a principle.

It is true our ecclesiastical position is an outside one, and therefore, of necessity, liberal and independent. Naturally,

we should be the first to find out the idols and the idolatries. Men out in God's free world, thinking for themselves, are not going to worship stocks and stones, or bow down to venerable superstitions. They are going to search, and criticise, and doubt, — "to prove all things," in order to obey the Apostle's further injunction, that they may "hold fast that which is good." And is not this process of sifting and discrimination both needful and healthful? In the course of ages, good and evil, the wheat and the tares, grow up together. Error follows hard upon the footsteps of truth. Idolatry finds a place beside the true worship. False doctrine creeps into the Church. The regenerate life and faith of the heart — the only two things that have the Master's unqualified sanction — are pushed aside, or cumbered with extraneous and unwieldy forms and dogmas. The beautiful simplicity of the New Testament is obscured or overlaid. The truth, as it rings out clear and sharp, in those living words of the Redeemer and Evangelist, as it clings to the awakened conscience, or melts a gentle influence into the believer's soul, is carefully folded up in the choicest ecclesiastical linen, and only brought out to grace a holiday or a sacrament. Christ himself is forgotten, — that terribly earnest life, marked by the forty days of fasting and temptation, by the betrayal and the garden and the crucifixion, is forgotten, — the agony, the privation, the suffering, all are forgotten. In our popular, formal, easy, and indolent worship, who remembers the Lord, that "he had not where to lay his head"?

And again, there is the vicious spirit of religious controversy. For what have men been persecuted and made outcast? Why have good men been dragged to dungeons, and stretched upon the rack, and tied to the stake? Serious, awful questions, that cannot be answered, except in shame and confusion, and the deepest humility. Very often ecclesiastical disputants wax warmest over doctrines that they understand the least. The chief bitterness of contro-

versy in times past was over speculations that have quite ceased to interest the Christian world. They concerned topics that are no longer even named in our modern theologies, and of which the present generation never heard. And to-day is not theological discussion chiefly concerned with a doctrine confessedly mysterious, and acknowledged by believers and unbelievers alike as quite beyond both the reach and the decision of human reason?

Will the Lord permit his kingdom to continue this scene of idle wrangling? Will he not expose the falsities and superstitions that have grown about his own simple truth? Will he not remand his earnest followers from these hidden mysteries to his own intelligible words? Here is the necessity for a class of freemen in the Church, who will accept isolation and risk persecution, and, breaking away from ecclesiastical authority, will acknowledge only Christ, and question every step of their progress, every received doctrine and sacrament. They suspect that idols are hidden away in the temples, and gross idolatries are practised before the altars. They suspect that the churches are not clean, — that they "teach for doctrine the commandments of men." It is the mission of these men, apostles of liberty, to drag the idols forth and expose the false worship. They were raised up to do this very work, and were made so valiant and so able to stand alone, so independent and free. Their mission is worthy, — their work needed. They stand among God's husbandry, stewards of his common bounty. But herein lies also their peril. When you have found the idols, and broken the images, and exposed the superstitions, you are not, of necessity, very far advanced in the true worship. You have found something to reject and deny, and the process, once begun, invites you on to unlimited denial. But no man, having Christ for Master, can linger in the realm of negations, or limit his freedom to the detection of falsities. After you have done with idolatry and superstition, with formality and error, you have still

all the boundless field of reverence and faith and devotion inviting you to toil and believe and trust.

The subject presents another and positive side, more agreeable to contemplate and more abundant in the "fruits of the Spirit." Our position demands of us a frequent and strong assertion of our faith. Good and needed as the work is of sifting the chaff from the wheat, it is not very devout work, and does not foster a specially elevated mood of mind. We are as free to believe as we are to deny; and who will question that generous affirmation and confidence are not the loftier exercises of our moral freedom? Liberty is not only a gift for controversy, for detecting unsound doctrine, for exposing immoralities and sins. It is not a mere implement of warfare or a proclamation of judgment upon errors. There is no liberty like that of being a Son of God. Liberty to *do as one will* is a very broad statement, especially for a being like man, who is neither omniscient nor omnipotent. Man is free to believe in God, not to become an atheist. *That* would extend freedom beyond its sphere, out of its organic place, and convert it into a vice. There are sentiments of our nature which are higher than Liberty, and when they blend with it, and qualify and order it, it takes on a religious character and demands recognition in the Church. Then it is a good element, and clarifies every society where it is admitted and made welcome. It is as such a force that we receive it and keep it among us, — an element of vitality to purge off what is vicious, to bring in what is holy and pure.

Influences over which we now have no control have brought us into our present position. These, and not our choice, have made us an independent church. We *inherit* our place in the Christian commonwealth. But we are not therefore disposed to quarrel with our lot, and seek other relations. It is a mark of true heroism to accept and make the best of one's place, and be content with the allotment of Providence. Let us do *that* cheerfully, reso-

lutely, and we shall speedily find that our path is not without golden opportunity and blessing. We need not measure advantage with others, only be fully conscious of our own, feeling that they are great enough and good enough to involve any amount of responsibility and call for any amount of piety and faith. The infinite heavens bend over *us* as over others, and fold us round in the same loving embrace. We stand as near the Father as if we stood within the fold of Mother Church herself. We have Olivet and Gethsemane and Calvary, and we have the Lord whose footprints and prayers and sufferings made them consecrate. We can pray and repent, be forgiven and be comforted. No duty is shut out from us, no consolation is withheld, no faith is denied. We cannot meet everywhere a welcome from Christian lips, or be recognized within every Christian fold. But we *can* look out beyond our own narrow enclosure, abroad wherever the healing waters have run, wherever there is greenness or beauty or life. We are free where others are trammelled, — free to believe, to serve, to love. Herein is some advantage. True to our position, we should gather the choicest results of all churches, we should have the richest worship and the fullest lives. Others are bound to a particular creed. We can choose out of all creeds. Others are bound to a particular ritual. We can choose out of all rituals. Whatever can excite devotion in the sanctuary, or faith in the heart, we are free to appropriate and use. Having this liberty, we are not permitted to fall into routine, to make *any present* our standard of belief or our limit of progress. We seek the good and true and holy, not standards, neither inflexible doctrines nor forms. It becomes us, therefore, not to be thinking what our Liberality exempts us *from*, but rather what it commits us *to*, — what it implies as the aim of our worship and life.

First, we are committed by our position to the fullest and heartiest worship, to a clear and earnest recognition

of the Father and Son. With all the New Testament explicitness we are to confess Christ before men. A cold, meagre service in the Church ought to be left with believers in special forms and fixed dogmas. Believing in the larger circuit of Christian truth, we should have varieties of form to nurture all sides of the Christian character, and stimulate all individualities of faith and devotion. The word that is all-powerful with some minds is spoken spontaneously, as it is given by the Holy Ghost. The word that is all-powerful with other minds comes hallowed by long and reverent use, borne down through ages of the Church, and fragrant with the breath of saints and confessors. Let both voices be heard in our comprehensive ritual, that we may meet minds of the widest variety, if so be we may win them to Christ. Plainly no one form of outward service, neither the spontaneous nor the liturgical, Congregational or Episcopal, has all the merit and all the advantage. Both have their peculiar excellences, and both have their peculiar imperfections. Can they not be blended and preserve all the better elements, and thereby institute a more complete order of public worship? *We alone*, from our independent position, are free to unite these two methods of prayer and praise in the Church.

Secondly, we are committed to a larger Christian life. The saints of all churches are ours, of Protestant and Catholic alike. We are free to appropriate and gather up the devout experience of all disciples. Cut off from the Church, we yet belong to it, and to all branches of it, as no sectarian can. We are members of the Church Universal, in fellowship with believers of every name, — because to us the Church is not Catholic or Protestant, not Trinitarian or Unitarian, but simply the body of Christ. Whatever is Christian we mean to receive, — to adopt it as our own, and build it into our system of faith. We have less excuse than any Christians in the world for coldness, indifference, unbelief, and lack of earnest love. We ought to go fore-

most in the army of the Living God, in the heralding of truth and in the work of charity. We ought to be firm, immovable, steadfast, when others waver and fall back. We are committed, pledged men, and the highest service of God invites us and waits for us.

D. C.

ANGELS OF THE HOME.

I HAVE walked with blessed angels here below:
In the smile of pure affection's hallowed glow,
Danced the sunny hours of childhood, bright and gay;
Rolled the years of deeper feeling swift away.

Holy counsel, high communion, words of love,
Mingled hopes of things eternal, things above,
Made my earthly home a heaven, where the soul
Opened as the flowers to spring-time's sweet control.

Have the blessed angels left me here below?
Do I through a vale of sadness mourning go?
No; in love's celestial sunlight still they rest,
Brooding gently o'er the waters of my breast.

Still the flowers of sweet affection round me grow;
Earthly love about my pathway sheds its glow;
Hallowed memories round me thronging from the past,
Still their soothing, strengthening influence o'er me cast.

Thou of holy love the Fountain, let my heart
Ever in the home's sweet music bear its part.
Bid each jarring chord within me cease to thrill;
To each earth-born passion whisper, "Peace! be still."

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DUTY AND LOVE.

The question, with what motives we are to rest satisfied in our endeavors after the Christian life, what is the only abiding power that can govern the soul and secure loyalty to God, has been answered so differently, that the young Christian is often much perplexed, in his work of self-examination, to ascertain whether he is influenced by a holy motive and a divine power, and not by mere self-interest.

Some have maintained that all our actions, even those seemingly benevolent, spring wholly from selfish motives, — from the ultimate and sole desire of promoting our own well-being and happiness. But this theory, false as it is, cannot ignore the *sense of obligation*, which is but another name for duty; it simply makes the obligation due to self, rather than to some power out of and above self. Now the simple, abstract idea of duty is so inherent in every human mind, — the sense of Right and Wrong as a distinct element of consciousness is so constantly appealed to in the Scriptures as a reason for doing or not doing, — that any attempt to prove the need of regarding this as a fundamental, controlling power in the soul, is futile. The child, as soon as he is capable of perceiving the distinction between right and wrong, is conscious of it; the parent and the teacher appeal to this distinction, and disobedience is known to bring unhappiness and unrest, before duty and obedience are made matters of reflection. Now it is this sense of obligation, dwelling in every heart, manifested under every form of religious worship and phase of belief, quickened and elevated to a nobler motive of action by a devout Christian faith, that distinguishes man as man; and however great his acquirements, he can never outgrow its abiding, constraining power. As he advances in the Christian life, it only assumes a deeper and fuller significance, enlightening the conscience, quickening every active power, leading him to be less and less satisfied

with a mere outward conformity, and urging the soul to that obedience of the heart, that entire purity of purpose and motive, which alone can satisfy the true and sensitive conscience. The standard of the perfect in Christ Jesus is at length clearly seen, and to strive after divine purity becomes the only limit to the sense of the soul's obligation to God.

But just here we are met by a new and deeper want, not always experienced in the earlier stages of the religious life, — at least, not in its fullest longings, — or, if experienced, not always rightly met and interpreted.

Conscience, when awake and sensitive, becomes a hard taskmaster, unless with its promptings be blended a new and still higher motive to action, — that of personal affection, of love to Him to whom the obligation is due. Too often is duty, simply as duty, set before the mind, uninviting and cheerless. The soul acknowledges the constraining power, but it acts mechanically, often with weariness, and sometimes with an impatient longing to be freed from the restraint. It fulfils its accustomed vocations, not with a glad, loving alacrity, but with a feeling that such *must* be accomplished; not from a loving sympathy with the Master's spirit.

The little child, fulfilling his parents' wishes the most faithfully, is the one who *loves* much, and whose affections prompt to a cheerful, earnest obedience, even where the motives to the command cannot be understood. Yet we have known those who seem never to have transferred to the Heavenly Parent, never to have incorporated into the soul's most secret life, this freer, nobler, more comprehensive principle of action. They have struggled through years of darkness, seeking to satisfy conscience, keenly sensitive to every failure, scrupulous in the performance of outward duties, faithful in self-examination, yet gaining no true peace, no freedom in the inward life. Day after day they have gone forth to their duties with a conscientiousness too sensitive to rest satisfied with anything short of a perfect obedience, and a zeal too earnest to be content with

aught less than an entire consecration, and yet with the constant sense of short-coming; there have been doubt, unrest, and the want of that conscious union with the Redeemer which alone gives peace in the midst of failures. Why should there be rest? The sense of duty alone — conscience, without a Divine mediation, without the reconciling love of Christ in the heart — can bring only self-accusation, and an ever-deepening sense of sin. It leads to constant self-introspection, often to a morbid analysis of the inner life, making, though unconsciously, self the centre of action, rather than God. Duty, with no higher motive to quicken the inner life, degenerates into the desire to approve one's self, which is nothing less than self-righteousness; and so the very earnestness of the desire only leads to failure in a new form, simply because the great laws of the soul's deepest life remain unfulfilled.

And we need the sense of reconciliation and forgiveness, of trust and confidence, which are but other names for the all-comprehensive feeling and motive of love, even in the earlier stages of the Christian life? The commencement of that life, though full of short-coming and failure, should not be a season only of unrest and longing, and a painful consciousness of want and deficiency. If there be sincerity of heart, the earnest religious purpose, the steps turned heavenward, though they may have only begun to tread the homeward path, there should be an assured hope, a quiet trust in the Divine love in Christ. Has Jesus ever been truly received by such a soul as a Saviour, — a Saviour both from the penalty and the *power* of sin? As we have sometimes read the secrets of other hearts, and listened to their earnest longings for faith and peace and trust, where conscience has been active and sensitive, — as we have known the keen sense of unworthiness which could not be satisfied because a higher perfection was not attained, — we have felt that duty had often been too strongly insisted upon, to the exclusion of a more comprehensive and higher motive to

action; or rather, that we need so to set forth love as the fulfilling of the law, that its quickening and blessed influence shall *permeate* all duty, lifting the soul at once above self and all self-reference, and so imparting to it its only true freedom, hope, and life.

Let the soul once pass from the mere conscience-system of life, from the constraining sense of duty alone, to the free life of love, and a new vitality is at once diffused through its whole being. It is like passing from the chill air of a frosty night to the genial warmth and gladness of the cheerful home-circle; for thus alone the soul approaches its only true home, and finds its rest and refreshment in union with the Redeemer. Its life is no longer that of mere duty, and a legal obedience, but it is the life of love; for through the cross it knows the peace of reconciliation; and so lifted out of self, it no longer needs vainly to ask how selfish motives may be avoided, for self is forgotten in the simple life of reverent and affectionate love.

When the heart has once been opened to the constraining of this higher motive, to know the love of God in Christ; when the soul that has long wandered in perplexity and darkness, conscious of its own deep sins, sometimes in utter despair, and then again hoping even against hope, at length hears the voice of the good Shepherd calling the wanderer by name, promising that he shall never perish; when we turn from the unsatisfying life within to the Divine life and love, — we breathe a new life, and are inspired with a living, vital power.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." *In Christ*, — this is the only motive, the only aim to which the earnest Christian aspires, or with which he can ever rest content, for it is the only enduring, all-comprehensive motive of life. He no longer looks to the future with the hope of reward or the fear of punishment; for his highest

reward is in a closer union with his Master, — his greatest fear, to have

> " One secret spot,
> That separates the soul from Him,
> And yet to know it not."

Duty is no longer performed as duty alone, for it becomes the spontaneous expression of a confiding, reverential affection; never *satisfied* with imperfection, or *indifferent* to short-comings, but resting in the Saviour's eternal promise, — " I know my sheep and am known of mine; I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Self-examination is not neglected, neither is self exalted; but the soul turns from the former introspection that wearied and disheartened, and, kneeling at the cross, yields itself for time and for eternity to the Divine keeping.

> " Only to follow thee, my Lord!
> This only is my prayer!
> Mine eyes are dim with tears,
> My heart is faint with fears;
> But I leave all things now,
> With willing feet, though slow,
> To tread, as Thou hast trod,
> The homeward way to God;
> The path through grief and pain,
> Through loneliness and shame,
> O Christ! I tread it fearlessly,
> If *Thou* be with me, then!"

It takes up the cross, and, following the steps of the Crucified, bears it no longer as a " burden," but as a " glory," as a seal of divine fellowship; and every trial becomes but a new stepping-stone to a higher plane of spiritual life, every cross but leads the nearer to the ascension mount of a clearer vision. Instead of the old, constraining thought, " I *ought* to do this deed of kindness, I *must* fulfil this obligation," there will be the cheerful purpose of an affectionate love, — " I *long* to do this, for it is my Master's work; my only desire is to do his will, to labor for him, whether

in this world or another; to come closer and closer to him, and so to have that 'new name' written in the secret depths of the soul, 'which no man knoweth, save he who receiveth it.'" He knows neither discouragement nor fear, for he leaves all results with a higher Power. Simply to *do* the Divine will is all with which he is concerned, and to know that will more and more fully, by entering into that deeper life of the soul, revealed only through the life and prayer of lively faith and self-renunciation. United with Christ, the soul has found its only true peace. With the inward eye it has seen the Saviour, and, knowing him as the Light of Life, it longs to impart to the struggling in doubt and darkness, or, sadder yet, to the indifferent and unbelieving, the light, the joy, the peace, that come alone from Him.

It seeks out the neglected children of ignorance and want, places them under more favorable influences, and whispers of the Father's love to all, — with no cold calculations as to the expediency of the work, with no restless desire to see its immediate and full results: it speaks to the young, aspiring, restless heart of the only true peace, — that which the world cannot give, and can never take away; for it cannot but utter from a full heart of that which it feels and *knows*. It points the weary and suffering to Him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and who "was afflicted in all our afflictions;" it gently leads the self-accusing and heavily laden spirit to the foot of that cross of suffering and of love, through which alone we have remission of sins; and by the bedside of the dying, with the eye of faith it looks through the shadowing veil of sense and of time, and enters into communion with things invisible and eternal. Duty thus passes into Love. Duty without Love is heartless, the Law which slays us. Love without Duty is merely emotional, — weak, vain, and unsatisfying, enduring for a little season, and then vanishing away. United *with it*, it becomes stronger than adamant,

enduring as the throne of the Omnipotent, a fountain of living waters, springing up into everlasting life.

"Whosoever *loveth* is born of God. And whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and *this* is the victory that overcometh the world, even our *faith*."

H. M.

TRUE FASTING.

"I FAST twice in the week." So said the Pharisee in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican; and as there are those who do so still, and urge it upon others as essential, as a part of a true Christian discipline; as there seems to be in some quarters a slight temporary reaction in favor of the old way; as there is something about it which at least looks like self-denial, and for which, if it is to be given up, there should be some better substitute, — it may be neither useless nor impertinent for those who do not fast twice in the week to attempt a justification of their course. In such an attempt one can speak only for himself, yet he must speak for himself frankly, though he should seem to underrate what others prize; and it should be remembered, that, if he virtually blames them as superstitious and enslaved to beggarly elements, they virtually charge upon him an over-refined, dreamy, self-indulgent spiritualism, an under-estimate of that body and form without which religion is but a helpless ghost. "I fast twice in the week," — and for ourselves we must needs say that such fasting looks to us like the child's garment upon a man's form. We marvel that he can find nothing larger and better. We will not take it from him, — certainly not, if he has nothing else. Christian liberty ought to be as available for those who wish to walk in old paths, as for those who prefer the new; but though it may sound like conceit, we cannot avoid congratulating ourselves

that we are under no such necessity. Why, the old prophets of Judaism — Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the rest — seem to have gone beyond that! It may be a narrowness into which we were born, and to which we have been bred, a proof of our very partial recognition of the manifold necessities of this large, complex, strange human nature of ours, a failure to perceive the influence of the body upon the soul, a cheat put upon us by a secret spirit of self-indulgence; and yet the fact that fasting is still a common religious practice seems to us but added evidence that the peculiar leaven of the Gospel pervades our world with the extremest slowness. The oldest things linger long after the newest are established, just as the rough wall by the road-side in the most cultivated and garden-like region reminds one of Cyclopean architecture; but somehow in religion the most superannuated is the most prominent. It is sad, for example, to read of a mind like that of Dr. Samuel Johnson exercised a few times in the year upon some trivial change in his diet, and making a religion of it. If any one asks, "Does not the fact that so robust an intellect could treat fasting as important, prove that it is important?" the reply must needs be, that his fasting was little better than the offset to his gluttony, — that it was a part of a slavish, coarse, mechanical view of the penitence and service to be rendered to God, akin to an error which led him to set a high value upon the mere saying of prayers and going to church, — a value proportioned, it would seem, to the uncomfortableness which they caused him, and the little satisfaction he derived from them. Low and superstitious views of religion are often found in connection with a large measure of intellect. There is no safety where there is not a pure moral sensibility; and is it arrogant and uncharitable to say, that the austerities of modern times, the slight interruptions in the round of pleasure, the delicate shades of mourning, the faintest touches in sombre hues, the transition from the good things of the earth to the good things of the sea, looks very much like

playing at religion? Is it a sort of thing which one can plead for boldly before plain men? Is it not rather one of those old things which are passing away? Is the cause of Christ to be promoted by any sentimental attempt to revive in the Church usages which never truly expressed its highest life?

"I fast twice in the week." Let us make an end of negations. They are never very profitable, and we can scarcely suppose that many of our readers are inclined to return to any old practice of this sort. The fancy that evil is inherent in matter, that there is a merit in mortifying the flesh, that sackcloth is more moral than broadcloth, or that the gnawings of hunger quicken the action of the conscience, strong as its hold has been and is upon the mind of the world and of the Church, has ceased to be of much account with us. We may safely pass it by. But there is a positive side to the lesson, and for the sake of this we have brought the subject to notice. Every favorite error contains its great truth, which it should be our care to extract and present as forcibly as we may. What men do may be very unwise; what they mean to do may be wisdom itself. "I fast twice in the week," and it is a good example, and answers a good purpose, when it serves as the symbol of a protest against the tyranny of the senses, — against that allowance of their power which degrades the man to the level of the brute; it is a good example when it testifies, ever so indirectly, for that daily temperance which is so much harder and better than occasional abstinence, and gives us all the time a sound mind in a sound body. We fear that it is a lesson especially needed just now, when a reaction from a temporary fit of asceticism that seized upon our community has hurried many into an opposite direction of habitual and heedless self-indulgence. "I fast twice in the week," and self-denial as to things inward and outward, not only twice in the week, but every day in the week, is a good thing, and fair occasions for it are continually presenting

themselves to him who is on the watch for them and knows how to use them. If we fast in any way that others may feast; if, when a burden must fall upon myself or upon my fellow, I choose to take it; if I give the time which might be spent for my own culture or amusement in satisfying the claims of Christian benevolence; if I take from my luxuries to supply what is lacking to others in things essential; if I meet fairly whatever of this sort comes in my way, remembering always that to fast from strife and debate, from a gloomy sourness, a selfish melancholy, a frown or a sneer, may be much more difficult than to go hungry, — it shall go hard with me if I need any special austerities; the lines must have fallen to me in very pleasant places, if I require any rubric of abstinences save that which one day of labor and self-discipline utters to another.

"I fast twice in the week." Yes, we would go still further in the positive direction. We would take times, seeking and appointing them, if they did not come unsought and unappointed, to enter into the awful solemnities, the deep tragedy of human life, its relation to God and truth and the eternal world. We would strive to be in sympathy, not only with the hopeful Master proclaiming his glad tidings, but with Him whose soul was troubled, the "Man of sorsows and acquainted with grief," the Captain of our salvation made perfect by sufferings. We would go with him his forty days into the wilderness to battle with the tempter, to weigh God's true promises against the lying offers of the Devil. We would receive with tender emotions the memorials of the body broken and the blood poured out for us. We would follow him into the garden, and strive to learn what was the burden that weighed so heavily upon his pure and loving heart. We would watch with him, as he so earnestly besought his followers to do. We would be crucified with Christ, dying unto sin that we might live unto God. It is a blessed thing for any man, though it may give him small entertainment for the time, to face the

truth of things, the facts of his own soul, of his own life and of the world's life, to hear his conscience out, to reckon with himself as the prudent man of business examines his ledgers and catalogues his goods. Some persons are inclined by temperament to look at this stern side. Others must bring themselves by an effort to such considerations. They will not amuse us; they are tragic, not comic; but is life worth much, can it be called a man's life, does it prophesy with much distinctness of a grander life to come, when it does not contain a large element of tragedy? Are we not drawn in reverent sympathy to the portraits in which the painter by his marvellous touches has recorded the unselfish anxieties and struggles of the heroic soul, pressed by the iron conditions of an evil world, but striving all the while to shape earthly things after heavenly patterns? When men are engaged in the real battle of life; when God has so spoken, and they have so heard, that moral indifference is possible for them no longer; when they have seen his kingdom in all its awful loveliness, and have been born into it; when they have learned that souls as well as bodies may perish, and that only the spirit of murderous Cain in them can put the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" when the divine face of Christ haunts them in the crowd and in the closet, the image of what ought to be and may be; when they have learned to set the poor actual world side by side with what the Gospel proposes; when the crown of life is clearly seen, and it is just as evident that the way to it is the way of the cross, — there is small need then of any humanly devised austerities. The body then becomes but an accident. We can be at no pains either to feast or to fast. The life which is not fed upon bread is in the ascendant, and whether such believers shall abstain or not will be determined rather by the religious custom of the time and place, than by any law of the soul or of the Scriptures.

Gladly will we welcome and use whatsoever occasions

promise to bring us home to ourselves. It is good to keep times and seasons, if so we can learn to look upon God. It was said of old that the soul which looks upon him must die; and so it must, but the death will be followed by a resurrection to a diviner life. We will pause from our common duties, and give ourselves to any exercises which shall impress the lesson of the cross, and teach us that the best feasts are those which Christians keep with their suffering Lord, showing forth that death, so sad and yet so full of hope, for the soul and for the world. "I fast twice in the week." We shall fast at least as often as that if we get much below the surface of life, and if we keep such a true Lent, it will serve some better purpose than to restore the tone of body and mind for the world's work and joy; it will help to establish us in that high spiritual estate which is the end of all discipline, in which the whole being, body, soul, and spirit is a temple unto the Lord, and fast-days and feast-days alike holy unto him. E.

THE SLOWNESS OF BELIEF IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD.

THE astronomer with patient, searching gaze
Doth with his tube the depths of space explore;
Shows Neptune's orb, or, 'neath the solar blaze,
Reveals a world by man unseen before.
Justly the world rewards his arduous toil,
And claims to share the glory of his fame;
Beyond the boundaries of his native soil
From land to land the breezes bear his name.
But he who doth a Spirit-world reveal,
Not far in space, but near to every soul;
Which naught but mists of sense and sin conceal,
(Would from men's sight those mists at length might roll!)
He is with incredulity received,
Or with a slow, reluctant faith believed.

J. V.

RANDOM READINGS.

CHICAGO, WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT WANTS.

DEAR BROTHER ELLIS: — Chicago is the grand focus of Western life, and "Tremont House," where I am staying, is the focus of Chicago, into which its business, politics, and schemings of all sort are gathered and intensified. Big-headed men pour in here every day, and pour out again, terribly in earnest about something. They have just passed through a closely-contested city election, in which the Republicans, headed by "Long John Wentworth," beat the Douglass men; and on the night of the election, bonfires, songs, shoutings, speeches, and acclamations, kept up by the victors, made night jubilant or hideous, according as one's taste might be, till past midnight. Any decent man who is smitten with Douglassism might be pretty well cured of it to witness its affiliations here. Such a rabble of drunken Celts as it scooped out of cellars and gutters, and drew together by the smell of whiskey, and paraded through the streets of Chicago, were enough to make one abjure the right of free suffrage, if anything could.

But let me tell you of this great vortex of Western life, this prairie city, numbering already its 140,000 people. Just look upon the map and trace its connections, and your imagination, by diligent stretch, may come up with the vast future which lies just before it. You observe that the northern boundary of Illinois is pushed up considerably farther than that of Indiana and Ohio. This was done through the far-seeing sagacity of Judge Pope, the Delegate in Congress when the State was formed. The original plan was to extend the northern line of Indiana and Ohio straight through to the Mississippi. "No," said Judge Pope to the Committee, "Do you not see that all the rivers flow south, tributary to the Mississippi, — that, with such a northern line, all its trade must go South, and all its interests be Southern, — and in case the Confederacy is threatened with division, it will be cast wholly into the Southern balance? But observe that river (the Chicago) emptying into Lake Michigan; at the mouth of it will be the harbor of a future city, with an immense Northern and Eastern trade through the lakes. Give that harbor to Illinois. Push the line up north of it, and then the new State will have its interests

both North and South, and be a link in the Confederacy to hold it eternally together." Never was statesmanship more wisely applied. Already "that harbor" opens the State and the vast wheat-growing West to the Eastern trade, and is the gate through which its grains are pouring into Canada, into New England, into Old England, with ever-increasing abundance. There is a project now to unite the waters of Lakes Huron and Ontario by a ship-canal, in which case, without any reshipment, this vast and teeming country will send its produce to England. This will divert a vast trade from New York, but it will bring the whole West into close and friendly relations with the Canadas, and with Old England, whose grain country this is destined to become. English statesmen at home and in Canada are planning to bring this about, and people here are confident that it will be done. You see at once what the result would be. Not only Chicago would be the New York of the Western world, but cities would rise up all along these navigable waters as by Arabian magic, opening the West to the East, as through golden gates, developing these endless agricultural resources, and pouring their treasures down the waters of the St. Lawrence and into the ports of England.

Chicago, which is to be the metropolis of this great Western world, has its upper class keenly intelligent, — the brain-class, you might say, — pervaded by New England tastes and habits, though considerably Westernized and intensified. They look through all shams at a glance. They examine all matters in religion as they would a bank-bill. "Is it good and up to par, and will it pay?" Yesterday I argued the whole afternoon with a man of keen wits, who had been a Roman Catholic, then a Calvinist, and is now entirely sceptical, and thinks the Bible all a sham. He cited "discrepancies," cases of bad morality, and so forth. I tried to unfold to him higher and more interior views of inspiration. He listened attentively, and said, "That is all beautiful, Mr. S.; but I have been humbugged twice, and I shall be very cautious and not be humbugged again." This sceptical tendency is very perceptible and very decided among the brain-class in the West. The German population is almost entirely infidel. They spend their Sabbaths by meeting at appointed places outside the city, — men and women together, — and there having their good time of dancing, rollicking, and drinking lager-beer.

Down under the brain-class there are fearful depths of seething corruption, into which even a stranger gets glimpses, as into a gulf

of perdition. And what are the conservative and redeeming influences which are to leaven and save these masses of humanity? Here are I know not how many Trinitarian churches and colleges, which never have and never can meet the wants of the brain-classes; and here are two Liberal churches, both of which are "feeble," — not feeble as to available material strength, but as to any efficient and working force to be felt in the community. And yet they include excellent minds, — earnest men and noble women, hungry themselves for the bread of life, and yearning to accomplish the work of a church mission to the community they live in. O, how easy it would be for two good ministers to come here, filled with the self-sacrificing spirit of the Master, gather these people about them in the name of the Lord, organize them around the symbols of his truth and love, unfold to them the majestic system of revelation, and lift up, as on beacon heights, its saving doctrines to the gaze of this Western world! People mistake — wofully, *dreadfully* mistake — when they suppose that what these Western people need is some flashy rhetorical, claptrap demonstration, sometimes called "smart" and "eloquent." No persons will see with finer discernment through all the word-sorceries of the pulpit. True, that would draw in a class of outsiders who would gaze and admire; but the insiders — those whom a minister must draw around him as his efficient auxiliaries — are the ones that look up and say, "Feed us, do us good, bring us to Christ, and lead us on and our children as pioneer forces of a saving and regenerating Christianity in this great and spreading metropolis." And this I have heard said with eyes so full of earnestness and sensibility that it touched me deeply. A vague, naturalized Christianity, which has no compact and majestic system of doctrines based on Divine authority, will never do for these people, and would be as inefficient in this community as imported bottles of moonshine. And where is Unitarianism, that it does not supply the men? Why does it not raise them up, and put them in such a post as this, preaching Christ, living him, breathing him, and showing him in the beauty of a daily walk, and gathering his flock into working churches, to operate in this great Babylon of the West? Why? Is it from the opposition of the other sects, or is it because it has gone down itself so far into naturalism that it is becoming demoralized, and has no distinctive Gospel to offer to the groping and famishing crowds? If the latter, — and I do

think that is the trouble, — let it awake, and arise, and come freshly to the Great Master, and take the shining armory it has ignored, and go forth to the conquest of the world.

S.

CHICAGO, March 15, 1860.

LA SŒUR ROSALIE.

WE wish that we had space to transfer, bodily and without any reduction, the interesting memoir of this noble woman, which has found a place in Littell's Living Age for March 3d of the present year. We must content ourselves with advising all, especially those who are suffering for want of occupation, to possess themselves of the number, and read and read again this charming and inspiring story of a real practical Christian, one who in the midst of the stormiest political times, and in the most discouraging circumstances, labored as a follower of the Lord for the religious instruction and for the outward relief of the very worst class of Parisians. Our modern world persists in building cities, and the heathenism that was once spread over vast plains, or hidden away in forests, now cowers in cellars and holds its orgies in "cribs" and dance-halls. Christian love can conquer it. Womanhood supplies the Gospel with some of its most efficient missionaries, and our Protestantism promises not to be behind Romanism in sending forth Sisters Rosalie. We have been especially impressed, as we have read this true story, with the evidence which it affords of the possibility of entirely forgetting all civil strifes and political divisions in the work of charity. *La Sœur Rosalie* knew neither Conservative nor Red Republican, but was the friend of all who needed assistance of any sort, and her humble quarters, like the altar of the temple or church in former days, became an asylum for the imperilled of both parties. Happily for our world, there is ever a place for the peacemaker. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Read the story!

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life of Jesus. A Manual for Academic Study. By DR. CARL HASE, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated from the German of the Third and Fourth Improved Editions, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — We think that if Dr. Barnas Sears had read this book, which, as he tells us in the first prefatory letter to the translator he had not, he would have written something stronger by way of caution than the sentence, "I might not agree with *all* his opinions." For ourselves, we most heartily wish that the hint conveyed in the letter from President Schaff had availed to stay Mr. Clarke's hand. A man whose time is so valuable as his, and who has so much at heart the cause of positive vital Christianity, and who can write such books as those on Prayer and the Forgiveness of Sins, should not have been beguiled into translating so negative a treatise, already sufficiently within reach in the original German. For a Sunday-school manual it seems to us wholly unfit, and we should close a Sunday school at once, and dismiss the scholars, rather than put such a text-book into the hands of the young. Now we are aware that all this may be regarded by some as very illiberal; we are aware that our judgment will be blamed as indicating a distrust of the truth, and a jealousy of its diffusion; but we cannot help thinking that a free treatment of the Gospel story is a very different thing from a one-sided exhibition of the difficulties in the way of our traditional belief, and that the true order of a Christian education is to add knowledge to faith, putting faith foremost. If Dr. Hase has the right understanding of the life of our Lord, the Christian world must consent to unlearn some very dear persuasions with reference both to the Master and to the Book, and we think that one who asks our attention for such communications as are presented in this volume should at least give the reader an opportunity to form some judgment of what can be said on the other side. A plain Christian taking up the volume would be shocked beyond measure by many of its statements; he would lay it down with a feeling that the whole subject was encompassed by doubts, and that, if this is all that we can know about it, it cannot matter much whether we know anything at all. A study of the Gospel from the "divine-human" side, to borrow a phrase from President Schaff, would put a very different aspect

upon many points which, as they are presented in this book, are hopelessly perplexed and perplexing. "*Strengthen the things that remain*," should be the motto of what is called the Liberal portion of the Church, for at least the next fifty years. We have done our share of what is called "illuminating." Let us emphasize our beliefs. Let us not feel bound to advocate the side of doubt under the plea of seeing fair play, and when men have nothing more to tell us about Jesus than this word from Dr. Hase, let them gain a hearing for themselves.

E.

Disquisitions and Notes on the Gospels. — Matthew. By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — Our pages have already been enriched by a few paragraphs from this Commentary. We have read enough of it to know that we shall find this book as satisfactory as the translation noticed above is unsatisfactory. Tone and treatment are both admirably positive and reverential. The arrangement of the contents secures something more than spiritless exegesis; we have pleasant and profitable reading, as well as mere textual discussion. With the most entire confidence we commend this work to parents and teachers, thankful that there are those still left who can admit well-attested facts, though the like of them have never fallen within their personal experience. E.

The Puritans: or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. In Three Volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — The second volume of Mr. Hopkins's fascinating work discusses "The Parliament of 1575 – 6," "The Governess and the Primate," "Treason and Præmunire," &c., &c., to "The Parliament of 1584 – 5 (The Catholics)." The style does not flag, and if, as some object, the treatment is not in accordance with the conventionalisms of historic narrative, many a reader who has fallen asleep over standard chronicles will be glad to find something readable, and, if he has not the *ipsissima verba* of Leicester and the rest, will not be much disturbed, inasmuch as this is well understood to be the fact. E.

Notes of Travel and Study in Italy. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Mr. Norton's book is pleasant and instructive. So many books have been written upon Italy, that anything new can hardly be looked for; and yet in this case

the traveller and writer has found out some new paths. His account of Italy is pitiable indeed; but it does not seem prejudiced or uncharitable. He appreciates and brings to light whatsoever there is noble, lovely, and of good report, and the Lord seems still to have many brave, earnest workers, both among priests and laymen, in that beautiful portion of his vineyard, where man must be the only sad, unlovely sight the eye can rest upon. Mr. Norton gives many very interesting accounts of the origin and labors of noble, devoted Christian societies, and also of individuals who in all ages have given themselves heart and soul to the work. The writer is evidently no sentimentalist, not a man to be satisfied with an exterior however lovely, with forms however beautiful and impressive, when they are not the embodiment and expression of a real life and spirit within, — a thoughtful, earnest person, not by any means deficient in the poetic element. The chapters upon architecture — the building of churches and cathedrals in the Middle Ages, by which the religious ardor and devotion of those days found expression — are very interesting. The Crusades were over, and men and women united to raise these beautiful and lasting monuments to the service and glory of God. †

Library of Standard Fiction. No. 2. *Holmby House: a Tale of Old Northamptonshire.* By G. J. Whyte Melville, Author of Kate Coventry, &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — "Holmby House" is well and gracefully written; but it lacks vigor, and is spun out to a most unpardonable length, and is without point or object. There is not a woman to admire in the story. The men have run away with all the nobility of character; and whilst they continue firmly faithful to those whom they loved in the beginning, the women seem to pluck the arrows from their hearts, and to heal the wounds with the greatest ease and rapidity. However, the book is harmless, and many will even like it. †

Isaac T. Hopper: a True Life. By L. Maria Child. Twelfth Thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1860. — We are glad to know that eleven thousand copies of this admirable biography have been in at least as many pairs of hands, and we sincerely hope that the same disposition awaits the twelfth. Better than the most eloquent expositions of the moral sentiment this example of a brave, true, loving, genial, devoted man! It gives one new faith in humanity, and helps

us to draw, as never before, a broad, deep line between the boisterous, conceited demagogue and the Christian philanthropist. Mr. Hopper's exertions in behalf of young apprentices in large cities are especially deserving of imitation. E.

The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding, demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. By REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1860. — There can be no doubt of the earnestness and ability of Dr. Cheever; but it is not so clear to us that in this book he has not fallen into the common mistake of supposing that he has proved a thing, because he vehemently desires to prove it. It is a damage to a good cause to claim more than is absolutely necessary for your purpose. Then if you are not defeated, you are thankful, not to speak of gaining your case. Because slaves were servants, it does not follow that servants were not slaves, or that the "bondwoman" stood upon the same footing with the "free woman." Exegesis and special pleading are not so much in place here as large considerations drawn from the common reason and the common feeling of men. E.

An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854. By ISAAC I. HAYES, Surgeon of the Second Grinnell Expedition. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1860. — There is an exceeding fascination in these stories of Arctic adventure which are told by our explorers, and this by Dr. Hayes is especially quickening and attractive. It is an admirable supplement to the narrative by Dr. Kane, and the accompanying illustrations leave nothing to be desired by one who would thoroughly understand Arctic geography as thus far disclosed to us. Dr. Hayes seems still bent upon adventure, and satisfied that more is to be learned amongst the Hyperboreans, and we hope that the means for yet another exploration may be forthcoming. E.

The Life of Daniel Wilson, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. By JOSEPH BATEMAN, M. A., Rector of North Cray, Kent, his Son-in-Law and First Chaplain. With Portraits, Map, and Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — The only fault to be found with this biography is its size, extending to seven hundred and fifty octavo pages, and we are satisfied that for the mass

of readers it might be advantageously reduced to half this compass. The truth is, that it is high time for writers to study compression; otherwise the world must give up reading, or read in a most hasty, superficial way. Some things must be omitted, and the rule should be, in memoirs, to cut out everything which does not serve to illustrate the life which we are endeavoring to present to the reader. For example, the letter addressed by the father of the Bishop's future wife to his daughter, given on the sixty-seventh page, is a very good letter, and yet, as it seems to us, in no sense a remarkable letter; without any loss to the world it might have been permitted to remain in manuscript, and, as every little helps, the book would have been less by one page of very fine type. The Bishop was an earnest, vigorous man, and his lot was cast amidst scenes with which we are not familiar; for these reasons, his story was worth telling. He was a good specimen of an Evangelical Churchman, — a spiritually-minded and truly redeemed man, whose word came from the abundance of a renewed heart. The record of his conversion is another interesting and instructive chapter of religious experience, and nothing can be wiser and more in accordance with the Gospel than the advice which he received from Newton and Cecil and Eyre. In his case the struggle between the flesh and the spirit was a long one, and his advisers were singularly judicious in their treatment of his difficulties, not sacrificing facts to theory. Mr. Newton said to him, "I don't like folks who 'jump into comfort' all at once. It is better to go on gradually. God lays the foundation in the heart; and the walls no sooner peep above ground, than we want the roof clapped on. But that won't do. You want what is commonly called assurance. But it is a dangerous thing, and the Lord knows you cannot yet be trusted with it." Bishop Wilson's mind seems to us a very limited one; but perhaps he gained by his very limitations an influence which a many-sided man is very likely to fail of securing. The world at large care very little for qualifications and distinctions; most persons prefer a positive, or even dogmatic word, strongly put; and it is well worth our while to consider how much of the best work in life is done by men who are full in the faith of a single truth, and utterly incompetent to perceive its relations to other related truths. The kingdom and dominion are not given to the philosophers. E.

The Marble Faun: or, The Romance of Monte Beni. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of The Scarlet Letter, &c. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Notwithstanding the marvellous and fascinating beauty of his style, Hawthorne does not satisfy us. If one's ancestors were fauns, one does n't like to be reminded of it, — half goat and half man is not a pleasant combination to think about, — and we were completely disgusted with Donatello, and could only regard him as a huge fool and baby, and had no patience any more with his skipping about, when we found that he failed to resent most emphatically the inquest upon his ears, — they were long enough, we dare say. Moreover, one does n't like, especially in the month of March, and when for the sake of the climate you have gone to Italy, to be plagued with an insoluble mystery, to read of a murder which was so convenient and almost proper in the circumstances, considering what a nuisance the murdered man had made himself, and to find at last — most painful of all things to a story-reader — nobody satisfactorily disposed of. Nevertheless the book, though as it seems to us unsatisfactory as a whole, is filled with suggestion and beauty. We wish that our artists would ponder the following, and learn the worth of garments, even in warm climates.

"Not a nude figure, I hope," observed Miriam. "Every young sculptor seems to think that he must give the world some specimen of indecorous womanhood, and call it Eve, Venus, a Nymph, or any name that may apologize for a lack of decent clothing. I am weary, even more than I am ashamed of seeing such things. Now-a-days people are as good as born in their clothes, and there is practically not a nude human being in existence. An artist, therefore, as you must candidly confess, cannot sculpture nudity with a pure heart, if only because he is compelled to steal guilty glimpses at hired models. The marble inevitably loses its chastity under such circumstances. An old Greek sculptor, no doubt, found his models in the open sunshine, and among pure and princely maidens, and thus the nude statues of antiquity are as modest as violets, and sufficiently draped in their own beauty. But as for Mr. Gibson's colored Venuses (stained, I believe, with tobacco-juice), and all other nudities of to-day, I really do not understand what they have to say to this generation, and would be glad to see as many heaps of quicklime in their stead."

Bravely said by one who cannot be called a prude or a twaddler.

E.

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EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

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CHRISTIAN IDEALS, AND THE WAY TO REALIZE THEM.

It is easy to fall into great discouragements as we compare what we see and hear about us with our ideals of city and state, of homes and neighborhoods and human fellowships of various sorts. Look which way you will, you can make out a very desperate case. You are brave if you seek to know the whole about any special transgression. That is the cheapest of all forms of eloquence which gives us accurate and living pictures of the world's offences, and those who excel in this style of speech, and take a strange, sad delight in satire and denunciation, may be only fluent fault-finders. It is a poor discourse which spends itself utterly in sarcasm, denunciation, and complaint, is clever and witty upon the countless sins and frailties of our poor humanity, and almost seems to rejoice in iniquity, and make the most and worst of it. And what we have to guard against more than anything else is a temper of faithlessness, which is very likely to be induced by an increasing knowledge of the world. They render no true service to us who speak only of evil, and of that continually, and whose

conviction that they have done a good thing seems to be exactly proportioned to the blackness of the darkness which they have depicted. There is indeed no salvation save through the Truth, neither is there any salvation without Hope. We must have the statistics of vice and crime, but we would would have also, were they only attainable, the statistics of justice and love. It is possible in any age of the world, even since our Lord brought light and deliverance to us, so to describe men and nations that the heart will utterly fail. If I look only on this side of life, I seem to be without power to bring to pass anything which has promise; the aspirations of the soul, and the realities of our earthly condition, seem to be wholly irreconcilable. Here is the world we live in, there is the City of God; between them there is a great gulf. Who shall bridge it over? The work demands a skill far transcending that which bound together the two shores of the Menai Strait, and is binding now the two banks of the St. Lawrence with those huge iron tubes that are the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Have you not sometimes gazed hopelessly into that yawning chasm, and longed for some one as skilful to build highways for the Lord, to rivet the iron and the adamant for the chariots of heaven, as our cunning artificers are skilful to construct the paths for traffic and for pleasure?

On the one hand, we have the conscience and the heart of man pleading for justice and love, and in our quiet hours the imagination rejoices in fair visions of model commonwealths, in which the golden rule shall be the law of human intercourse, and honor and honesty, truthfulness and gentleness, shall bear fruit in prosperity and contentment, and temperance in all things shall insure health, with long and useful lives, and there shall be neither oppression nor servility, neither prodigality nor penury. On the other hand, we have the frauds of commerce, of manufacturing, of trade; adulterations, false labels, forgeries; thefts, called by an unwarrantable euphemism breaches of trust, — men who have

robbed the poor of their hard earnings at large on bail, and men who have stolen a few shillings' worth imprisoned; legislation corrupted by bribery; statesmen unavailable in proportion to their superiority to popular prejudices; power in the hands of the criminals of society, men who ought to be in the jails watching over the ballot-boxes; masses in every busy and thriving community always on the verge of starvation; depths of ignorance and vice in every great city which we almost fear to look down into, though every morning's newspaper reminds us of them; minds sharpened by intellectual training for this world, but wholly dull and blind towards spiritual realities; the children of the poor tempted to sacrifice their souls in accumulating, as the children of the rich are tempted to sacrifice their souls in spending and enjoying wealth; men and women who are destroying themselves by excessive labor, and men and women who are dying of *ennui;* the young uncontrolled by their elders, and spending their strength in follies or worse, and growing old before the time; everybody complaining of extravagance, and almost everybody guilty of it, — fashion and taste, and the desire to rise in the world, as it is called, regulating the scale of expenditure, so that homes become more and more impossible, and the temptations in the path of youth are fearfully increased, and new and milder names are found for old soul-destroying and body-destroying vices, and what was once called sensuality is known now as gayety; — we have, in short, anything but a kingdom of God, or even the promise of one.

Follow out any one department of philanthropy, and you will presently come to so much that will make your heart sick! Whilst we have been setting down these few thoughts, a letter with reference to our seamen, and especially relating to the wrongs which they suffer at the hands of their landlords, has come under our notice. It was written apparently by one who knows his subject, and it reveals a condition of things far worse than any which we had sup-

posed to prevail, even amongst that unhappy class. "Shall I tell you," he asks, "with scarce the expectation that you will believe a statement which is nevertheless literally true, that in more than one instance *dead bodies have been hoisted in and stowed away in the berths of the forecastle as merely dead drunk, and that for these corpses two months' advance has been paid?*" * Go where you please, and resolve to know the whole and the worst, amongst freemen and bondmen, Indians or white men, natives or foreigners, and you will find the habitations of cruelty, oppressors with power on their side, incredible meannesses and wickednesses; or you will find whole classes of persons who need as much as any, or more, the guidance and consolation of Christianity, and who yet are almost wholly unapproached by the Gospel. Let us cite as a single instance the drivers of our public coaches and other conveyances for the throng of city travel. How many of them do you suppose ever see the inside of a church? They drive us to our houses of worship, and then go away themselves. So the world looks to us, as we put on our sackcloth and go and sit upon the ground. And, as we say, the temptation is, at least it has been our temptation, to cry out, What profit is there in all your philanthropies, — in all your sermonizing and moralizing? and why will you insist that men shall be saints, when sin is so plainly written over every human work, — when indirectly, if not directly, we are all partakers in it, enjoying the fruits of iniquity, at some one or two removes, if not actually implicated in it? "We have toiled all night and taken nothing," said Simon, the fisherman of Galilee. Let us keep our own garments as clean as we may, let us give ourselves as little concern as possible about a desperate world, and pass through life in some quiet way, leaving men to be cared for by Him who made them, and who doubtless knows how, in some great providential movements, to help them.

* Letter to Hon. Charles Sumner, of the United States Senate, on the conditions and requirements of the American mercantile marine.

Happily for us, we are Christians, and are not left to these discouragements. There is ever the voice of the Master commanding the humblest of us to be fishers of men; and never yet, on Genesareth or anywhere else, is there a net cast into the sea in obedience to his word, and in loving, Christian faith, which does not come up again laden to a miracle. The true Christian is equally sober and hopeful. The disciple of Him whose soul was afflicted in Gethsemane beyond our power to understand or to tell, and whose agony upon the cross Christendom has but now commemorated, can never indeed make light of the world's transgression. In truth, it is the spirit of the Crucified, stealing even more than they know into the hearts of men, which has quickened the world's conscience into a marvellous vitality, and awakened a sense of sin which is one of the characteristics of Christian times. If evils are not yet conquered, they are not acquiesced in, — exposures, protests, and denunciations abound, and are sometimes carried to the length of an unreasonable impatience. The world is Christian enough to know that it is not half Christian, — Christian enough to feel the reproach of sin, — unable to pass by on the other side when humanity lies wounded in the pathway. And what we need is to have faith in Him who can make us glad as well as sorry, and work a repentance unto life. We want to see the fair way his hand has raised, the path which he has opened into the holy of holies, the deliverance which he is working out, not only for the world to come, but for this world also. The Gospel proposes to conquer the hearts of men, one at a time, or, at the most, a few, never a multitude, and through these hearts to penetrate human society from the uppermost to the undermost, from the innermost to the outermost. All that it needs is time. It is a work which cannot be hurried, because the moral freedom of man must be sacredly regarded. The feast is spread, the king waits, the wedding garments are all provided; but it is for us to say whether we

will come or not. The fact that, in departments of life to which Christianity has scarcely penetrated, there has been, through a change of circumstances, a real or apparent decline where we looked for progress, need not shake our Christian confidence. We are not staggered, for example, by the fact that, although when Christ was born the peace of Europe was maintained by some four hundred thousand men, more than two millions and a half are required in our day for the same service. We are sure that the spirit of peace has gained in these eighteen centuries an abode in the hearts of men which it had not in the beginning. There is a regenerating life in Christendom. This life differences the Christian world from the worlds of Hindooism and Mahometanism, and the rest that are without. In all the churches of Christ, even in those which are fearfully encumbered by human metaphysics and elaborate formalities, the work of sowing the Gospel seed, the seed of the Divine kingdom in human hearts, is noiselessly going forward, amongst rich and poor, wise and simple, rulers and ruled, parents and children, masters and slaves; and wherever a genuine convert is gained for the Gospel, there is just so much moral and spiritual force added to the world, and it is just as sure to be felt, as gravity or heat or electricity. Of course there are thousands of spurious conversions which amount to nothing, and only serve to swell the ranks of nominal belief; but the reality is never in vain. And you will find the Gospel now just where you would have found it in our Lord's day, dealing with the individual conscience and heart, always working so to good purpose, making Christians in an unchristian world, contriving to save a multitude from undue conformity on the one hand, and from a dreary asceticism on the other hand. Somehow, when a man's heart is quite right, when he is sound to the core, a very bad world will be good enough for him to serve God in. He will not want much of it; the evil will not adhere to him, the perverse will come round to him, and he shall

maintain his integrity without sacrificing his success. The Gospel does not directly change institutions, but it does change men. The Master paid tribute to Cæsar; but he converted Matthew, Cæsar's tax-gatherer, and through him a multitude of Cæsar's subjects, and established them in the kingdom of truth and love. The Master went to marriage feasts and reclined at the tables of rich rulers; but in his presence the soul was so much in the ascendant above the senses, that men said, "Blessed are they that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God!" and the feast was accepted then, and has held its place ever since, as the symbol of the communion of the blessed in heaven. The Christian cannot change the laws of the state, the customs of society, the frivolity of youth, the extravagances of fashion; but he can and does make Christians, and Christians will make good laws and establish good social customs, and will be neither morose nor frivolous. What we want is to translate the tradition of the Gospel into a reality, a conviction, a feeling, a life. It is all these to a multitude of believers. It is today the only reliable conserving and reforming power in society. Just so far as it gets into the hearts of men, sins and wretchedness, misery of mind, and outward poverty disappear. Education is more than an uncertain good; discoveries and inventions do not minister to an ever-increasing worldliness; show does not usurp what belongs to substance; and the kingdoms of this world become more and more the kingdoms of God. If any of us have toiled all night and taken nothing, it was only because the Lord was not recognized, because we were not toiling at his command. Be sure that you have a portion in the Gospel, and resolutely strive to put it into your life, and you become one of the real and acknowledged forces of the universe, a genuine reformer, not striving or crying, not heard much in the streets, or anywhere else, and yet overcoming evil with good, and helping, by an example of brave, strong manhood, or gentle, kindly womanhood, to

raise the plane of society, and to sweeten the bitter cup which man must drink.

As a Christian, I say, this world, with all its sins and woes, is mine. I too have part in the great transgression. I am guilty of that first sin which is the parent of all iniquity; for I too separate myself from God. As a Christian, I cannot but confess that I have every reason to repent and mourn before Him who is the King of kings and the righteous Judge of states and nations, and has ever been overturning and overturning thrones and dominions for the sins of rulers and people. As a Christian, I must accept the keepership of my brethren, and make a conscience of their acts; and yet, as a Christian, I must remember that Christ brings a Gospel of deliverance, — that he is a Gospel, — that virtue goes out evermore from him and his. We live to make a heaven upon earth, and then to take it with us into the heavens which are above the earth. The tabernacle of God is with men. Where there is no deep faith in Christ, no mighty works are wrought. When faith revives, piety that looks heavenward, and prudence that looks earthward, join hands to re-create the home and the state. Then the thorns of the wilderness give place to the flowers and fruits of the new Paradise. The towers of the City of God greet the longing eyes of the weary traveller. The good seed, scattered in the good ground, bears fruit a hundred fold, and the visions of yesterday become the realities of to-day. But to this end, our Christianity must be a true part of this living, breathing time, — as much alive as other lives. Our age is too active and earnest to pay any attention to an obsolete sanctimoniousness. We must have a zeal for practical Christianity akin to that which sends the merchant almost every hour in the day to the telegraph station to feel the pulse of trade; an earnestness akin to that which crowds the places of amusement with an eager throng, and in its craving for pleasure has found out a Christian and baptismal, or at least a Sunday name, even for its week-

day operas. If we brave the elements to find the theatre, we must brave the elements to find God's house and God's poor and afflicted. The young and strong must take hold of religion, as of business, with both hands. There never was a time, there never was a place, when and where Christianity could be applied to common life with so much ease, and at so little sacrifice, as now and here. True manhood and true womanhood, though they may not be exempt from sore trials, find ready audience. Speak, and you will find that many have been waiting only for you to help them in moderating and chastening pleasure, in applying the exactest justice to business, the largest mercy to charities, the purest truth to governments. Cast in at the Saviour's word, and the miracle of the Galilean lake shall be only a feeble symbol of your reward.

E.

LET us not be cast down if those weaknesses and easily-besetting sins against which we have resolved and prayed, and earnestly striven, still return to grieve and make us humble. Let us give no quarter to wilful sin in ourselves, more than in others; but when with our best endeavors we occasionally stumble and fall, let us be patient with ourselves, as we would be with an erring child, in whom we saw, underlying all his faults, a sincere desire to do right.

EACH day let an earnest and hopeful reconsecration of ourselves be made in the spirit of filial love to God, and of fraternal service to man. Each hour let us strive to remember in whose presence we stand. Let us dignify the pursuits of earth by the thought of heaven, and so walk in the presence of God from day to day, that the peace which passeth all understanding may make its abode in our hearts.

THE DIVINELY HUMAN.

A FRIEND and correspondent, who joyfully accepts and preaches the doctrine of the essential Divinity of Christ, inquires, nevertheless, "How do you understand and interpret all that portion of Scripture which represents his manhood? When he was a child, when he was growing in stature and in favor with God and man, when, further on, he said, 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man, not the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father'? I do not remember to have seen anything in Swedenborg's works, or elsewhere, that was clear or definite upon this point. Would you say that the Lord during the earlier stages of his human life was so much human that he was unconscious of the Divine except at times? Rather what do you say concerning this matter?"

Our friend will pardon us for answering his private inquiries in a public way, as the whole subject just now engages the earnest attention of a great many minds, and the true doctrine of the Lord is pressing in more and more, and claiming acknowledgment.

Though no one can *comprehend* the infinite, we all have our *apprehensions* about it, and the more clear and rational they are, and the more truly they correspond to the reality, the more satisfying and renovating does our faith become. We will only state this doctrine of our Lord's Divinity and humanity as it dawns upon us in our hours of highest and most joyous worship.

We begin with human analogies. A child is born into the world, — a babe that is to become a Newton, a Humboldt, a Webster, or a Howard. There is in all these cases one nature folded up within another, each to become manifest in successive order. First and outermost is the sensuous nature. This is all the child knows of at first, though mighty powers are held in abeyance within him. The babe is con-

scious only of perceptive faculties and natural instincts. The child is conscious of little more than these. Nature passes before him, and fills his memory with her types, and makes his mind a glorious treasury of natural images. This, with natural instinct, is all that comes at first into his consciousness. But as manhood develops, the power of reason comes forth. It comes at first with faint gleams into his consciousness, but afterwards with fulness and splendor. It takes up the types and images which mere perception had drawn in from nature, and makes them the clothing of the intellectual man. The great geniuses of the world, its poets, its orators, its natural philosophers, are produced in this way. And there is a nature that lies still deeper, — the spiritual. One may become a natural man, and an intellectual man, and still the spiritual nature be in abeyance. But when it asserts itself in the consciousness, it uses both reason and sense to unfold spiritual laws and realities; and the imagery which the perceptive powers had taken up from nature becomes the symbol and the outshadowing of spiritual experiences and a spiritual world. Then the poet becomes prophetic, as in the case of Milton, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Browning. Thus we see how from childhood, conscious at first only of perceptive faculties, a higher and yet higher nature open down into the consciousness; how on one plane of being we may grow in knowledge ere we ascend to the higher degrees that open upward and inward, towards the angelic and divine.

Now Christ had all the natures that we have, and something more. He was begotten, not by a finite human father, but by the Holy Spirit itself. It must result from such a conception and birth, that the inmost principle of his being was not merely intellectual or spiritual, but DIVINE, though it would be the last to come down into the consciousness. First were opened the lower planes of being received from the maternal side, all the planes of our own finite humanity. The sensuous and perceptive faculties

first opened, and this fair world of natural things was gradually taken up and imaged upon them. Then the finite natural reason would assert its existence, whereby natural truth is classified and put in order, and during this process there would be increase in knowledge day by day. Then the spiritual nature would unfold, making the Saviour conscious of all our human wants, temptations, and aspirations, and call forth all the might of supplication and prayer. Last of all, the Divine nature would come down into his consciousness, and then the heavens would be opened, and all celestial and divine scenery would lie upon his soul. And the Divine nature would come down through all the others, and glorify them. All hereditary evil in the spiritual nature would be purged away. In place of the finite human reason would come down the Divine Logos, the Eternal Wisdom, which is the unclouded mirror of the Godhead, just as in us our matured and manly intellect displaces the half-reason of the child. Last of all, and completing all, the entire nature-world which the perceptive powers had taken up into the external memory would be turned to symbols, not of the finite intellect, not of the finite spiritual nature, but of the truths of the Eternal Logos, and all material things would be made the prints and copies of Divine truth in its fulness. The natural world would become to the Saviour, and appear in all his language, as the living transparency to divine realities. And when this process was finished, when even the lowest or outermost things of the natural mind and memory are filled and made the clothing of the Divine Reason itself, even the natural humanity becomes Divine, and down on this natural plane of being we gaze on the living personality of the First Good, First Perfect, and First Fair.

We do not mean to represent, for the record does not show, that the line of division is always precisely marked; and that with Christ, as with us, there were not alternations between a lower consciousness and a higher. We merely intimate what are the moulds of thought, and what the

anthropology, human and Divine, which to our own mind clear up the whole Gospel narrative of those perplexities which otherwise gather about it. That Christ, in the process of his glorification, when the finite humanity was waning and the Divinity was coming down towards the fulness of its manifestation, should sometimes speak from his finite consciousness and sometimes from his Divine, would result from the very nature of the case; and if we are once possessed of the fact, the several passages almost interpret themselves.*

It has been a sort of Unitarian axiom, that Christ's nature was "simple," like ours. As if the existence of any immortal being clothed in mortality were "simple," and not the infolding of one nature within another, from the animal up to the angelic! Christ, in the entire phenomena of his birth, his wondrous life, death, glorification, and coming again, shows that there was an element in his being differing in kind from ours, and that he deseended into the natural degree of life, not merely to talk to us about God, but to reveal God to us, and turn upon a darkened and fallen world the full refulgence of his countenance.

One word, since we are upon the subject touching the friendly critique of our associate in our March number. We are not sure that there is any difference in his statement from ours, though there possibly may be. We understand

* The text in Mark (xiii. 32), "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, — not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," — has been thought by many to have been corrupted. The phrase οὐδὲ ὁ υἱός, "neither the Son," is not found in the parallel passages of Matthew and Luke. Ambrose says that many manuscripts in his time did not have it, and that it was interpolated by the Arians. Griesbach marks it as disputed, but thinks it genuine, and retains it in the text. Tischendorf thinks the passage has been corrupted, and should read "the angel which is in heaven," but retains the disputed clause. It is found in all the manuscripts and versions extant, and is generally regarded by the best scholars as genuine.

It presents no real difficulty to the believer in the essential Divinity of Christ, who accepts the whole history, both on the Divine and human side. It is what Christ might say from the finite consciousness, ere his glorification had fully transpired.

by the Logos the Divine nature as to its wisdom or revealing truth, that same wisdom which became incarnate in Jesus Christ. It is not a separate attribute hypostatized, *but the whole Divine nature hypostatized*, or come forth into personality, — just as in man, if he be a true one, his intellect and revealing word are the imaging forth of his whole nature to us, so that we may see him as he is. If a man's mind and heart are at one, that is, if his mind be the true mirror of his heart and soul, then his intellect that glows in his countenance and lives in his speech is not *mere* intellect, but a forthgoing and personation of the invisible deep within him. Now the Logos is the Divine Intellect in the act of revelation. The Logos in Christ is God hypostatized and revealed; and we do not climb round it to get to the Father, any more than we climb round a man's mind and word, as revealed in his speech and person, to get at the invisible depths of his being. "To worship the Word is to worship God as the Word, i. e. to worship God." Exactly so; and how can we worship Him in any other way, and how can our thoughts "mount upward to the Father" beyond where the Father is hypostatized and revealed? "All that the Father hath is mine." "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, that dwelleth in the bosom of the Father," — the all-revealing and hypostatizing Word, — "he hath brought Him forth to view." *

S.

* Our friend and correspondent, quoted at the beginning of this article, will find this subject treated with great fulness in Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion," Chap. II.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Fifth Recollection.

With what thoughts and feelings I went home, it would be difficult to say. The soul cannot always translate itself into words, and there are "thoughts without words" which every man plays to himself in moments of the greatest joy and the greatest distress. I felt neither joy nor sorrow, nothing but an inexpressible astonishment. My thoughts pursued each other in my mind like meteors, which seem as if falling from heaven to earth, but are all extinguished before they reach the goal. As one sometimes says to one's self in a dream, "Thou art dreaming," so I said to myself, "Thou art living, — it is she." And then I tried to be quiet and collected again, and said to myself, "She is a lovely apparition, a truly wonderful being." I even began to pity her; and then I pictured to myself the pleasant evenings which I could pass there during the holidays. But no, no! all this did not answer. She is truly all that I have sought, hoped for, thought of, believed in. Here at last was a human soul, dear and fresh as a spring morning. I had really seen at the first glance all that she was, and what lay within her. We had greeted and known each other. And my good angel within me! It answered me no more, it was gone, and I felt that there was but one place on the earth where I could regain it.

Now began a new and beautiful life, for I was with her every evening, and we soon felt that we were truly old acquaintances, and that we could address each other only with *Du*. It was even as if we had always lived together, for there was no feeling that moved her which did not seem to have been in my heart before, and no thought to which I

gave utterance that she did not assent to with a nod, as much as to say, I thought so too. I had once heard the greatest master of our time improvising on the harpsichord with his sister, and could hardly conceive how the people could so feel, so understand each other, as to give their thoughts free play, and yet never by a single note disturb the harmony of their play. Now it became clear to me. Yes, now I had first found that my soul was not so barren and empty as it had always seemed to me, and it was as if the sun had been wanting to call all the germs and buds within to light. And yet what a pensive spring it was that was passing so quickly through our souls! We forget in May that the roses will fade so soon; but here every evening warned us that one leaf after another was falling to the ground. She felt it sooner than I did, and expressed it apparently without uneasiness, and our conversations became each day more serious and earnest.

"I did not think," said she, one evening when I was about to go, "that I should ever be so old. When I gave thee the ring on the day of my confirmation, I thought I should soon take leave of you; and yet I have already lived so many years, and have enjoyed so much, — suffered a good deal too, but that one forgets. And now when I feel that the departure is near, every hour, every minute becomes so precious to me! Good night! Thou must not come too late to-morrow."

One day, when I went into her room, I found an Italian painter with her. She spoke to him in Italian, and although he was obviously rather a mechanic than an artist, still she addressed him with a kindness, a modesty, even a respect, that made one perceive in her at once the true nobility of birth, nobility of soul. When the man had gone out, she said to me: "Now I will show thee a picture that will please thee. The original is in the gallery at Paris. I read a description of it, and have had it copied by this Italian." She showed me the portrait, and waited for my remarks

upon it. It was the picture of a man of middle age, in the early German costume. The expression was mystical and devout, and yet so true that one could not doubt that the man had once lived. The whole tone of the foreground of the picture was dark and brownish; but in the background was a landscape, and on the horizon was seen the first brightness of a dawning day. I could discover nothing special in the picture, and yet it made a tranquillizing impression, and one could stand for hours with the eyes fixed upon it. "There is nothing," I said, "greater than the human countenance, and even a Raphael could invent nothing equal to it."

"No!" said she. "But I will tell thee now why I wanted this picture. I read that no one knew the artist, nor did any one know who was the original of the portrait. It was probably, however, a philosopher of the Middle Ages. Now, I wanted just such a picture for my gallery. For thou knowest that no one knows the author of the 'Theologia Germania,' and besides that we have no picture of him. So I wanted to try whether a picture by an unknown person of an unknown person might not suit our German theologian; and if thou hast no objection, we will bring it here between the 'Albigenses' and this 'Reichstadt at Worms,' and call it the 'German Theologian.'"

"Good," said I; "only it is rather too strong and manly for the Frankforter."

"That may well be," she replied. "But for a suffering and dying life like mine much strength and comfort may be drawn from his book. I owe much to it, for it brought first to my view the real depth of the Christian doctrine in its perfect simplicity. I felt that it was wholly free to me to believe or not, for its doctrine had no outward pressure upon me; and yet it seized upon me with such power, that it seemed to me as if I knew for the first time what a revelation was. And this is just the reason that so many persons are prevented from entering into true Christianity, — because

its doctrines present themselves as a revelation, before the revelation itself has found a place in our hearts. This has often caused me much uneasiness. Not as if I could have doubted the truth and divinity of our religion; but I felt I had no right to a faith which others had given to me, and as if that did not belong to me which I had learned and received as a child, without understanding it. In fact, no one can believe for us, any more than they can live and die for us."

"Certainly," said I, "therein lies the cause of many hard and severe struggles, — that the doctrine of Christ, instead of gaining our hearts slowly and irresistibly, as it were the hearts of the Apostles and the early Christians, meets us from our earliest childhood as the immaculate law of a powerful Church, and requires from us an unconditional submission, which is called belief. Doubts spring up sooner or later in every mind, which has any power of thought or reverence for truth, and then, even when we are on the right way to conquer our faith, there arise the terrors of doubt and infidelity to disturb the tranquil unfolding of the new life."

"I read lately," she said, interrupting me, "in an English book, that truth made revelation, not revelation truth. And this perfectly expressed what I had experienced in reading the 'Theologia Germania.' I read the book, and I felt the power of its truth so convincingly, that I was forced to acknowledge it. The truth became revealed to me, or rather I was revealed to myself, and I felt for the first time what it was to believe. The truth belonged to me, it had long rested in my heart, but it was the word of the unknown Teacher, which shone into me as a lamp, enlightened my inward eye, and brought clearly before my mind the hitherto dimly imagined. And when I had once felt how the human soul can believe, I determined to read the Gospels as if they also were written by some unknown person. I banished as well as I could from my mind the

thought that they were inspired into the Apostles in some miraculous manner by the Holy Spirit, confirmed by Councils, acknowledged by the Church as the only saving faith; and then I first learned to understand what was meant by Christian faith and Christian revelation."

"It is astonishing," said I, "that theologians have not deprived us of all religion; and they would have done so, if the faithful had not come to them sometimes, saying seriously, 'So far, but no farther.' Every church must have its servants, but as yet there has been no religion in the world which the priests, the Brahmins or Shamans, the Bonzes or Lamas, the Pharisees or Scribes, have not perverted and destroyed. Then they quarrel and dispute in a language unintelligible to nine tenths of their people; and instead of leaving themselves to be animated by the Gospel and exciting others by their own enthusiasm, they put together long arguments to prove that the Gospels must be true because they were produced by inspired men. But all this is only a necessary help for their own unbelief. And how do they know that these men were inspired in a miraculous manner, without ascribing to themselves a much more wonderful inspiration? On this account they extend the gift of inspiration to the Fathers of the Church, yes, even to those who formed the majority when the decisions of the Councils were pronounced; and then again occurs the question, How do we know, among fifty bishops, that twenty-six were inspired and twenty-four not? and so they make at last the desperate plunge, and say that through the laying on of hands the inspiration and infallibility of the heads of the Church remain to this day, so that infallibility, inspiration, and majority make all inward conviction, all devotion, all faithful vision, superfluous. Yet in spite of all these intermediaries, the first question comes back in all its simplicity, How can B know that A is inspired, if B is not as much, or even more, inspired than A? For it requires more to know that A is inspired, than to be inspired one's self."

"I have never comprehended it so clearly myself," said she. "But I have often felt how difficult it must be to know whether any one loves, since there is no expression of love which may not be assumed. And then I thought, that no one could know it but he who himself feels love, and that he can believe in the love of another no further than he feels it himself. And as with the gift of love, so is it with the gift of the Holy Spirit. Those on whom it alights hear a rushing from heaven as of a mighty wind, and see as it were fiery tongues. But others are angry and disturbed, or they have their jest, saying, 'They are full of new wine.'

"But, as I told thee, it is to the 'Theologia Germania' that I owe it that I learned to believe my own belief; and what to many may seem a defect strengthened me the most, namely, that the old master never thought of strictly proving his positions, but scattered them as a sower, in the hope that some grains might fall on good land and bear fruit a thousand fold. Thus our Divine Master has never thought to prove his doctrines, for the full consciousness of truth rejects the formality of proof."

"Yes," said I, interrupting her, — for I could not help thinking of the wonderful concatenation of proofs of Spinoza's "Ethics," — "and so the anxious and careful reasoning of Spinoza gives me the impression that this acute thinker could not have believed with his whole heart in his own doctrine, and as if he had on this very account felt the want of fastening so carefully every mesh of the net. Yet," I proceeded, "I must acknowledge that I do not participate in the great admiration for the 'Theologia Germania,' although I am indebted to the book for many excitements. But there is wanting to me in it the human and the poetical, and especially warmth of feeling, and reverence for reality. All the mysticism of the fourteenth century is wholesome as a preparation, but it worked its solution first in the blessed and courageous return into

real life, such as we find it in Luther. The man must first feel his own nothingness in active life; he must find that he is nothing of himself, — that his existence, his origin, his eternal life, is rooted in what is Divine and Incomprehensible. This is the return to God, which to be sure never leads to the goal on earth, but yet deposits in the soul a divine home-sickness, which never afterwards leaves us. Man cannot shake off the outward creation. Although proceeding from nothing, that is, created through and by God, he cannot yet by his own will return to this nothingness, and the self-annihilation of which Tauler so often speaks, is scarcely better than the Nirvana, or breathing away of the human soul of the Buddhists. Thus Tauler says, 'that if he might come into nothingness through profound reverence and love for the Supreme Being, he would gladly sink before His majesty into the deepest abyss.' But this annihilation of the created was not the will of the Creator, for He created it. 'God transforms himself into man,' said Augustine, 'not man into God.' And thus mysticism should be only a fiery ordeal, which tempers the human soul, not evaporates it like boiling water in the kettle. He who has recognized the nothingness of self, should yet regard this self as a reflection of the truly Divine. The 'Theologia Germania' says: 'Now that which has proceeded from another is not true life, and has no other existence than in the perfect; but it is an accident, or a glozing and an appearance, which is not a being, or which has no other being than in the fire which glozes it as it flows out, as in the sun on a troop.' But what flows forth from God, even if it be only as a shining from the fire, yet it has in it divine reality, and one might even say, What would the fire be without brightness, or the Creator without creature? But there are questions of which it may truly be said: 'What man and what creature desires to know and to experience the heavenly counsel and the will of God, he desires nothing else than Adam and

the evil spirit did.' Therefore it should control us, to feel ourselves and to appear only as reflections of Divinity until we become more. The Divine light which shines through us should not be extinguished or hidden under a bushel, but it should shine out, that it may warm and enlighten all who are around us. Then we feel a living fire in all our veins, and a higher consecration to the struggle of life. Even the smallest duties remind us of God, the earthly becomes godlike, the temporal eternal, and our whole life a life in God. God is not eternal Rest, God is eternal Life, and Angelus Silesius forgets this, when he says, God is without will.

'We pray, My Lord and God be ever done thy will,
And lo! He has it not, he is forever still."

She listened to me without interrupting, and after a thoughtful pause she said: "To thy faith belongs health and vigor; but there are spirits weary of life, who long for peace and sleep, who feel themselves so alone, that, even when they fall asleep in God, they miss the world as little as the world misses them. To them it is an anticipation of divine peace when they can already sink wholly into the Godhead, and they can do so because no bond attaches them to the world, and no wish disturbs their heart but the wish for peace.

'Peace is the highest good, and were my God not peace,
E'en to himself my eyes should close, my power of seeing cease.'

But thou art not just to the German theologian. He teaches, to be sure, the nothingness of the outward life, but still he would not have it annihilated. Read to me the twenty-eighth chapter."

I took the book and read, while she listened with closed eyes: —

"Now, when this union truly cometh to pass, and becometh established, the inward man standing henceforth immovable in this union; and God suffereth the outward man

to be moved hither and thither, from this to that, of such things as are necessary and right. So that the outward man saith in sincerity, 'I have no will to be or not to be, to live or die, to know or not to know, to do or to leave undone, and the like; but I am ready for all that is to be or ought to be, and obedient thereunto, whether I have to do or to suffer.' And thus the outward man hath no wherefore or purpose, but only to do his part to further the Eternal Will. For it is perceived of a truth, that the inward man shall stand immovable, and that it is needful for the outer man to be moved. And if the inward man have any wherefore in the actions of the outward man, he saith only that such things must be and ought to be as are ordained by the eternal will. And when God himself dwelleth in the man, it is thus as we plainly see in Christ. Moreover, where there is this union, which is the offspring of a divine light, and dwelleth in its beams, there is no spiritual pride or irreverent spirit, but boundless humility, and a lowly, broken heart; also an honest, blameless walk, justice, peace, content, and all that is of virtue, must needs be there. Where they are not, there is no right union, as we have said. For just as neither this thing nor that can bring about or further this union, so there is nothing which hath power to frustrate or hinder it, save the man himself with his self-will, that doeth him this great wrong. Of this be well assured."

"That is enough," said she, "and I think we understand each other now. In another place our unknown friend says yet more plainly, that no man is incapable of being moved before death, and that the godlike man is as a hand of God, which can do nothing of itself, but what God wills; or, as a house in which God dwells. And a man thus possessed by God feels it distinctly, but he does not speak of it, but preserves his life in God as a mystery of love. It is often in my mind like that silver poplar before my window. Now in the evening it is quite still, and not a leaf is stirring; but even when every leaf is waving and rocking in the morning

breeze, the trunk with its branches remains still and motionless; and when autumn comes, then all the foliage which once trembled in the breeze falls to the ground and withers, but the trunk waits for another spring."

She had plunged herself so deeply into this manner of life, that I did not wish to disturb her in it. It was only with difficulty that I could tear myself out of the enchanted circle of these thoughts, and I scarcely knew whether she had not chosen the better part which should not be taken from her, while we were having much care and trouble.

Thus each evening brought its new discourse, and with each evening a new view was opened to me into this inexhaustible mind. She had no mystery for me; her discourse was merely loud thinking and feeling, and what she said must have lived within her for years; for she gave out her thoughts as carelessly as a child, who has gathered her whole lap full of flowers, and then scatters them on the turf. I could not open my mind so freely to her, and this disturbed and oppressed me. And yet how few can do this! owing to the incessant falsehood which society imposes upon us, which is called custom, propriety, reflection, prudence, worldly wisdom, and with which we turn our whole lives into a masked ball, how few can, even if they would, win back again the full truth of their being! If love itself might only speak its own language, and keep its own silence, but that too must learn the stereotyped phrases of poets, and rave and sigh, and caress, instead of free greeting, looking at and giving one's self to another. I would rather have acknowledged it and said to her, "Thou dost not know me;" but I did not find the words that were exactly true. But before I parted from her, I gave her a volume of Arnold's Poems, which I had lately received, and begged her to read one, called "The Buried Life." This was my confession, and then I knelt by her couch and said, "Good night." "Good night," said she, laying one of her hands upon my forehead; and then there was a trembling through my whole person, and the

visions of childhood were awakened in my soul, and I could not move, and looked into the deep, impenetrable eyes until my soul was wholly overshadowed by the serene peace of hers. Then I arose and went home silently. And at night I dreamed of a silver poplar round which the winds were rushing; but no leaf was moving on its branches.

THE BURIED LIFE.

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, my eyes with tears are wet.
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
  Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile;
But there 's a something in this breast
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
  Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.
  Alas! is even Love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?
And even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men concealed,
Their thoughts, for fear that, if revealed,
They would by other men be met
By blank indifference, or with blame reproved;
I knew they lived and moved
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves; — and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.
But we, my love, — does a like spell benumb
Our hearts, our voices? must we, too, be dumb?
  Ah! well for us if even we,
Even for a moment, can yet free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained;
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained.
  Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,

By what distractions he would be possessed,
How he would poor himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity, —
That it might keep from its capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey,
Even in his own despite, his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.
But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire, and restless force,
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us, to know
Whence our thoughts come, and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas! none ever mines:
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown on each, talent and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves;
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on forever unexpressed.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well, — but 't is not true.
And then we will no more be racked
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour,
Their stupefying power;
Ah, yes! and they benumb us at our call:
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depths upborne,
As from an infinitely distant land,

Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.
Only — but this is rare —
When a beloved hand is laid in ours;
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear;
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed, —
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again;
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze,
And there arrives a lull in the hot race,
Wherein he doth forever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.

(*To be continued.*)

"FORGETTING those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Let the earnest spirit of the great Apostle be ours. Utterly renouncing all the evil habits and wrong affections of the past, and pressing forward with all the intensity of our being toward those high attainments which are still in advance of us, let us steadfastly pursue that ideal of perfection which becomes more and more divine in proportion to our spiritual progress. Still achieving from day to day some new conquest over our infirmities, let us ever keep in view the glorious prize of faithful effort, the final growth of the soul into "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

CLAIMS OF THE NEW CHURCH UPON UNITARIANS.

A FRAGMENT.*

So large a subject as the evidences for the truth and authority of that system of Christianity entitled the New Church by its adherents, but popularly known as Swedenborgianism, must not be expected to be discussed in these few pages. I am to confine myself now to the special claims which this system seems to me to have upon Unitarians, — claims which at least demand a candid hearing, though they should not win a cordial assent. The interest which the doctrines of the New Church have already excited among Unitarians is well known to have been deep and wide, in some cases leading to an open avowal of belief in these doctrines, in others simply modifying the opinions which they had previously held. And may we not reasonably infer from this, that there is some peculiar preparation in Unitarianism for the reception of New Church views, if not even some special affinity between the one and the other? Such an inference my own experience and observation have led me to make, and therefore I name it as the first of the reasons why the New Church has claims upon Unitarians.

1. Because it has so many points of *agreement* with them. It asserts, for example, as strenuously as they have asserted, the simple, undivided unity of God, in opposition to any tripersonality whatever. Hence, in the strict etymological meaning of the word, "Swedenborgians" are Unitarians. The writings of the New Church repeatedly declare, that the belief in a tripersonal God is and can be nothing less than tritheism, however earnestly such a term may be repudiated;

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* This article is from one of our most respected Unitarian preachers and scholars, and will not fail to interest the readers of the Magazine. It was originally read before an Association of Unitarian Ministers. — Ed.

and they insist that the foundation of true religion is, that God is one. It is true that these writings also affirm a trinity in the Divine nature. They represent that Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are names for three essential distinctions, or, as they phrase it, "three distinct essentials" in one Divine Person; comparing it to the trinity in *man*, of body, spirit, and the operation or action proceeding from these two. Love, Wisdom, and Power are other forms of expressing the same truth. That there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to Unitarianism is sufficiently evident from the fact that many of late years who call themselves Unitarians have held views differing scarcely any, if at all, from these; though it is at the same time true, that the majority of the Unitarian denomination would probably object to what they would consider too mystical or philosophical a view of God. Again, there is an agreement between Unitarians and the New Church in the rejection of the doctrine of a vicarious atonement. Both alike believe that there was no Divine wrath to be appeased, or offended justice to be vindicated, by the death of Christ; that it was man, not God, who needed to be reconciled; that there is no obstacle but personal transgression to a full and entire pardon of the sinner; and both alike dissent from the Calvinism which lays such peculiar stress upon the death of the Saviour, as distinguished from his life. The New Church holds it to be strictly true, that man was made in the image of God, and that therefore justice in God must be the same quality as in man, only that in God it must be infinitely pure. Has anything been more comprehensively and admirably said by any Unitarian upon this subject, than the following passage which I find in a writer of the New Church? "Justice in man consists," says he, "not in enforcing to the utmost every demand which we may have against others, but in answering faithfully every demand which they may have upon us. So justice in the Lord consists, not in being 'extreme to mark what is done amiss,' and to levy punish-

ment for it, but in a readiness to do everything which Infinite Goodness can do for the benefit of his creatures, and to supply man with the means of salvation." Again, I find an agreement between the New Church and the Unitarians in that both put charity before faith, and emphatically renounce the doctrine of justification by faith alone. Against no error of the Church, perhaps, is Swedenborg so severe, as against this dogma. It is to him the very "abomination of desolation," — enough of itself to bring to destruction any church which should maintain it, — full of all manner of practical evils of the worst kind. And surely we shall agree with him, that whatever tends to degrade charity, or true love to our neighbor, is fatally opposed to all spiritual life. Once more, there is an essential accordance between the New Church and the Unitarian views of retribution. Both alike assert that retribution is never arbitrary or vindictive, but is the operation of certain fixed and irrevocable spiritual laws; that man makes his own hell or his own heaven, both here and hereafter; that there is no place of torment created for the purpose of future punishment, still less that there are any beings called devils who were *created* full of malice and wickedness; but that hell and heaven are spiritual states, not to be conceived as existing in any special locality; and none are now devils but those who were once men. The Lord makes every one just as happy as he is capable of being made without violation of his free will; and hell itself would exist no longer, if those who are in it were only *willing* to live the life of heaven. Such I understand to be the teaching of Swedenborg upon this vital subject. Is it not essentially in agreement with the doctrine of all who are called Liberal Christians? And can there be an agreement of a more practical character than this? But finally it should be noted, how close the affinity between these two Christian bodies in respect to what the New Church calls the Doctrine of Life. They equally regard a man's living as the test of his believing. They equally abhor all pre-

tended substitutes for a pure and holy life. They strikingly resemble each other in the approval of recreations and amusements and natural cheerfulness, as opposed to the asceticism which has so long been associated with the saintly character. Swedenborg's saints do not wear long faces, or speak in sepulchral tones, or refuse to mix with "worldly" people, or reject all worldly occupations. Far from it. "The life of religion is to do good," — that is one of the most prominent maxims of the New Church; and nowhere else, I believe, is it so consistently and uniformly maintained. The ritual of religion, the forms and ordinances of an outward service, are by no means undervalued in that communion; but they are distinctly and repeatedly declared to be subordinate to spiritual worship, — the allegiance and the homage manifested in daily life. The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is a marked anticipation of the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.

2. But I must pass to the second division of my essay. No religious system can have claims upon the attention and investigation of those who stand outside of it *merely* on the ground of resemblances. These have been mentioned simply to show how much affinity already exists between Unitarians and the New Church, with the hope that this may lead to a more intimate acquaintance. Let it be said further, then, that the New Church seems to me to supply, as no other system can, some of the peculiar *deficiencies* of the Unitarian theology as generally recognized. Such a statement, of course, would have no influence upon those who do not admit that these deficiencies exist. But I have supposed that few religious bodies were more ready to make this admission than the Unitarians. They have not usually regarded themselves as having already attained to the full truth, but as inquirers after the truth; and the introspection, and self-criticism, and sensitiveness, which have been so characteristic of the denomination, encourage one to think that there is *peculiar openness* here for new and rational and

Scriptural doctrines. To illustrate this, let us take, for our first instance, the doctrine concerning Christ. If there are any among the Unitarians who are perfectly satisfied with that view of him which makes him to have been simply a remarkable "religious genius," — a man, and nothing more than man, — who, by his own innate spiritual force, rose to that unparalleled height which he now occupies in the thought of the world, — then indeed it were vain to point out to these the peculiar excellence of the New Church doctrine of the Lord. They who maintain the opinion here referred to occupy an entirely clear and intelligible ground. But we know that there are many minds among the Unitarians who reject this view most emphatically, as leading to rationalism and deism; and these minds, while they cannot accept an Orthodox Trinity or a Calvinistic Atonement, yet cling to the conviction that Christ is somehow *divine*. They cannot think him simply a man, however richly endowed. They find evidence in his life and in his Church, that he sustained a relation to the Father of Spirits such as no mere man ever did sustain. And if I should try to give utterance to the question which haunts some of these inquirers at the present time, it would be in such form as this: How can I believe, consistently, logically, Scripturally, in the Divinity of Christ, and yet not believe him to be "very God"? Where, in other words, shall the line be drawn between Divinity and Deity, — yet so as not to ascribe divinity to Christ in that inferior sense in which we call every being divine that proceeds from God. I know that some are impatient of "lines," and of all exactness. They consider it degrading the subject to define it. But should it not be the effort of every rational mind to use all language with as much precision as the case will allow? Can it be denied that clearness is better than confusion? And does not the reluctance to a more exact statement upon this great theme proceed sometimes from a fear of the logical consequences of pushing on the inquiry, or at least from an unjustifiable intel-

lectual indolence? It does seem to me a most unworthy fear, in the present age of the world, that piety or faith will suffer by the most scientific exactness which can be given to religious truths. Vagueness may have been *once* available for devotion; *now*, the more light, the more love. Now the Church of the New Jerusalem does, it seems to me, offer a solution of this great problem, which claims at least our most careful consideration. It affirms Jesus Christ to be the revealed God. Its doctrine is, that God in his interior essence and nature is unknowable and unapproachable, — no proper object of faith or worship; but that when the fulness of time had come, it pleased him to be incarnated in a human form, — to be born into our world as a man, in every respect; — that he could not, conformably to the conditions of humanity, be *at once* manifested in all his fulness; but *by degrees*, as the human became "glorified," the divine shone out more conspicuously, till, by the resurrection and ascension, the divine and the human were made entirely one. I aim here at the greatest conciseness of statement consistent with any tolerable clearness; for pages would not suffice to present the doctrine in so full a manner as to answer all the objections which at once come up. One only objection I wish to anticipate, — or rather let me say that this doctrine of the New Church does already anticipate and answer an objection made to the strict and proper divinity of Christ; namely, that, according to the obvious sense of the New Testament, Jesus speaks of the Father as a being distinct from himself and superior to himself. The fact is undeniable; the explanation of the New Church is, that the appearance of distinctness and subordination arose from the gradual nature of the process of "glorification." Jesus, while living in this world, spoke (sometimes, at least) as though he were not God; because the human nature, in which the Divine revealed itself, was not yet fully assimilated to the Divine, — was not yet (if I may so express it) pliant and expressive of God. When he said, "My Father is greater than I," he referred to this uncompleted union. When he said, "I and

my Father are one," he recognized the unity as complete and entire.

Leaving now this absolutely exhaustless subject, let me mention next a still more striking instance of a deficiency in the system called Unitarianism, which the New Church seems to me to supply. I refer to its absence of any pneumatology. Most Unitarians evidently have no definite belief in regard to angels and spirits, — whether clothed in flesh or unclothed, — and therefore no positive ideas concerning the nature of the life after death. What is more remarkable, they do not *care* to have any; they hold it to be only superstition and self-delusion which can pretend to any knowledge of the future world. A self-satisfied ignorance or unbelief I should not seek to invade; but there can be few who are not sometimes visited with longings for a clearer insight into the spiritual world, its laws and modes of existence. Swedenborg professes to unveil those laws. He professes to have "seen and heard" spirits in that world who once were inhabitants of this, and to have had authority from the Lord to declare what was thus heard and seen. Now there is one thing about these revelations which I wish to remind you of: that many persons have accepted them as substantially true, who were not prepared to admit Swedenborg's full claims as an interpreter of divine things. They accepted them because of their wonderful and beautiful accordance with the known laws and facts of our spiritual nature. What was professedly revealed by authority was seen by these persons intuitively; precisely as one who goes into a foreign country, and brings home an account of it, makes his account credible to us because we find by it that human nature is essentially the same there as here. The New Church does not in these respects contradict anything which Unitarians have taught; but it wonderfully supplies what they did not pretend to know. If it is still asked, "How do we know that these things are true?" my answer would be, "Read and understand." The more we read, the more shall we be convinced that Swedenborg, for some

specific purpose, was permitted to declare things hitherto unknown, relating to the spiritual life and the spiritual world. I am persuaded that one who should read his writings without any prejudice or prepossession would be amazed at the self-evident character of the knowledge they impart, and would feel that where he cannot understand, he must still defer to so wonderful a person, of whom we may almost say with reverence, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did."

Finally, — for I have only space to select here and there, — let me adduce one other instance of a deficiency in Unitarianism which is supplied by Swedenborg, namely, by his doctrine concerning the Scriptures. It will hardly be questioned that the tendency of the "Liberal school," so called, is to a depreciation of the strictly divine authority of the Bible, or of any part of it. Inspiration among most Unitarians has hardly any distinctive and pre-eminent meaning, as applied to the sacred volume; and the more conservative of the denomination seem to me sadly in want of some rational ground on which they can maintain themselves against a lapse into extreme naturalism. Between Andrews Norton and Theodore Parker I am unable to see any radical difference, so far as their views of the Scriptures are concerned. They agree with each other, and with hundreds, not to say thousands, of the "Liberal" body, in rejecting, almost with scorn, any thought of "plenary" or verbal inspiration. They therefore take away all that could justify us in calling the Bible strictly the Word of God. They leave us a book of more or less authentic history, poetry, prophecy, and ethics; but wholly inadequate to *settle* definitely any great questions of theology or religion. Far different is the New Church doctrine. It holds that those parts of the Bible which are truly *God's word* are known to be such by having an internal or spiritual sense beneath the letter; and that in some places, (particularly in the first eleven chapters of Genesis,) this spiritual sense

alone is intended to be conveyed, — the account of the creation, e. g., not being true in the literal sense, — not intended, therefore, to describe the natural creation, but only the spiritual. It does not deny that in other places a true history and valuable lessons of faith and life are given by the literal meaning of the sacred books; but it holds this quite subordinate to the deeper sense, which was intended not for Jew or Gentile alone, but for all time, — nay, for men in the spiritual world too. Swedenborg is indeed the authority for taking this view; but it is claimed that an enlightened reason also confirms it, and makes it indispensable to a true reconciliation of science and faith. I cannot pretend even to indicate the course of argument by which this is sustained. But allow me to quote here from one of the most learned, intelligent, and truly liberal men of the New Church, Dr. Wilkinson of London, who seems to me, in a few words, to have admirably put the case in regard to the Biblical critics: "If it be found that Christianity is the theory of the world; that the Divine Man is Lord of the sciences; that the Biblical revelation is the truth of truths, which opens a Shekinah of light to the later races more than to the first; that the Gospel alone can rule the nations with a rod of iron; — then the finding of this from age to age will sufficiently conserve the text against the stings of the Straussian school. The more so, because if their principles of criticism first, and faith afterwards, were admitted, the result must be atheistic confusion. For if, on account of what contradicts our notions of convenience in Scripture, the Bible be untrue, then for the same reason nature, being full of contradictory essences, tigers and lambs, men and vermin, is no work of God; but a single flea is enough to trip over the nature-textuary into the abysses of denial. The armor of these greatest truths is not, however, so ill-jointed as to let in such lances. It demands that the critic shall try his criticism by not only accounting for, but ruling, the world. If he cannot do these two things, his rack of texts proves as good as nothing."

RETURNING HOME.

A SERMON BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

LUKE xv. 18: — "I will arise and go to my Father."

THIS parable of the Prodigal Son sets forth by striking analogies a comprehensive and most attractive theology. It does not merely illustrate the nature and conditions of the Divine forgiveness, — a subject which comes home with painful questionings to every awakened mind. It does more. The whole history of our wanderings and returnings is here presented at one view. No one of any religious experience fails to see that experience here mirrored forth and touching a thousand chords of memory. The stages through which we pass, as we roam away from God and come home again, are all presented with singular distinctness, and in imagery ever dear to human affections. It is well that human nature and experience can be studied on a page so divinely illumined. We can understand, with this page before us, why our Lord spake in parables, instead of working out a system of dogmatic theology. His doctrines cannot now be so misunderstood, or so clouded with metaphysics, that we may not recover them at once. They live in the language of the heart, and in the language of our daily life, and in all the imagery of our homes and firesides. Following the order of the narrative, we will attempt nothing more than such plain exposition as shall evolve the simple truths it contains.

The first period in the prodigal's history is the time during which he lived at home. There and then were stored up in his mind the sweet remembrances of childhood, and all the hallowed associations of early affection. He tended his father's flocks, and drove them from pasture to pasture, innocent as the lambkins that gambolled before him over the hills. Such was the employment of the children of an

Eastern patriarch. The first years passed away pure as the naked skies above, and the fields that surrounded the place of home were clothed in the peaceful remembrances of that early innocence. How fit to represent our condition, ere any of our wanderings have begun! How does it correspond to that first period in every one's life, which glows far back in the domains of memory, when as yet there was no conscious and voluntary transgression of the Divine command! The child is at home in the Father's house. I do not mean to broach here any theory about human nature. I know very well that the seeds of depravity are with us at the beginning; but as yet they sleep undeveloped. And so we say that the child is at home in the Father's house; for heaven lies about him, and the faces of good angels look through his crystalline innocence.

Next comes the period of responsibility. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." The period of his minority now closes, and he demands and receives his inheritance. This answers entirely to that epoch in man's spiritual life when he comes into full possession of his rational and moral powers, and uses them as his own. The child grows up and receives an earthly inheritance from his parent. We receive a spiritual heritage from the Great Parent of all, — these possessions of mind and heart and soul, this wealth of reason, affection, and moral power. At first the child acts under guardians, and they are responsible for his conduct. When manhood dawns, he is free; he acts for himself; his possessions are at his own disposal. So it is with our moral possessions. Others reason for us, and choose and act for us; but when reason and the power of choice are fully unfolded, they become ours. They are our Father's portion that falleth to us, our immortal inheritance for weal or woe.

Then the two great and solemn alternatives present themselves. How shall we use the goods that fall to us? How anxiously does the parent watch his child, to see how he

will use the worldly possessions he has given him! Will he put them to good account, and increase them tenfold, or will he squander them for his pleasures and amusements? Even so is the eye of the Great Parent on the child just coming into the free use and possession of his heaven-born faculties. Will this wealth of mind and heart, coined from the eternal reason and love, be sacredly used and increased, or squandered and cast ingloriously away?

Then comes the period of wrong choosing. There is a time when a man begins to sin, and it is when the first conscious and deliberate wrong choice is made; the first time, after the period of full responsibility, when we know the right and choose the wrong. This is the first step taken away from the Father's house. Unless we had taken another and another, we should remember that first step as an epoch in our being like that of the first sin which entered Paradise. It is when these powers, freshly received from the Divine Giver, are employed for selfish ends, and not devoted unto Him who gave them. This is wasting our substance. It is using this immortal heritage for ignoble purposes. The man who uses his powers for God finds that they enlarge and brighten in the using. The man who uses them merely for his own pleasure and appetite finds that they fall away in the using, and are soiled and wasted.

And how has he wandered now into a far country, and what dreary spaces lie between him and the God of his innocent years! How impressively, in the language of Scripture analogy, is the state of the blest described as being "nearness unto God," while that of the lost is described as being away from God, or travelling into a far country! The words of the hymn are the language of our inward experience: —

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!"

But sin is travelling away, where God and heaven are out of sight. The truths that dawned on our dreaming childhood fade out, for then God seemed near, and angels were with us. Now we are in a far country. And what a country! — where there is no God, no Father's voice, while a long tract lies between us and our innocent home.

Then comes the period of famine, for this far country is a land of famine. Yes, there is now famine in our natures, for a void is there which none but God can satisfy. A nature whose faculties are only used to accomplish narrow and worldly aims is starved of its highest good, and sends up through the consciousness intimations of its wrongs. For there is no want so deep-seated as that of purity and peace, and when all without is tranquil, and the earth is teeming with abundance, this is that hunger which is unappeased, and which cannot be satisfied by bread alone. It is evidence of man's divine origin, that, sinful and degraded as he may become, he is not content with his sin and degradation; that his higher nature, even then, will assert its prerogatives, and give him a sense of famine and desolation.

And then it is — to escape this inward sense of a starved and injured and baffled nature — that he has resort to corrupt and sensual pleasures. A necessity lies upon every one, that he become thoroughly spiritual or thoroughly carnal; that, if he will not return to his father's house, he wander among the swine-herds and eat of the husks that the swine do eat; that, if he will not rise to the communion of saints and angels, he sink into the lower pleasures and grovel in the stye of sensuality. Thus did the prodigal, though his better nature still claimed its own during the intervals of returning reason.

At one of these intervals, the Divine narrative says, "he came to himself." How significant is this language! As if his true self were that better mind within him, stored with the memories of his peaceful and happy home! He came to himself! So a man is not himself when he falls into sin.

He is beside himself, and he is restored to his true self when his better reason prevails and tells him of his divine nativity. And now his eye begins to measure back the way of his departure from his father's house. In want and wretchedness he thinks of what he is and what he was. How instinctively do his thoughts wander back to the place of his innocent home! The pastoral fields rise on his memory, over which he drove the flocks with tinkling bells. He thinks of his father's household, where he felt no wants and had no guilty recollections.

And now comes that decisive period in the history of every prodigal child. Will these tender recollections, these sweet voices of the memory, call him home, or will they come less often, and grow fainter and fainter, until finally they cease altogether. This is that crisis which comes at last to every one standing between the opposing forces of heaven and hell; false pleasures and gratifications luring him one way, and tender voices from within calling him another way. Which will he follow? If the latter, the strong and holy resolve is taken, the high and awful power of volition put forth in its energy: "I will arise and go to my father."

In the strength of this resolve he rises and goes. He travels back the dreary path of his wanderings, till the scenes of his innocent days are given back to his sight, the flocks in the pastures and the fields of waving corn, and, far beyond, his father's house reposing in a sunshine made softer both by distance and the magic of memory. He begins to muse with himself how he shall meet his wronged and offended father. But his father sees him a great way off, as he comes slowly up the hill. His father goes forth to meet him, his countenance lowering with anger. And he says to him: "I must have some satisfaction for my despised and violated authority. No repentance of yours can ever atone for all this. Unless thine elder and

innocent brother will stand forth and receive upon his head the punishment due to thee, I forbid thee ever to tread these happy fields again." And the elder brother comes forth on that pastoral scene, and the father's arm is lifted over him in wrath. — But what gloss is this? And what hideous spectacle ere comes in to mar the beauty of this pastoral scene? Go back and read again. The father sees him afar off, and he knows the step of his son. He does not wait till he comes up, but runs quick over the fields to meet him, and falls upon his neck to embrace and kiss his child! And the child, amid the memorials of his innocent years, weeps away his guilt in his father's embrace. He conceals nothing, but lays open his whole soul to that all-expiating love: "I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." And his father said, — not something about satisfaction, but — "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put rings on his hands, and shoes on his feet, for this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

There are several terms quite current in the language of the religious world, which become technical or which pass into the provincialisms of sect, but which in this heaven-drawn picture of religious experience may be restored to their fresh and primitive meaning. Notwithstanding all the evils of the fall and our hereditary tendencies to sin, — and they are strong enough, — we yet learn from this map of human recessions and returnings that our first state is one of nearness to God; that in the period anterior to that of voluntary transgression we dwell with the Father. In that first period God is working within us when we know it not; and what impressions are made on the young heart afterwards to be revived in their freshness, — what states of innocence are induced upon us, which even after we have wandered away from God shall come out, painted on the canvas of the soul, and make us sigh for

something lost, and resolve to win it again! Of this first period it is not only poetically but religiously true, —

> "O tender germ, and full of heaven!
> Not in the twilight stars on high,
> Not in moist flowers of even,
> See we our God so nigh."

So that we do not start on life's journey from the city of Destruction, but from the city of God, and the memory of what we experienced before our departure out of it pleads with us persuasively, and perhaps wins us back again. Hence you find that those who become the most genuine Christians, that is, who become truly childlike again, are those in whom these states of innocence are revived, and who are called back to God by voices from the long past coming over the desert of years as from some pre-existent world of sunshine and peace. Those who become religious without these revived states and memories, who make all the past black and depraved, and infancy itself smitten with the curse of God, never become children again. They are bigoted men, morose and hard-featured, breathing the hot airs of noon, and never coming back again into the golden atmosphere of pastoral fields.

When the prodigal wandered away from God into a far country, we have seen his condition described as one of famine and want. Now this period answers precisely to that which we call *repentance*, — that sorrow and wretchedness of a sinful state which precedes conversion. That sorrow which we call repentance is not sorrow on account of the consequences of sin, but on account of the sinful state itself. It is the afflicting experience of the wretchedness of mere selfish gratifications, whence come longings and sighings after purity and holiness and rest with God. Then comes the holy resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father." This is *conversion*, for that means turning and changing our course; and here we see it is the point where the prodigal turned back towards his father's house. And he arose and

proceeded on his way. This, translated from the language of allegory to that of inward experience, is *spiritual progress.* Religious progress is spiritual travelling, and to know whether or not you are making that progress, you are to ask whether you are drawing nearer to God by passing into the state of infantile simplicity and innocence. We are making no true progress unless we are nearing the fields of childhood, or, in other words, becoming childlike. There the Father comes forth and meets the prodigal with a kiss of love. This is *forgiveness*, or reconciliation. You have its nature and conditions here set forth better than whole tomes of theology could describe it. Put into this narrative form, whole tomes of theology cannot obscure it. It is God and man meeting together again. Sinful man, through repentance and conversion, comes into the childlike state, — that of self-surrender; and there, and there alone, he meets the Father again, and leans on the bosom of his love. This is forgiveness, reconciliation, atonement, and this is the only mode of obtaining it. Then the prodigal is clothed in new apparel. This is the *new morality* of the sinner brought back to God. It is not an inward experience alone, but the most pure and perfect of Christian practice, — when the subjective states, repentance, conversion, spiritual progress, forgiveness, have their last manifestation in the most external life, which clothes the Christian's mind like an angel's robe. "I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, and justice was my robe and diadem." Last of all, the feasting, the music, and the dancing, — by which the *joys and satisfactions* of living with God are put in contrast with a life of sin; — living with God, and feeding on heavenly viands, with living away from God in that far country, and eating the food of swine. Let those who think that religion takes away their pleasures compare the prodigal now returned, clothed in the best robe and sitting amid festal splendors, with the prodigal starving among the swine-herds, and they will see how Christ contrasts the

joys of the religious experience with the dreary pleasures of sin.

You have now, I think, the whole experience of man wandering and returning traced before you as upon a map, a pilgrim's progress written by a Divine hand. The state of infancy, or the starting-point of our pilgrimage, — the departure away from God, — the repentance, — the conversion, — the spiritual progression that follows, — the atonement, or God and man meeting again, — the new outward life, and the joys of the new experience at home with God again; — here is an all-comprehending and all-sufficing theology. Here are the truths that hang in silvery clusters on the thread of this divinely-written narrative. Are there none of you who are yet in that land of want and famine, and who have never put forth decisively the awful power of volition in that high resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father"? And are there no voices that call thee back; no remembered tones of a Father's spirit that has been grieved away; no remorse for perverted and wasted powers; no fading ideals of purity and innocence that make thee sigh for peace with God; no images that throng down from the hills of life's morning-land, and make thee long to be an innocent child again in thy Father's home, — like the man who, reposing on the field of strife during the truce of battle, went back in his visions to the scenes of pastoral innocence and peace?

> "I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
> In life's morning march when my bosom was young,
> I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
> And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung."

THE BIPASCHAL THEORY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DURING a course of more than twelve years of service as teacher of a Sunday-school Bible-class, I was often led to remark, that if we considered Jesus in his *human* form to have been governed by all physical laws, "like as we are," then, viewing him in all his journeyings, discourses, and deeds through the medium of the Bipaschal theory, he was the most overtasked of *mortals*. On mentioning my difficulty to our pastor, he seemed to think my objection of little force, because Carpenter's Dissertations had long since settled the point, and the Divinity School at Cambridge yielded obedience to Carpenter's authority; nevertheless, having greater geographical aids than were at Carpenter's command when he wrote his "Dissertations," I determined to set out with my class, and travel in the *known* footsteps of Jesus from Nazareth, whence he departed in the middle of January, in the year 29, to be baptized of John, January 20 of the same year, till we should arrive with him on Calvary, the 7th of April in the year 30. For our *general* guide in the succession of events we took Carpenter's Harmony, and for distances we used Dr. Robinson's Maps of Palestine.

Thus prepared, we left Nazareth for the scene of baptism, near Jericho, thence we went into the desert, then to West Bethsaida, to Cana, and to Capernaum. Thence we went to the first Passover, March 19, visited the hill country, went to Sychar, and continued on to Cana. Again we turned southward to Jerusalem, to the Feast of Pentecost, May 8, and then passed through Samaria to Nazareth. After spending several months in and about Capernaum, during the hot season and harvest time, we departed for Jerusalem to the Feast of the Tabernacles, September 13. We then returned to Capernaum, and after making our first circuit of Galilee, and hearing the Sermon on the Mount,

we again arrived at Capernaum. We next went with Jesus to Nain, thence to Magdala, and crossed the Sea of Galilee to Gadara. Recrossing to Capernaum, we set off on the second circuit of Galilee, and returned to Nain, where we paused, while he sent out the Twelve through Galilee, and the Seventy through the Peræa. In their absence, we visited with him Mary and Martha at Bethany, and returned to Galilee. Again we went to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Dedication, November 26, and then retired to Bethabara. We next attended him to the raising of Lazarus at Bethany, and then stayed several weeks at Ephraim. Returning to Capernaum, we thence proceeded to Nazareth. We then journeyed round the north of the Sea of Galilee to East Bethsaida, and saw the five thousand fed. Thence recrossing to Magdala and Capernaum, we set out on the third circuit of Galilee; and as Herod was then at Tiberias, we kept far to the north, round Lake Huleh or Merom, and came down to the neighborhood of East Bethsaida, and saw the four thousand fed.

Thence we passed northward toward Cesarea Philippi, and spent the night on the Mount of the Transfiguration. We then returned to Capernaum, and starting thence, we kept well to the west, to avoid Tiberias, and entered into Samaria; but being repulsed, we turned eastward to Scythopolis, crossed into the Peræa, and continuing on to Bethabara, we recrossed the Jordan, passed through Jericho, and reached Zaccheus's house on Friday afternoon of the 31st of March, in the year 30. After spending the Sabbath there, we arrived at Bethany on Saturday evening, triumphantly entered Jerusalem April 2d, and, passing to and fro between Jerusalem and Bethany till Thursday, we followed him finally to his crucifixion, on Friday, April 7, A. D. 30.

Now the sites of some of these places are unknown, and those of many others are doubtful, and in such instances we have taken the probable sites. The relative distances, as

given by different authorities, differ so much as to afford but little foundation for a reliable calculation. In most cases, therefore, we have taken air-lines, and (as the roads of Palestine are very tortuous, being mere camel-paths) if we add one third to the air-line distance, we shall have an amount sufficiently exact for our rough calculation; for it must be distinctly understood, that we pretend to no mathematical precision in these data, but simply offer them as a rude approximation to a fact, which may give to those who possess greater Biblical and geographical lore, and more leisure for research than we are favored with, a new view-point from which to test the Bipaschal theory. It must also be remembered, that a vast amount of travel and unrecorded deeds may be concealed in the phrases, "He went into all the villages round about," — "into all the regions round about," — "He went about doing good," &c.; all of which we have excluded, as beyond the reach of our "air-line."

The sum of this travel, thus rudely sketched, is about 1,895 miles, by air-line measurement; if one third of this sum be added to it, as an allowance for winding roads, we have 2,526.

During the period of 447 days, included between the 15th of January, A. D. 29, and the 7th of April, A. D. 30, Jesus did not travel on 328 days. Only 119 days then are left, during which Jesus walked 2,526 miles, or at the rate of over 21 miles a day. This is very nearly the average of horse or camel travel per day in the East.

In the journeyings and teachings and visits of Jesus, we see not the slightest evidence of hurry or want of time, and no mention is made of his riding during his ministry, except in the solitary instance of his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, and that instance was a ride of but two and a half miles. His means of passing from place to place seem to have been those of an ordinary mortal pedestrian, up to the period of his resurrection.

This rate of travel does not seem to trouble Carpenter,

for on the 25th page of his Harmony he makes Jesus travel at the rate of 18 miles a day, during five successive days; and on the 53d page of his "Structure of the First Three Gospels," he intimates that everything which Jesus did might have been done while travelling at that speed. Perhaps it might; but we question whether any being using merely mortal powers (and we see no exertion of supernatural powers in any movement of mere travel previously to the resurrection) could have so travelled and taught and worked. We see no great force in the objection to all theories, excepting that of the Bipaschal, that the four great feasts are each mentioned but once. Because an event has not been recorded, it does not follow that it never took place. Once it is related that Jesus went up alone and in secret to a Feast of the Tabernacles. Again, when the Twelve were making a circuit of Galilee, and the Seventy were to do a similar work in the Perœa, Jesus made a journey alone to Bethany. May not there have been other visits wholly unrecorded? Many intimations are given, that but a small part of the acts of Jesus is recorded, without calling to our aid the questioned text from John, that, if *all* had been recorded, the world could not have contained them. Be this as it may, our simple point is this: Is the Bipaschal theory tenable, upon the supposition that Jesus worked about 119 days, while travelling at the rate of 21 miles a day?

LITTLE CLARA.

LITTLE CLARA came to us when almost a baby, and there was so much, both in her history and her nature, to appeal to our hearts, that she soon became as one of our own children. We meant to treat her as we would our other little ones, and exercise what people call "a strict impartiality." A resolve very easy to take! but we very soon found that she

was so unlike any of our others, that it was vain to think of subjecting her to the same discipline. Sometimes she was all fire and passion, sometimes all penitence and docility; intractable as a young catamount, or mild and gentle as a lamb. A line of ancestry unlike each other as could well be imagined had sent down their streams of being, and they had met and got strangely mixed up in our poor little Clara.

I studied her day and night. It takes longer to understand another person's child than your own, for the two natures do not ray into each other so perfectly. Deep, rich veins soon discovered themselves in the child's being. I watched, in silence, their spontaneous evolution. I had given her the first lessons of the Catechism, such as that God made all things, the sun, the moon, and the stars. She hated work herself, and her first remark, made evidently in entire sincerity, was, "I am very sorry God has so much to do." But a few evenings afterward she stood at the west window, with her forehead against the pane, watching the changing glories of the sky as they shaded off into twilight. By and by the first star faintly twinkled, like a diamond point, and she sprang to me with a bound that shook her bright curls over her face, "Come, Aunty, quick! God has just begun to make the stars!" The child had got the notion that God made a new set of them every night, and then put them away. After all, I thought she was right, and that she had got quite as near as the philosophers to the truth that God is always creating. This love of beauty became a passion. She would almost bound out of the carriage, shouting, "Anemones! anemones!" as they whirled by us on the wayside. And then there was another trait that needed all our watch and tenderness. There were sensibilities in the child liable to be wrung to torture by tales of suffering or the tragic of any kind. Clever people would lend her books that made her miserable for days. A kind neighbor, with the best intentions, used to lend her tracts, hoping to be a means of the child's conversion, or at least

of breaking up her fiery temper and iron will. I did not read them over, as I should, though I knew that death-bed scenes were a sort of machinery which those tracts employed for this purpose. There is room for an honest difference of opinion on this subject, but I know that our good neighbor would not have dealt thus with poor Clara if she had understood her nature.

We had been sitting around the table, the children with their books, until bedtime. When I put little Clara into her trundle, there was a quiver of the lip and an anguish of countenance, such as I never saw in a child's face before.

"What ails my darling?"

"Nothing, Aunty, but I must die."

"We must all die, my child. Now say your little prayer."

"I can't. Won't you ask God to excuse me?"

"O, if you don't feel like it, you need n't. Go to sleep, now, be a good child, and be happy."

I kissed her and left her, supposing she would drop to sleep. I left open the chamber door. I had hardly reached the sitting-room when a cry broke from the chamber which thrilled me through.

"I've got to die! I've got to die!"

I went up and soothed her, but it only subsided into sobs. I took up the tract she had been reading. It was a description of a wicked and disobedient girl, who died early, and was (perhaps) hopefully converted at the last hour. Some would have thought this impression healthful and right, and to be followed up in the same line. I did not think so. Of all things, I had avoided frightening my children about death, and I would not now begin with poor, sensitive Clara. I took her by the hand, and told her the following stories: —

"You know our good friend, Aunt Mary Hartwell, who lives up the street. She has just returned from the burial of her little niece, Josephine, and she told me all about her death. Josephine was a good girl, though by no means per-

fect. She lost her mother four or five years ago, just as you did yours, and had to get along without her. But poor Josephine sickened, and they knew she must leave this world. 'You are not afraid to die, are you?' said her aunt. 'I do not think I should be,' said Josephine, 'if I could put my hand in mother's and be led along.' Some hours after this she breathed her last. They composed her features and were looking on the lifeless form. Presently the features lighted up again, yea, kindled into an angelic beauty, the eyes opened and brightened as never before, and she exclaimed, 'I see my mother! I see my mother!' and then she sank away again to the last sleep."

"*Did* she see her mother?" asked Clara, wiping her tears.

"I give you the facts, my dear, exactly as I had them from Aunt Hartwell."

I knew this was all true, and avoided mixing up any theories with it, thinking that the child would probably do that better than I should. Then I told her the following, which I remembered reading some time before in an old number of the New Jerusalem Magazine: —

"There was a mother watching over her baby, sick of a dangerous disease. It was midnight, she was exhausted and sank back in her chair and slept, or thought she did. And then she saw two women, white-robed, with goodness in their features come and take up the child and carry it away. As they left, one of the women waved her hand towards the mother as saying, 'Don't be troubled; we 'll take the best care of your baby,' — at which the mother suddenly started up and looked into the cradle. A little corpse was there, but her baby was gone."

"Why, that's the picture that hangs up in the parlor," said Clara, forgetting her sorrow.

"Something like it, my darling, but not the same. In the picture there is only one angel, and he has wings. The good angel-women had no wings, and there were two of them."

"Was that all real?" said Clara, her face brightening up.

"It sets forth the greatest realities, child; for you remember the text on which these stories, after all, are but a feeble comment, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is heaven.'"

I was not mistaken in the influence which these better views of death had upon the dear child. She went quietly to sleep, but she did not forget what I told her, and I do believe it sank down into her fiery nature like a balm out of Gilead. It is a terrible thing to frighten children even to make them good, and especially *such* children. A careless word, or a book carelessly thrown in their way, may cause them an anguish we little dream of, and even bring a death-shadow over their existence. Study their natures and susceptibilities, and lead them by what is simply true and best adapted to their state.

AUNT LIZZIE.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BY NETTIE.

A LITTLE child, with eyelids closed
As if in slumber she reposed
And sweetly took her rest,
Lay, with white rose-buds round her head,
A coffin for her cradle bed, —
Hands folded on her breast.

Beside the dead, another child
Stood gazing wonderingly, and smiled,
Then kissed the sleeper's brow.
She started back! it was so cold,
But smiling still, said, "Mamma told
She be an angel now."

And then, with simple faith, the child
(Who while three summers' suns had smiled
In childhood's path had trod)
Again more fondly kissed the dead,
And soft, and low, and trusting, said,
"*Please give my love to* GOD."

RANDOM READINGS.

MRS. HUNKER.

We had the honor not long since of being introduced to this distinguished lady; and as we travelled in her company some hundreds of miles, we made considerable progress in our acquaintance with her. Our introduction to her was on this wise. We were travelling through a most beautiful region, where the eye was feasted on the glories of wheat-fields, woods, thriving villages, and prairies, that only dissolved from the view on the far distant horizon. Any one who has tried the experiment may have discovered that to breathe one's breath over half a dozen times is not edifying; much less to breathe over the air which tobacco-eaters and whiskey-drinkers have extracted the oxygen from, and supplied in the place thereof with their own nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. We had got by a car window, and established a small but most delicious communication between our lungs and out-doors, and were getting cured of the awful sickness that had come over us, and enjoying to the full the shifting scenery that whirled by us. The cars stop.

Enter Mrs. H. She has a commanding air, and walks a queen, followed by her niece, Celestia Matilda. "Will you have the kindness, sir, to let us have this seat. I would like to sit with my friend?"

Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda take the vacated seat. Mrs. H. reverses the next seat and lays her shawl upon one end, and Celestia Matilda puts her satchel upon the other. The window is shut down close. Both ladies put their feet on the edge of the seat opposite, and go to reading the Atlantic, and something else, which might have been the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity, or the Star-Spangled Bride, done in paper covers.

We looked round despairingly, as every window in the car was now tenanted, and communication with out-doors was cut off. We squeezed in, however, beside a gentleman from the Emerald Isle. Patrick was effluent of tobacco-juice, whiskey-fumes, and such like, and was in very communicative mood. He wanted to know "what coontree we had come to?" and "what was the name of the place

outside of it?" and other little interesting items of the sort, which such gentlemen in search of useful knowledge are anxious to get. We satisfied his thirsting mind as politely as we could, and relapsed into a study of our neighbors, the new-comers, who sat directly before us.

The cars stop again. The conductor puts his benevolent face through the open door. By the way, conductors are the most accomplished gentlemen one meets with. They must be carefully selected, or else there must be something in their vocation — which is to promote peoples' comfort — to improve the manners and the heart.

"Passengers for Washington change cars!"

There was a general scramble, during which Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda disappeared in the crowd. I hate a crowd. The idea of being mixed up among hoops, or squeezed between a fat man and the door, is repulsive; so I waited and went on leisurely, following the human wake into the waiting car. Alas for the dangers of delay! Every seat was occupied. Mrs. H. was there, and Celestia Matilda was there. Mrs. H., however, was not now "sitting with her friend." She was filling a whole seat, keeping close to the aisle, and with large and expansive capabilities spreading her skirts clean to the other end. Celestia Matilda had not quite so much power of enlargement, but she contrived, nevertheless, to extend over a whole seat the doctrine of squatter sovereignty. With her shawl and satchel and the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity, as substitutes and vicegerents, she filled up that part of the seat over which she was not able *in propria persona* to expand. Three gentlemen were standing in the aisle, — myself among them, — all three of us decent-looking and well-behaved, except that, being jerked forward at the rate of thirty miles an hour, we reeled to and fro, and I presume were regarded by Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda as men of unsteady habits, who were to be kept at a distance. Any way they ignored us. The new conductor came along, and I was encouraged by the suavity of his benevolent face.

"Tickets, gentlemen!"

As I lurched against him in producing mine, I pointed out to him the new application of squatter sovereignty, and suggested the inquiry, whether the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity had paid for its seat. He looked blank a moment, but passed on in silence, evidently wanting to say, "I would help you if I could, gentlemen,

but this is a hopeless case." Thirty-eight miles of standing martyrdom, and then we parted with Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda, and the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity, perhaps for ever, though, alas! we fear not. S.

SPONTANEOUS SPIRITUALISM. — MR. OWEN'S BOOK.

It is claimed that there are from three to four millions of believers in the "manifestations" called Spiritualism. We have read some thousands of pages of its literature, and, with rare exceptions, it sets with strong current down into the dreary ocean of Pantheism.

But there are two kinds of manifestations. There are those which are invoked and sought after as legitimate means of intercourse between the natural world and the spiritual. This is the modern necromancy, and its results, we think, must be uniform with the necromancies of all climes and ages. Whoever seeks the guidance of spirits must find such as are congenial with his present state of mind, or at least are down on the level where he stands. Good angels do not accept of such open guidance, nor come at our call for it. They do not seek to move us through our feeble and timid senses; but the influence from their sphere is through the conscience, the reason, and the heart, building us up within through the strength and illumination of our own rational powers, just in the degree that we obey the Divine commandments. And within, all other healthful influence is the Lord and his Word, drawing us upward ever into higher realms of truth and goodness, through self-denials and renunciations; while necromancy can approach us on the side of our lust, our pride, and our fear, and flood us with infernal sorceries and delusions.

But there is another kind of spiritualism, — that which comes unsought and in the Providence of God, and whose facts must be accepted, and, like all other facts, arranged under the laws of the universe. This has always been in the world, and been acknowledged more or less as among the recognized means of the Divine operations. It includes the phenomena which occur on the border between the spiritual world and the natural, and where the continual action of the former upon the latter sometimes comes into sight.

This is the class of facts treated of in Mr. Owen's late work, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." Mr. Owen selects

only such facts as must be received according to the rigid rules of historical evidence, ruling out, with a lawyer's scrutiny, all others which may be the result of human credulity or imagination. Reject these well-attested facts, he argues, and history has no longer any foundation as a science. You do not know that St. Paul ever lived, or that Warren fell at Bunker Hill. Receive them, and they are important contributions both to psychological and theological science.

It is curious to observe that more than one half of the intelligent people you meet with are believers in this class of spirit-phenomena, and will tell you of something within their personal knowledge and experience that confirms it, though they generally put it in a parenthesis, as of something not to be spoken of, lest they should incur the imputation of being credulous. Sir Walter Scott wrote his History of Demonology and Witchcraft, putting on bravely the air of incredulity, suggesting explanations by natural laws, and leaving on the discerning reader the impression that he did not believe his own explanations.

Mr. Owen has been converted by these phenomena to a belief in the immortality of the soul, and to certain views of the life after death. He thinks they establish the doctrine held by the primitive Church, and now held by the New Church, that the first state after death is neither heaven nor hell, but very much like the present state, where good and evil still mingle together. But his facts are too few to form the basis of a pneumatology. They are only suggestive and confirmatory of other evidence. But they alarm the theologians, and lead them to reflect, that, while they are busy with their speculations, these themes may be taken out of their hands and settled by the inductive method before they are aware of it. Mr. Owen treats his facts in a philosophical spirit, avoiding the extremes of credulity and dogged Sadduceeism. We condense a single one of his narratives. It comes not under the department of Spiritualism, but of psychological laws. It is one of a great number on which Mr. Owen bases his inductions. Our readers can judge from it the drift of a book which is having a large circulation, and the kind of evidence through which some who reject revelation come, nevertheless, to the belief of a Providence and a spiritual world. Better, so we should say, than not to believe at all; but where is the regenerating power, without the central fact of the Divine incarnation in the living Christ?

And how can people who accept such facts as these reject those of the New Testament? S.

THE RESCUE.

Mr. Robert Bruce, of Scotch descent, was in 1828 first mate on a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick. After being five or six weeks at sea, he sees a man in the captain's cabin writing on a slate. He approaches him, and is amazed to find on the ship a total stranger, looking at him with fixed gaze and in grave silence. He rushes alarmed upon deck.

"Why, Mr. Bruce, what in the world is the matter with you?" asked the captain.

"The matter, sir! Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

Bruce protests that he saw a stranger there in the plainest daylight. The captain and Bruce go down together into the cabin, but the man has disappeared. The whole ship is searched, but the stranger cannot be found.

"I told you, Mr. Bruce, you had been dreaming."

"It's very well to say so, sir; but if I did n't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again."

"O, writing on a slate. Then it must be there still." And the captain took it up.

"Sure enough! — STEER TO THE NOR'WEST."

They tacked and steered to the northwest, to see what would come of it, and in three hours came to a ship wrecked and frozen to the ice, and the crew perishing.

They rescue the sufferers, and as the third boat is coming up with them, the mate, Mr. Bruce, catching the glimpse of a man's face in it, starts back in consternation.

"There 's the man, captain, I saw writing at your desk. I could swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce, this gets more and more singular. Let 's go and see this man."

After some preliminary conversation, they ask him to write a few words on the slate. They handed him the slate with the blank side up.

"Suppose you write, 'Steer to the Nor'west.'"

The stranger complies, and the captain takes the slate, steps aside, and reverses it.

"Is that your handwriting?"

"Of course, — you saw me write it."

"And this?" turning the other side.

"What is the meaning of this? I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you. My mate tells me that you wrote it, sitting at my desk, at noon to-day.

The captain of the wreck and the mysterious man exchange knowing glances.

"This whole thing," rejoined finally the captain of the wreck, "is most mysterious and extraordinary, and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman," pointing to the other man, "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or two he woke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig, and to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her."

"It is very strange," added the man. "Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar. Yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before."

They come very naturally to the conclusion that Providence had interposed to save them from a hopeless fate, and look upon the event with religious gratitude and awe.

"The above," Mr. Owen adds, "was communicated to me by Captain J. S. Clarke, who allowed me to use his name, who had it from Bruce himself, 'as truthful and straightforward a man,' says Captain Clarke, 'as ever I met in all my life. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie.'"

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

Born July 9, 1586. Died about January, 1588.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift my precious flower was given;
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss!
With outstretched arms its care-wrought father greet:
O, in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart;
A few short months, — else toilsome all and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud scarce formed was dying, —
The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night, —
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely called, not suddenly it perished,
But gradually faded from our love away!
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for his own;
So beautiful he made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made, —
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished;
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew that, to his table flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And, to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'T was a fair sight, — the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping:
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still, as he sickened, seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart's chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained, and parted too!

'T was my first "hansel" * and "propine" † to Heaven;
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod —
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S JOURNAL.

IT gives us great pleasure to inform our readers, as a friend intimates we might well have done before, that the very interesting paper upon *La Sœur Rosalie*, to which we called attention in our last number, was copied into "The Living Age" from "The Englishman's Journal." A periodical which has supplied so interesting a memoir certainly deserves to be well known on both sides of the water, amongst the women and the men too of America, as well as of

* Present. † Earnest, pledge.

England. We find amongst the list of famous women, whose stories are told in this periodical, the name of *Rachel*, and cannot help asking, Why write of her? Why not keep silence about her, if we must apply the rule, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"?

Whilst we have upon our minds the duties and opportunities of women, we are moved to set down the accompanying record of Church doings in the olden time. "Women's Rights" have been understood, it seems, before our day. Would n't it be well to restore the ancient custom alluded to in what we are about to quote? Certainly the outside attendance at conventions and the like is very largely from (shall we say?) the more religious sex.

"WOMEN PRESENT AT THE GREAT COUNCIL OF BECANCELD, A. D. 694.

"A great council (for so it is titled) was held at Becanceld (supposed to be Beckenham in Kent) by Withred, king of Kent, and Bertuald, Archbishop of Britain, so called therein (understand him of Canterbury), wherein many things were concluded in favor of the Church. Five Kentish abbesses, namely, Mildred, Ethelred, Æte, Wilnolde, and Hereswide, were not only present, but subscribed their names and crosses to the constitutions concluded therein. And we may observe, that their subscriptions are not only placed before and above all presbyters, but also above Botred, a bishop (but of what diocess not specified), present in this great council. It seems it was the courtesy of England to allow the upper hand to the weaker sex, as in their sitting, so in their subscriptions."

This record is taken from "The Church History of Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year 1648, endeavored by Thomas Fuller, D. D., Prebendary of Sarum," and if our readers find time to read any save muslin-covered books, we most heartily commend to them the work of one whose genius enabled him to illumine the driest details, and who had enough homely common sense to redeem a legion of pedants. E.

SEWING MACHINES AND SEWING WOMEN.

We are glad to learn from the report of the Needlewoman's Friend Society in this city, that sewing machines have not seriously interfered with the occupations and the receipts of those who live by their needles. We are not sure that it will not prove to be the case

in regard to this as to other inventions, that the demand for human brains and human muscles is even stimulated by the abundance of machinery. Somehow labor is found to be a blessing as well as a curse, and when plain work is disposed of, ornamentation begins. Indeed, it is sometimes a little provoking to find that the leisure procured by the help of a sewing machine is forthwith appropriated to putting in two stitches where one would have served, or where not even one was needed. There have, however, been some cases of suffering through the loss of work and wages amongst those who have been accustomed to earn their bread by sewing, and there are two ways of meeting the necessities of the times in this matter. 1. Be sure that all who are taught to sew at all, are taught to do it in a superior manner; there is still a lively demand for accomplished seamstresses, and many a girl who is unfitting herself for usefulness in our public schools by acquiring a smattering of what to her will be useless knowledge, might be prepared for a life of independence and honor, whether as matron or as maid, by a little old-fashioned training in needlework and general household offices. Skilful labor always commands a very high price. We have brains in abundance, and we have "hands" (as they are significantly called) in abundance; but hands guided by brains, or by so much as a tolerable measure of animal sagacity, are sometimes not to be had for love or money. 2. If you find a woman who has been put out of employment by sewing machines, put her in again by heading a subscription to aid her in purchasing one, instead of doling her out "groceries," or planning for her unprofitable work.

We are glad to find that these wonderful and admirable inventions are to be bought now at comparatively moderate prices, and as we are so fortunate as to own a very good one (not a gift), we can all the more freely direct attention to the advertisements of one and another machine to be found in the business sheet of our journal, — a place, we may add, where such announcements may well be found, inasmuch as many of our readers are clergymen, and the wives of clergymen, being almost colleagues of their husbands, cannot be very busy seamstresses after the old way. E.

"LITTLE CLARA."

An incident in the sketch of Aunt Lizzie reminds us of the following lines of Willis, beautifully confirming the truthfulness of the incident: —

"She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and, putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively, —
'Father, dear father, God has made a star!'"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Napoleon III. in Italy, and other Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: C. S. Francis. — Two sentiments inspire Mrs. Browning, — unbounded admiration of the Emperor, and fervent love of Italy. We pardon the former from sympathy with the latter, as we follow the "rhythmic march" of her verses, grand as the tramp of armies. She cannot make us forget the stains of perjury and murder that cleave to her hero, and which "the poet's chrism, which smells beyond the priest's," will not avail to expiate. But her love of liberty is deep and stirring, and even her "curse for a nation" — meaning our slave republic — for its sins against human rights, we receive as it was intended, and as is richly deserved.

The following is her description of the rising of Italy against the Austrian slayers: —

"Out of the dust, where they ground them,
Out of the holes, where they dogged them,

Out of the hulks, where they wound them,
In iron, tortured and flogged them;
Out of the streets, where they chased them,
Taxed them and then bayonetted them —
Out of the homes, where they spied on them,
(Using their daughters and wives,)
Out of the church, where they fretted them,
Rotted their souls and debased them,
Trained them to answer with knives,
Then cursed them all at their prayers! —
Out of cold lands not theirs,
Where they exiled them, starved them, lied on them;
Back they come like a wind, in vain
Cramped up in the hills, that roars its road
The stronger into the open plain;
Or like a fire that burns the hotter
And longer for the crust of cinder,
Serving better the ends of the potter;
Or like a restrainèd word of God,
Fulfilling itself with what seems to hinder,
'Emperor
Evermore.'"

The Biblical Reason why: a Family Guide to Scripture Readings, and a Hand-Book for Biblical Students. New York: Dick and Fitzgerald. 8vo. — This is a commentary on the Old and New Testaments, by way of question and answer, with woodcuts illustrating manners and customs, geography and natural history. It embodies in small space much valuable information important to a right understanding of the mere externals of the Divine Word. Its interior contents it does not touch. It professes to be clear of all sectarian dogmas. It aims to be a popular hand-book for the unlearned reader of the Bible, but it cannot supply the place of a good textual commentary. S.

The Barefooted Maiden: a Tale. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Illustrated. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1860. — "Little Barefoot," as she should be called, is a most fascinating creation, and her story is told in an altogether charming manner. The picture is taken from the humblest life, the scene is laid in an ordinary Ger-

man village, the *dramatis personæ* are peasants of a higher or lower grade, and we should add paupers, were we not stayed by that brave word of little Amrie's, "I take no gifts!" but the beauty and the glory of our humanity are here, encompassed by lowliness, and yet all the more able to move our hearts. The book, without making a profession of religion, is religious, — moral, too, without moralizing, — and withal a charming combination of the real and the ideal, of hard, grasping, mean, grinding village life, under iron conditions, and of that faith and knowledge and sweetness — the gifts of God as manifestly as the flowers and the fruits, the birds and the soft breezes — which create their own world, and that world almost a heaven, out of the most unpromising materials. If Auerbach will yield anything else so good, we hope that Mrs. Lee will lay us under fresh obligations by putting within our reach what will be sure to profit and delight young and old. The translation is very graceful, and just enough of the German tone and coloring are retained to add to the charm of the book for an English reader. E.

Home Songs for Little Darlings. Mayhew and Baker. Boston. — A very pleasant collection of songs for Sundays and for week-days, which will be of great service to parents, and a source of great enjoyment to the children, the natural food for whose minds and hearts is poetry, and who are sure not to be quarrelling if they are singing. It was the rule of Wesley to keep chaff out of the measure by filling it full of wheat. E.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, collected and republished by Thomas Carlyle. In four volumes. Boston: Brown and Taggard. — Twenty-two years ago the essays and reviews which form the body of the first two of these volumes were edited by Mr. R. W. Emerson, and introduced for the first time, in book form, to the American public. In scattered anonymous sheets of British magazines they had spoken to many youthful readers on both sides of the Atlantic, to use Mr. Emerson's expression, "with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep." Not long afterward two more volumes followed; and the contents of the four served to open the more earnest and reflective portion of the American mind to the genius of a writer who has not only hindered it from sleep, but influenced decisively its habits of thinking. Probably he has not found a more

eager audience anywhere than in New England. Even many who reject his strange gospel, and curse its barbarisms of style, cannot afford to lose any word of its utterance.

The present publishers include in their four beautiful volumes, we believe, the whole of the early edition, with considerable more appended to each. They also give us what *must* be a capital likeness of Mr. Carlyle, as it is a face which nobody could ever have invented or imagined, — the brain retreating down from the region of "reverence," and projecting over a dark and deep-set eye, and the lips compressed within a curl of scorn as if from a life-long habit of looking through shams.

The Appendix to the first volume has nearly ninety pages containing pieces, we presume, never before collected together. We extract the following from the "Fractions": —

"CUI BONO?

"What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'T is not here, still yonder, yonder:
Never urchin found it yet.

"What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore; —
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

"What is man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights and frets,
Demanding all, deserving nothing; —
One small grave is what he gets."

The following, from the "Four Fables," is strongly characteristic: —

"'What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?' said a young larch-tree to a young oak. 'I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe.' — 'And thy duration,' answered the oak, 'is some third part of a man's life, and I am appointed to flourish a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling, where thou rottest and art burned after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas.'

"The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar-school:

John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe.

"The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage."

Singularly complex and multiform is the work to be done in this new age and nineteenth century. The fields on which the future harvests are to grow are covered with rubbish, briers, century trees hollow and harboring night-birds, old buildings where the inmates "slumber and somnambulate," or mutter their prayers between asleep and awake. We do not think any of the seed-corn from which the future harvests are to grow is committed to Mr. Carlyle, — not a kernel of it. But he is greatly efficient in preparing the way and scaring off the cumberers of the ground, putting his head into the windows of "institutions," and breaking the routine of those inside; not only "hindering them from sleep," but disturbing their devotions, grinning upon them, and shaking the cobwebs and the whole building with roars of sardonic laughter; sometimes letting in upon them from without most genial and prismatic irradiations, contrasting singularly with the ghastly and artificial lights, and giving flashes of the day that is fast coming down upon the world.

This collection of his miscellaneous writings contains those which will be oftenest recurred to, — will be sought, indeed, as "sphere music" to be heard over and over. The article on Burns will be read as long as Burns even; it reveals Burns as he was not revealed to himself, and there is not a finer or grander piece of criticism in the English language.

This edition of Brown and Taggard is all that the admirers of the author could desire; its fair page and clear type are a constant refreshment to the eye. S.

The White Rabbit, and other Stories from Robin Hood. By AUNT MARTHA. Boston: S. K. Whipple and Company. — Whoever Aunt Martha may be, we thank her fervently for these charming stories; and a little fellow at our elbow joins with us, with blue eyes made moist and gleeful alternately whenever he opens the book. "Tell her," he says, "it's a real good book." And we can add, from our own perusal, that it is calculated to inspire the little folks with kind feelings towards all the creatures that God hath made. S.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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The Monthly Religious Magazine

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS and REV. RUFUS ELLIS,

Assisted by able Contributors.

It will be the endeavor of the Editors of this periodical to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith. In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

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THE

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MOUNT EVERETT AND BASHABISH FALLS.

"Take thy flight, — possess, inherit
Alps or Andes, they are thine;
With the morning's roseate spirit
Sweep their length of snowy line.

"Or survey the bright dominions
In the gorgeous colors drest,
Flung from off the purple pinions
Evening spreads throughout the west."

PERHAPS you are an invalid just creeping out into the free air and sunshine to get reinvigorated during the summer months from the effects of lung-fevers, influenzas, and bilious derangements. Perhaps you are a merchant, with brain tired and heart weary with anxieties about profit and loss and business pressure. Perhaps you are a teacher, with patience worn out in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and are sick of juvenile stupidities and depravities. Perhaps you are a man of leisure and have lounged about watering-places; or, following the guide-books, have done up the usual fashionable routes, and would like to see Nature in some new moods and aspects. Perhaps you are a minister, and have preached out everything you know, and other things you only guessed at, and are now left ex-

hausted and collapsed in body and mind. To all such people, the voice cometh which saith, Up into the celestial ethers! Respiration is what you need.

We once heard of a good lady, — not, it must be confessed, of a very philosophical turn, — who, when her husband was in the gasp of death, came bustling into the room with an important piece of advice. A new idea had struck her. She came up to the bedside, and rousing the sinking patient, said to him. "Keep on breathing, my dear, be sure to keep on breathing, and then we will try to get you well." To all the drooping people aforesaid, we reiterate the good lady's advice with the utmost confidence, "Be sure to keep on breathing;" but in order to this they must go where they can find the material out of which breath is to be made.

It is said that scores of people live in hearing of Niagara Falls who never saw them. Even so thousands of our Massachusetts pleasure-hunters do not know, we suspect, that their own State has some of the finest scenery in the world, and that there is one special point around which she unrolls it in one magnificent and glowing picture.

The Green Mountain range, as it runs down through Massachusetts, parts into two ridges. The most western of these is the Taghkonic ridge, running through Berkshire, and culminating in Mount Everett and his brethren of the hills. The town of Mount Washington is the southwestern corner town of Massachusetts, and lies cuddled like an eagle's nest among the peaks of Taghkonic, that lift it up into the sky and separate it from all mundane affairs.

I grew up in sight of Mount Everett, about ten miles from it, and used to stop playing sometimes, and look off with mysterious wonder towards that tremendous pile of blue, behind which the sun would drop down out of sight in the western sky. What it was, and what lay over the other side, and why it always put on that mystic blue veil, were questions that troubled me. And I could easily

have been persuaded that Brahma or Olympian Jove made it their dwelling-place. All I could get out of the neighbors who sowed and reaped in sight of it was, that "rattlesnakes lived there," and so we called it "Rattlesnake Mountain." Notwithstanding this ugly nickname, its awful grandeur "haunted me like a passion."

Not long since, going back to the old play-grounds where the giant used to loom upon me, he seemed to look off through the ten miles with a sort of reproving countenance. Somehow for the first time we came into *rapport* with each other. It had rained all night, and the atmosphere the next morning had a delightful transparency. Mount Everett seemed to have come more than half-way to meet us, his blue veil perfectly translucent, the very trees outlined, and the shrubbery itself distinctly visible. He had moved up close to us, and looked not two miles off. He seemed talking to us in this way: "Here I stood and lifted up to your boyhood the image of power and grandeur. Here I have dwelt alone and tried to win the dwellers below. And for all this I have been nicknamed and given over to rattlesnakes! Are we never to understand each other?" It never occurred to me before that mountains must have a sort of semi-consciousness, and that they like to be appreciated. Why not? Away up there amid the cold and the thunderclaps, can we blame them for laying some claim upon our warm human sympathies? At any rate I felt some compunctions, and answered: "We have wronged thee! We 'll come and meet thee, and return thy salutations, O thou father of the Berkshire hills!"

To execute so virtuous a resolution you go first to the thriving village of Great Barrington. You find a guide, very suave and accommodating, who will put you and two or three others with you into an easy open vehicle drawn by two horses, and you are soon riding through the lovely vales of South Egremont, and nearing the giant

shadows of Taghkonic. The nearer you come, the more precipitous the mountains appear, and you wonder how you are to scale those cliffs without wings. Suddenly a ravine opens, and you wind into it and are swallowed up in the shadows of the tremendous gorge. You ride along one side of it, looking up at the right through overhanging trees, and down to the left into a leafy chasm, where a stream tinkles and meanders out of sight. You fancy what would happen if the carriage should run a little too far to the left, and how long it would take to roll down into the darker depths of that leafy abyss. As you grow a little nervous, the agreeable guide soothes you by telling you that that is the spot where a traveller was murdered, and down in that chasm his bones were found. You wonder if this is not the very "murdered traveller" whom Bryant commemorates, and you think of "the fearful death he died, far down that narrow glen." You climb and climb, and at length emerge out of the gloomy forest, and the town of Mount Washington opens upon you, spread out there in its eagle nest, — fields of rye, pastures with flocks and herds, farm-houses, and school-houses. These lie in a lofty basin rimmed in on all sides by the mountains, except where the gorges open between. The mountains rise to two thousand feet above the country around, and one thousand above the centre of the basin of which they form the rim, hemming in this mountain-hollow from the world, and lifting it up towards the heavens. Mount Everett is the highest point of the eastern rim, or towards the Massachusetts side. Cedar Mountain and his compeer — I forget his name — rise on the western rim, or on the New York side.

You turn towards the left to scale Mount Everett. It is easily done, for you have half scaled it now. You drive to the foot of it on the Mount Washington side, and walk the other thousand feet; you soon reach the summit; you pause to thank God, and pity those who have died without the sight!

All Berkshire is unrolled under your eye. Its broad sweep of hill and valley from Vermont to Connecticut line is all there, with its cultured farms in their voluptuous green, its jagged hills running down into sheltered vales, where nestle the villages around the church-spires that call the weary farmers to worship God. There were the homes of the Sedgwicks, and the Deweys, and of Bryant, into whose prose and verse this commingling grandeur and grace have transfused themselves in ever fresh and breezy inspirations. Off to your left looms up "Monument Mountain," which you have wanted to see ever since the musical periods of Bryant's description have haunted your memory. Right under you, almost within calling distance, is the summer home of Orville Dewey, whose first volume of sermons opened the way to you out of Calvinistic thorn-roads into realms of free thought, glorious as this expanse of his own native hills. Southward lies Litchfield County in Connecticut, and westward stretches Columbia County in York State, its green undulating farms and orchards melting away towards the Catskill range, which lifts up its deep blue pile into the heavens, and shuts you off in that direction. An amphitheatre closed in by the Catskill on one side and Mount Tom and Holyoke on the other, a hundred and fifty miles across, including nearly all Berkshire, — the Switzerland of Massachusetts! The White Hills have more of rugged and barren awfulness, but no such endless wealth of beauty and loveliness. The buxom breezes are always passing over and fanning the top of Mount Everett with a most delicious coolness, though not with the exhilarating properties of the cold draughts of the White Hills, which make you half conscious of wings.

Coming down from Mount Everett you cross over through the basin to the rim on the New York side. Going about three miles you enter a ravine, and follow the course of a stream till you come to Bashabish Falls.* You come to

* This is an Indian name, and means *dashing water*.

where the western rim by some convulsion seems to have split in two, and a rocky chasm yawns, two hundred feet deep, down which the stream dashes and foams in endless torture, while the spray, "the sweat of its great agony," ever rises out of it like a prayer for mercy out of the bottomless pit. You take a footpath along the edge of the chasm. You look over into it sometimes, and then hold your brain. If there are any ladies with you, you observe how they will trip along the edge of a precipice and look over into the jaws and away down two hundred feet into the throat of destruction, leaning over it as they would over a flower-bed. You expect every instant to see them drop over the edge; you crawl up and clutch a handful of crinoline, and retreat with it, anxious to lengthen out their probation a little longer. You let yourself down one steep after another; you lose your hat, which runs faster than you can and leaps into the chasm; you finally stand at the foot of the Falls, and look up through the terrible fissure with a new sense of the Omnipotence that rent the rocks to let the stream come through. There is a house kept open at the foot of the Falls, for the refreshment of travellers. I am sorry to have forgotten the name of the obliging landlord, who does everything at very moderate compensation for the comfort of his guests.*

You will be very foolish if you do not stay and look at Bashabish by moonlight, even if you have to wait till midnight before the fairy spectacle can take place. The water does not take that leap of two hundred feet all at once.† It is broken mainly into two falls, one above the other, the walls of granite and gneiss towering up on each side of the chasm nearly perpendicular, crowned with thick foliage,

* To all the seekers after health and pleasure, be it known that there is also a house at the foot of Mount Everett, on the Mount Washington side, where people are boarded at fifty cents a day, and furnished with all that flesh *ought* to desire.

† Some of the geographies make the Falls *fifty feet*, which is absurdly inaccurate, as any practised eye will see at once. The whole descent cannot be less than I have stated.

whose deep green contrasts fantastically with the wild and awful grandeur underneath, like beautiful wreaths around the jaws of Orcus. You take your stand after nightfall at the foot of the chasm, and look up into its darkness dimly pierced by the stars. If you wait long enough, you will see a great light struggling through the trees at the top, and trying to set them on fire. It does not seem to be in the sky, but right at the beginning of the great fissure, where the trees lean over it and hide it. You lift the glass, and the trees at the top turn into one great blaze, and presently the moon swims through the trees, seeming to touch them and clothe them with innocuous flame, and pour a great flood of silver down the abyss, tinging the waterfalls and rocks, and filling the vast fissure with a white glory. The fairy scene soon passes away, for the moon swims across the fissure and is hid again behind the great mountain rim, seeming only to have come and looked down through the rent, to light up the abyss for your special edification and wonder.

Be sure not to leave Bashabish Falls till you have seen the sun set from the top of Prospect Mountain. That is the name of the height at the head of the Falls, and it commands a view of the whole gorge, to where it widens and finally opens out into Columbia County, on whose slopes of green you feast your eye away to the Catskill Ridge. You watch the intermingling colors as the sun wheels down behind the Catskill. First the black shadows in the gorge right under you, then the soft green of the Columbian landscapes taking on a tinge of purple, then the light and airy cerulean lying beyond, then the deep dark blue of Catskill himself, heaved up and lapping on to the sky, as if claiming to be a part of it, then the clouds that make ridges above him in gold and purple; and over all a dream-like haze, idealizing the whole picture with a floating veil of orange and crimson and violet-blue, till it swims before you as one vast sheet hung down from the throne to heighten or

fill up your ideals of the Paradise of God. You seem to have parted with earth already and earthly things, and you would not be surprised if, like the shepherds of Bethlehem, you saw the forms of the immortals, melting through the paradisiacal colors, or heard the harpers harping with their harps. You stay there till the colors fade out and the drenching dews have brought you to your senses, and you come down from Prospect Mountain chanting Wordsworth for a hymn of gratitude and praise: —

> "Had this effulgence disappeared
> With flying haste, I might have sent
> Among the speechless clouds a look
> Of blank astonishment;
> But 't is endued with power to stay
> And sanctify one closing day,
> That frail mortality may see —
> What is? Ah, no, but what *can* be!
> Time was when field and watery cove
> With modulated echoes rang,
> While choirs of fervent angels sang
> Their vespers in the grove;
> Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
> Warbled for heaven above, and earth below,
> Strains suitable for both. Such holy rite,
> Methinks, if audibly repeated now
> From hill or valley, could not move
> Sublimer transport, purer love,
> Than doth this silent spectacle, — the gleam,
> The shadow, and the peace supreme!"

And this is what lay beyond "Rattlesnake Mountain," the mysterious giant that so haunted my boyhood with its gloomy grandeur. Very similar to what lies beyond the gloomy shadows of death, so different from our imaginings. For thus haunted are we with strange fancies about it, and so paradisiacal will be the scenery when we have passed through the death-gorge and gained footing on Prospect Hill. Yea, so different now, when our vague imaginings turn into faith; for what is faith but a Prospect Hill to which the gates of Paradise are flung open wide?

And all this beauty wild and soft, and this sublimity both gorgeous and grand, I might have died without seeing, had I not made friends with the Mountain Power who sent over to us that reproving look through the clear air of that summer morning, — coming over to us with his paternal benediction, and his invitation, "Come up from your flats and your murky hollows, O ye children that drudge and grovel! and drink the nectar of the gods above you." I *have* been, and crave pardon of thee for my late repentance, and my early neglect and ingratitude, O thou patriarch of the Berkshire hills. S.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sixth Recollection.

The next morning some one knocked very early at my door, and my old Doctor, the Hofrath, came in. He was the friend, the soul and body restorer of our whole village. He had seen two generations grow up; the children whom he had brought into the world had become fathers and mothers, and he looked upon them all as his children. He himself was unmarried, but he was fair and strong to look upon even now in his advanced age. I never remembered him looking differently from what he did as he stood before me at that moment; his clear blue eyes shining out from under his bushy eyebrows, his full white hair still looking strong as in youth, waving and abundant. His shoes, too, with the silver buckles, his white stockings, his brown coat, which always looked new, and which always seemed to be the same old one, I cannot forget it; and his cane was the

very same which, when I was a child, I had so often seen standing by my bed, when he was feeling my pulse, and prescribing for my ailments. I had often been ill, but my belief in this man had always made me well again. I never had the least doubt that he could make me well, and when my mother said she must send for the doctor, so that I might be well again, it was to me just as if she said she must send for the tailor to mend my torn trousers. I had only to take the medicine, and I felt that I must be well again.

"How are you, my boy?" said he, as he came into the room. "You don't look right well, — must n't study too much. But I have n't much time to chat to-day, and have only come to tell you, you must n't go to see the Countess Maria again. I have been with her all night, and it is your fault. So, do you hear, if her life is dear to you, go not again to see her. As soon as possible she must go away and be carried to the country. It would be best for you to travel a little. So good morning, and be a good youth."

Saying these words, he gave me his hand, looked affectionately into my eyes, as if he would exact a promise from me, and then went away to look after his sick children.

I was so much surprised to find that another had penetrated in such a manner into the depths of my soul, — indeed, that he even knew what I did not know myself, — that I did not recover myself till he had been gone some time. And then my mind was like water that had been long over the fire without moving, but which all at once begins to bubble and boil, and rises and rushes till it overflows.

Not to see her again? But I only live when I am near her. I will be quiet, I will not say a word to her, I will only stand at the window while she sleeps and dreams. But not to see her again? Not even to take leave of her? She does not know now, she cannot know, that I love her.

And, after all, I do not love her, — I desire nothing, I hope nothing, — my heart never beats more quietly than when I am near her. But I must feel her presence, — I must breathe her spirit, — I must go to her! And she expects me. And has Fate led us two together without object? Should not I be her comfort, should not she be my peace? Life is not a mere game. It does not draw two souls together, like two sand-grains in the desert, which the sirocco whirls together and then separates. The souls which a friendly destiny leads to us we should hold fast, for they are destined for us, and no power can tear them from us, if we have courage to live, to struggle, and to die for them. She must despise me if I forsake her love at the first rolling of the thunder, as I would leave the shadow of a tree under which I had dreamed away such blessed hours.

And then I became all at once quiet, and I listened only to the words, "Her love," and they resounded like an echo from all the recesses of my soul, and I was frightened at myself. "Her love," — and how had I deserved it? She scarcely knows me as yet, and if she could love me, must I not acknowledge to her that I do not deserve the love of an angel? Every thought, every hope which arose in my breast, fell back again, like a bird who tries to fly out into the open sky, and who sees not the grating which surrounds him. And yet, why is all this blessedness so near and yet so unattainable? Cannot God do wonders? Does he not perform them every morning? Has he not often heard my prayers, when I offered them in perfect faith, and did not leave him until comfort and help came to the faint and weary one? These are indeed no earthly goods for which we pray, — it is only that two souls which have found and recognized each other should venture to perform together, arm in arm and eye to eye, this short life-journey, that I might be a support to her in sorrow, she a consolation or a sweet care to me, until we reach the goal. And if a later spring should be granted

to her life, if her sufferings should be taken from her, O what blessed images were passing before my eyes! The castle of her deceased mother in the Tyrol belonged to her, — there on the green mountains, in the fresh mountain air, among a vigorous, uncorrupted people, far away from the rushing of the world, from its cares and struggles, without rivals, without critics, in what blissful peace could we meet the evening of our days and "pass away silently like the evening twilight"! Then I saw the dark lake with its living light upon the waves, and within the clear shadow of the distant glacier, and I heard the bells of the herds, and the songs of the shepherds, and I saw the cowherds going over the mountains with their staffs, and I saw the old and the young, how they collected together in the evenings in the village, and everywhere I saw her as an angel of peace hovering over them all, and I was her guide and her friend. Old fool! I exclaimed, Old fool! Is thy heart still always so wild and so soft? Man thyself, — think who thou art, and how distant from her. She is friendly, she likes to see herself reflected in another soul; but her childlike confidence and openness show plainly that no deeper feeling for thee lives in her breast. Hast thou not seen, in many a clear summer night, when thou hast wandered alone through the beech groves, how the moon shed her silver light over all the leaves and branches, and how she enlightened even the dark, disturbed waters of the pond, and was reflected gloriously even in the smallest drops? So does she look on thy dark life, and so mayst thou bear her soft light reflected from thy heart; yet hope not for a warmer glance!

Then all at once her image came before my eyes as living; she stood before me, not as a remembrance but as an apparition, and I was for the first time conscious how beautiful she was. It was not the beauty of form or color which dazzles us at the first glance at a lovely girl, and which then passes away as soon as a spring blossom. It was

rather the harmony of her whole being, the truth of every movement, the inspired expression, the perfect penetration of the body by the spirit, which had so genial an influence on those who looked upon her. The beauty which nature so lavishly scatters does not content us, if the being who is endowed with it does not appropriate it to itself, and, as it were, deserve and conquer it. It rather disturbs us, as when we see on the stage an actress strutting about in royal apparel, and remark at each stride how little the dress suits her, — how little it belongs to her. The true beauty is grace, and grace is the intellectualizing of everything heavy, corporeal, and earthly; it is the presence of the spirit, which makes even the ugly beautiful. The more I regarded the apparition which stood before me, the more I perceived everywhere the noble beauty of her form, and the spiritual depth of her whole being. O what blessedness had been so near to me! — and was it all only to show me the summit of earthly bliss, and then to plunge me back at once into the flat sandy desert of life? O that I had never dreamed what treasures the earth conceals! But to love once, and then to be forever alone! to believe once, and then forever to despair! to see the light once, and then be forever blind! — that is a torture, compared with which all human torture-chambers vanish away.

Thus did the wild chase of my thoughts rush hither and thither, until at last all was still, and the tempestuous impressions began by degrees to arrange and fix themselves. This tranquillity and exhaustion may be called meditation; but it is like seeing again. One leaves time for the mixture of thoughts, until they all crystallize of themselves, according to eternal laws; we look on the process as an observing chemist, and when the elements have taken a form, we often wonder at ourselves that they and that we are so wholly different from what we expected.

The first word which I spoke when I awaked from my trance was, "I must go away," and at the same moment I

sat down and wrote to the Hofrath that I would go away for fourteen days, and leave everything to him. An excuse for my parents was soon found, and by evening I was on my way to the Tyrol.

Seventh Recollection.

Wandering arm in arm with a friend through the valleys and over the mountains of the Tyrol, one may drink in the fresh breath and the fresh joy of life. But to go over the same path solitary and alone with one's thoughts, — that is lost time, lost trouble! How am I helped by the green mountains and the dark ravines and the blue lake and the majestic water-fall? Instead of my looking on them, they seem to look at me, and to wonder at the lonely man; and my heart is oppressed by the thought that I have found no one in the world who would rather be with me than with any other. With such thoughts I awoke every morning, and, like a song that one cannot get out of his head, they followed me all day. And when I went into the inn at night, and sat down wearied out, and the people in the room looked at me, and every one wondered over the solitary wanderer, then I was forced out again into the darkness, where no one could see that I was alone; and not till quite late did I return, and go silently to my chamber, and throw myself on my hot bed, — and then till I fell asleep, Schubert's song was resounding through my soul: "There where thou art not, there is bliss." At last the sight of the people whom I met everywhere, who were rejoicing, exulting, and laughing together over the glorious Nature around them, became so intolerable, that I slept in the daytime and pursued my journey from place to place during the clear moonshine. There was at least one emotion which drove out and distracted my thoughts, and that was fear. For let one try it, to go the whole night through alone among the hills, uncertain of the way; where the eye, unnaturally excited,

sees distant forms which it cannot master; where the ear, with marked intensity, perceives tones without knowing whence they come; where the foot stumbles all at once, whether entangled in some vine straggling out of the rocks, or at a slippery path moistened by the spray from a water-fall, — and at the same time desolate solitudes in the heart, — no remembrance by which we can warm ourselves, no hope by which we can clamber up, — let any one try it, and he will feel the cold shudder of night both inwardly and outwardly. The first terror of the human heart springs from the thought of being forsaken by God; but life drives it away, and men, who are created in the image of God, comfort us in our solitude. But when their love and consolation desert us again, then we feel what it is to be forsaken both by God and man; and Nature with its dumb face rather terrifies than consoles us. Yes, even when we plant our feet firmly on the firm rocks, they seem to tremble like the sand of the sea, from which they have gradually been formed; — and when the eye longs for light, and the moon rises behind the pine-trees, and their peaked tops are sharply outlined on the rocky wall opposite, it appears to us like the dumb index of a clock, which has been once wound up, and which will one day cease to strike. Even among the stars, and in the distant vault of the sky, nowhere is there a resting-place for the mind which trembles and feels itself alone and deserted! Only one thought sometimes brings us comfort, — that is the peace, the order, the infinity, and the perfection of Nature. There where the waterfall has covered the gray stones on both sides with dark-green moss, the eye suddenly perceives in the cool shadow a blue forget-me-not. It is one of a million sisters which blossom at this moment by all the brooks, on all the meadows of the earth, and which have blossomed since the first morning of creation scattered over the earth the whole riches of the uncreated. Every vein in its leaves, every stamen in its cup, every fibre in its roots, is counted, and no power on the

earth can increase or diminish them. When we sharpen our purblind eyes and throw with supernatural power a deeper glance into the mysteries of Nature, when the microscope opens to us the secret workshop of the seed, the bud, and the flower, then we perceive anew in the finest webs and cells the infinitely repeated form, and in the finest filaments the eternal uniformity of the plan of Nature. Could we penetrate still deeper, everywhere would the eye meet the same world of forms, and as in a mirror the eye would lose itself in the infinite. Such an infinity lies buried in this little flower! And if we look upwards to the sky, we see again the eternal order, how moons revolve around planets, planets around suns, and suns around other suns, and to the sharpened eye, even the distant nebulæ become another beautiful world. Reflect, then, how those majestic stars circulate in order that the seasons may change, that the seed of this forget-me-not may germinate again and again, its cells open, its leaves push forth, and its flowers adorn the carpet of the meadows; and look at the butterfly which cradles itself in the blue flower-cup, and whose awaking to life, whose enjoyment of existence, whose living breath, is a thousand times more wonderful than the texture of the flowers, or the dead mechanism of the heavenly bodies, — feel that thou also belongest to this eternal order, and thou mayst comfort thyself with the infinity of creatures which revolve with thee, which live and fade away with thee. But all this, with its smallest and its greatest, with its wisdom and its power, with the miracle of its existence, and the existence of its wonders, is the work of a Being before whom thy spirit does not shrink back in dread, before whom thou prostratest thyself in the feeling of thy weakness and nothingness, and to whom thou risest again in the feeling of his love and mercy, — thou art inwardly conscious that something lives in thee more infinite and eternal than the cells of the flowers, the spheres of the planets, and the breath of the moth, — thou perceivest in thyself as in a

shadow the splendor of the Eternal which gives thee light, — thou feelest in thee and over and under thee the Omnipresence of the Reality, in whom thy appearance will become being, thy anguish tranquillity, thy solitude universality; then thou knowest to whom thou callest in the dark night of life: "Creator and Father, may thy will be done, as in heaven also on earth, as on earth so also in me." Then all becomes clear in and around thee, the morning twilight with its cold mists disappears, and new warmth streams through trembling nature. Thou hast found a hand which thou never wilt quit again, which will hold thee when mountains shake, and moons are extinguished, — wherever thou art, thou art near him, and he is near thee, — he is the Ever-near, and his is the world with its flowers and thorns, his man, with his joys and sorrows. "The smallest thing does not oppose thee unless it be His will."

With such thoughts, I went on my way. Sometimes I was sad, sometimes cheerful; but when we have found tranquillity and peace in the deepest recesses of our spirits, it is yet difficult to remain in this sacred solitude. Indeed, many forget it again after they have once found it, and often scarcely know which way leads back to it.

Weeks had passed away, and not a syllable from her had reached me. "Perhaps she is dead, and lies in silent peace," — this was a line from another song, which hovered on my tongue, and continually returned, however frequently I put it away from me. It was indeed possible, for the Hofrath had told me she had some disease at the heart, and every morning when he went to her, he prepared himself to find her no longer alive. And if she had left the world without my having taken leave of her, without my saying to her at the last moment how much I loved her, would I ever forgive myself? Must I not pursue her until I should find her again in another life, until I had heard from her that she loved, that she forgave me? How do men trifle with life, how do they put off from

day to day the best which they might do, the most beautiful which they might enjoy, without reflecting that each day may be the last, and that lost time is lost eternity. Then I recalled to myself the words of the Hofrath when I saw him the last time, and I felt that I had only resolved on the sudden departure in order to show him my power, — that it was more unpleasant to me to show him my weakness and to remain. Now it became clear to me that there was but one duty for me to perform, — to return to her without delay, and to bear everything which Heaven should send us. But just as I made out the plan for my return, there suddenly recurred to my memory the words of the Councillor: "As soon as possible she must be carried to the country." She had told me herself, that she should pass most of the summer at her castle. Perhaps she was there, quite near me; I could be with her in a day. Thought, done; with the dawn of day I arose, and in the evening I stood at the door of the castle.

The evening was still and clear. The mountain peaks shone in the full golden lustre of the sunset, and the lower cliffs were glowing with a rich purple. From the lake a gray mist was rising, which became light the moment it reached the higher regions, and then moved like an ocean of clouds over the sky. And this whole play of colors was mirrored again in the gently moving surface of the dark lake, on whose shores the mountains seemed to be sinking and rising, so that only the tops of the trees, and the pinnacles of the church-towers, and the smoke rising from the houses, indicated the line which separated the real world from its reflection. But my glance was directed only to one point, and that was the old castle, where a presentiment assured me that I should find her again. No light was to be seen in the windows, no step disturbed the stillness of evening. Had my presentiment deceived me? I went slowly through the outer gate, and up the steps, till I stood in the fore-court of the castle. Here I

saw a sentinel pacing to and fro, and hastened to the soldier in order to inquire who was in the castle. "The Countess is here with her attendants," was the short answer, and in an instant I was standing at the door of entrance, and had drawn the bell-rope. Then first it came into my head what I had done! No one knew me, — I dared not say who I was. I had been wandering for weeks among the mountains, and I looked like a mendicant stroller. What should I say? for whom should I ask? But here was no time for consideration; the door opened, and a porter in princely livery stood before me, and looked at me with astonishment.

I asked if the English lady, who I knew never left the Countess, was in the castle; and when the porter said that she was within, I asked for paper and ink, and wrote to her that I had come here to inquire for the Countess's health.

The porter called a servant, who took in the note. I heard every step in the long hall, and with every moment of detention my situation became more and more intolerable. On the walls were hanging old family portraits of the princely family, knights in complete armor, ladies in ancient costume, and in the midst of them a lady in the white dress of a nun, with a red cross on her breast. I had so often seen these pictures before, and never thought how in their breasts also a human heart had once beaten. But now it seemed to me as if I could read all at once whole volumes in their features, and as if they all said to me: "We too have once lived; we too have suffered." Under this steel armor mysteries lay hidden once, as now in my own breast. This white dress and that red cross are living witnesses, that here also a contest was fought out, like that which now rages in my heart. And now it seemed to me as if they all looked compassionately upon me; and then there lay again a high pride in their features, as if they would say, "Thou dost not belong to us." It became constantly more and more strange to me,

when suddenly light footsteps waked me from my dreams. The Englishwoman came down the stairs, and asked me to come into a room. I looked at her inquiringly, to see if she understood what was passing within me. But there was perfect repose on her features, and, without permitting herself the slightest expression of sympathy or of surprise, she said to me in measured tones, that the Countess was better to-day, and invited me to come in in half an hour. A good swimmer, who has ventured out far into the sea, and does not think of returning till his arms are already beginning to grow weary; who then divides the waves hastily, and scarcely ventures to direct his eye to the distant shore; who feels his strength failing with every stroke, and scarcely sustains himself until, at last, without intention, and spasmodically, he scarcely retains any consciousness of his situation, — then suddenly plants his foot on the firm ground, while his arm surrounds the first stone of the shore, — so was it with me, when I heard these words. A new reality had come to me, and all I had suffered was a dream. There are but few such moments in the life of man, and thousands have never known their blessedness. But the mother who receives her child in her arms for the first time, the father whose son returns to him covered with glory from the war, the poet who is the idol of his own people, the youth who returns the warm pressure of the hand of her he loves with one still warmer, — they know what it means when a dream becomes reality. The half-hour had passed, and a servant came and led me through a long suite of apartments, opened a door, and in the dim light of evening I saw a white figure, and behind her a high window, which looked out upon the lake and the glowing mountains.

"How strangely human beings meet each other," met me from her clear voice; and each word was like a cooling rain-drop after a hot summer's day.

"How strangely men meet, and how strangely they lose

each other," said I; and saying this, I seized her hand, and felt that we were again near and with each other.

"But that is the fault of people when they love each other," she went on, and her voice, which always seemed to accompany her words like music, fell involuntarily into a softer tone.

"Yes, so it is truly," I replied; "but first, tell me, art thou well? and may I talk with thee?"

"My dear friend," said she smiling, "I am always ill, and when I say that I feel well, I do it only for the sake of my old Doctor; for he is firmly convinced that from my first year, I owe my whole life only to him and his skill. Before I left the Residenz, I frightened him terribly, for one evening my heart suddenly ceased to beat, and I felt such a distress, that I thought it would never begin to beat again. But that is past, and why should we speak of it? One thing only has troubled me. I always thought I should once close my eyes in perfect rest; but now I feel that my sufferings will disturb and embitter even my departure from life." Then she laid her hand on her heart, and said: "But tell me where hast thou been, and why have I heard nothing from thee this long time? The old Hofrath gave me so many reasons for thy sudden departure, that I was forced to tell him at last I did not believe him, — and then he gave at last the most incredible of all reasons, and guess what?"

"Incredible it may appear," I broke in, so that she could not finish what she was saying; "and yet it was perhaps only too true. But all that is past, and why should we speak of it?"

"But no, my friend," said she, "why should that be past? I told the Councillor, when he gave me his last reason for thy sudden departure, that I could understand neither him nor thee. I am a poor, sick, forsaken being, and my earthly existence is nothing but a slow dying. Now, if Heaven has sent me yet a few beings who understand me, or, as

the Councillor expresses it, who love me, why then should this disturb my peace or theirs? I had just been reading in my favorite poet, old Wordsworth, when the Councillor made his confession to me, and then I said: 'My dear Councillor, we have so many thoughts, and so few words, that we are forced to hustle in a good many thoughts into each word. Now if any one who did not know us should hear that our young friend loves me, or I him, he might suppose that we loved as Romeo Juliet, or Juliet Romeo, and then you would be quite right if you should say that must not be. But is it not true, thou lovest me also, my old Councillor, and I love thee, and have already loved thee for many years, and yet perhaps have never acknowledged it to thee, and I have not been despairing or even unhappy about it. Yes, my dear Councillor, I will say still more to thee: I believe you have an unhappy love for me, and are jealous about our young friend. Do you not come every morning and inquire how I am, even when you know that I am quite well? Do you not bring me the best flowers from your garden? Have I not been forced to send you my picture, and — perhaps I ought not to betray you — did you not come last Sunday into my room when you thought I was asleep. I was truly asleep, at least I was not able to move. But I saw you sitting a long time by my bed, your eyes constantly turned upon me, — and I felt your eyes like sunbeams playing on my face. And at last your eyes were weary, and I felt great tears falling from them. Then you veiled your face in your hands, and sobbed out, Maria, Maria! Ah, my dear Councillor, our young friend has never done that, and yet you have sent him away.' As I was talking with him in this way, half in jest, half in earnest, as I always speak, I felt that I had hurt the old man. He remained quite silent and looked shamefaced, like a child. Then I took a volume of Wordsworth's Poems, in which I had just been reading, and said: 'There is another old man whom I love, and love with

my whole heart, who understands me, and whom I understand, and yet I have never seen him, and shall never see him, — it is just so on the earth. Now I will read you a poem of his; there you will see how one can love, and how love is a silent blessing, which the loving lays on the head of the beloved, and then goes on his way in happy pensiveness.' Then I read to him Wordsworth's 'Highland Girl.' And now, my friend, draw the lamp nearer and read the poem to me, for it refreshes me whenever I hear it, — there is a spirit breathing through it like the silent, infinite evening twilight, that spreads its arms there above, loving and blessing, over the innocent breast of the snow-covered mountains."

As her words, uttered so slowly and quietly, penetrated my soul, it became also at last again still and solemn in my heart; — the storm had passed by, and her image swam like the silvery light of the moon on the gently moving waves of my love, — that ocean which streams through the heart of all men, and which each one calls his own, while it is really a universal pulsation of the whole of humanity. I would rather have been silent as the Nature which lay without before our eyes, and which was growing darker and stiller; but she gave me the book, and I read:

"Sweet Highland girl," &c.

I finished reading, and the poem had been to me like a draught of fresh spring-water, such as I had often lately drawn out in pearly drops from the cup of a large green leaf.

Then I heard her soft voice, like the first tone of the organ that rouses us from our musing prayer, and she said: "So I wish that thou shouldst love me, and so also the old Councillor loves me, and so in one way or another we should all love each other and believe in each other. But the world, though I hardly know it, seems not to understand this love and this faith; and men have made, on this earth,

where we might live so happily together, a truly miserable existence.

"That must have been different in earlier times, or else how should Homer have created the lovely, healthy, tender figure of Nausicaa! Nausicaa loves Odysseus at the first glance. She says so at once to her friends: 'Would that such a man were my husband, and that it would please him to stay here.' Yet she is ashamed to appear with him at once in the town, and she says to his face, that, if she should bring home with her such a beautiful stately stranger, the people would say she had got a husband for herself. But when she hears that he wants to go to his home, to his wife and his child, no complaint escapes from her; she disappears again from our sight, and we feel that she will long bear in her breast the image of the beautiful stately stranger, in silent joyful admiration. Why do not our poets recognize this love, — this joyful acknowledgment and this tranquil separation? A modern poet would have made out of Nausicaa a female Werther, — and that is because love is for us nothing more than a prelude to the comedy or tragedy of marriage. Does no other love exist now? Is the source of this pure happiness dried up? Do not men still know the refreshing fountain, but only the intoxicating draught of love?"

At these words, I remembered the English poet, who complains thus: —

"From heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament,
What man has made of man!"

"How happy are the poets, nevertheless," said she. "Their words call into existence the deepest feelings of a thousand speechless souls; and how often have their songs become already the acknowledgment of the sweetest mysteries! Their heart beats in the breast of the poor and of the rich, — the happy sing, the sorrowful weep with them.

But I can find no poet so perfectly my own as Wordsworth. I know many of my friends do not prefer him; they say he is no poet. But that is exactly what I like in him, that he avoids all customary poetical phrases, all exaggeration, and everything which we understand by the wings of Pegasus. But it is *true;* and what a world of meaning is implied in this little word! He opens our eyes for the beautiful, which, like the hawk-weed in the meadow, lies at our feet; he calls everything by its true name, — he does not desire to surprise, deceive, or dazzle any one, — he desires no admiration for itself, — he only wishes to show men how beautiful everything is which the human hand has not injured or destroyed.

"Is not the dew-drop on a blade of grass more beautiful than a pearl set in gold? Is not a living spring, which meets us on our way, coming from we know not whither, more wonderful than all the artificial water-works of Versailles? Is not Wordsworth's Highland Girl more lovely, is it not a truer expression of real beauty, than Goethe's Helena or Byron's Haidee? And then the simplicity of his language and the purity of his thoughts! What a pity that we have never had such a poet! Schiller might have been our Wordsworth, had he had more confidence in himself than in the old Grecians and Romans. Our Rückert comes nearest to him, had he not also sought consolation and a home away from his poor native land among Eastern roses. Few poets have courage to be wholly that which they are. Wordsworth had it; and as we willingly listen to great men, even when they are not great, but give out their thoughts quietly, as other mortals are wont to do, and wait patiently for the moments when a dearer glance shall open to them new views into the infinite; so I like Wordsworth, even in those poems which contain nothing but what any one else might have said. Great poets allow themselves rest; we often read a hundred verses in Homer without a single beauty, and so also in Dante; whilst Pindar, whom

you all admire so much, drives me to despair with his ecstasies. What would I not give to be able to spend a summer at the lakes, to visit with Wordsworth all the places to which he has given names, to greet all the trees which he saved from the axe, and just once to see with him the distant sunset, which he describes as only Turner could have painted."

It was so peculiar, the way in which her voice never fell, as with most people, at the end of her discourse, but on the contrary rose, and always ended as in an inquiring seventh accord. She always spoke up, never down, to her hearers. The melody of her sentences was like that of a child asking, "Is n't it so, father?" There was something imploring in her tone, and it was almost impossible to contradict her.

"Wordsworth," said I, "is to me also a favorite poet, and a yet dearer man; and as one often has a more beautiful prospect and animated view from a little hill, which one has ascended without difficulty, than when he has climbed up Mont Blanc with pain and fatigue, so it is with me in reading Wordsworth. At first he often seems to me commonplace, and I have often laid down his poems without being able to understand why the best minds of England at the present time can cherish such an admiration for him. I have, however, convinced myself that no poet in any language, whom his nation or the intellectual aristocracy of his people acknowledge as a poet, can remain unenjoyable. Admiration is an art which we must learn. Many Germans say, Racine does not please us; the Englishman says, I do not understand Goethe; the Frenchman says, Shakespeare is a clown. And what means this? Nothing more than when a child says, I like a waltz better than a symphony of Beethoven. The secret is to find out and to understand what each nation admires in its great men; and he who seeks the beautiful will find it at last, and will see that the Persians themselves are not wholly mistaken in their Hafiz, nor the Indians in their Kalidasa.

We do not understand a great man at once; strength, courage, and perseverance are requisite for the purpose, and it is strange how that which pleases us at the first glance but seldom enchains us for a long time."

"And yet," she said, "there is something which is common to all great poets, all true artists, whether Persians or Indians, Heathen or Christian, Romans or Germans. I know not how to call it, but it is the Infinite which seems to be behind them, a far-reaching glance into the Eternal, a spiritualizing of the small and the transient. Goethe, the great heathen, knows 'the sweet peace which is from heaven.' And when he sings,

'Over all the mountains
Is peace;
From all the fountains
Hearest thou
Scarcely a breath;
The little birds are still in the forest:
Wait a little, soon, ah soon,
Thou too shalt rest!'—

does there not unfold over the tops of the tall pine-trees an endless expanse, a peace such as the earth can never give? This background is never wanting to Wordsworth, and, the scoffers may say what they will, it is only the unearthly, be it ever so much concealed, which moves and excites the human heart. Who has understood earthly beauty better than Michel Angelo? but he understood it because it was to him a reflection of supernatural beauty. Thou knowest his Sonnet:—

'By beauty's power my thoughts to heaven take flight,
(Naught else on earth can so delight my mind,)
Living I rise amongst the saints in light,
A grace which mortal man can rarely find.

'With the Creator so his work accords,
That by divinest thought it leads above,
And so inspired are all my thoughts and words
While beaming, glowing thus for her I love.

'So that whene'er I cannot turn my sight
From those fine eyes which ever on me shine,
In them I find the ever-guiding light
That shows the path leading to things divine.

'And if in their bright beams my spirit burns,
A heavenly joy with this pure flame returns.'"

She was exhausted and stopped speaking, — and how could I disturb this silence? When, after a friendly exchange of thoughts, human hearts feel themselves content, and are silent, we may well say that an angel is hovering in the room; and it seemed to me as if I heard the light rustling of the wings of the angel of peace and love over our heads. While my eyes were fixed upon her, the lovely covering of her spirit seemed transfigured in the twilight of the summer evening, and only her hand, which I held in mine, gave me the consciousness of her actual presence. Then all at once there came a clear brightness over her face, — she felt it, opened her eyes, and looked at me, as if startled. The wonderful brightness of her eyes, which the half-closed eyelids covered as with a veil, flashed out like lightning. I looked around me, and saw at last that the moon had just risen in full splendor between two hills opposite to the castle, and was beaming with its friendly smile over the lake and the village. Never had I seen Nature, never her lovely face so beautiful, never had such blessed peace diffused itself through my spirit. "Maria," said I, "in this illuminated moment let me, just as I am, declare to you all my love; let us, now that we feel so powerfully the nearness of the spiritual world, unite our spirits by a bond which can never be severed. Whatever love may be, Maria, I love thee, and I feel it, Maria, thou art mine, for I am thine."

I kneeled before her, and dared not look in her eyes. My lips touched her hand, and I kissed it. Then she withdrew her hand, at first hesitatingly, but afterwards decidedly and quickly; and when I looked up, there was an

expression of pain on her countenance. She was still always silent; but at last she raised herself up with a deep sigh, and said: "Enough for to-day. Thou hast given me pain; but that is my fault. Close the window. I feel a cold shuddering over me, as if a strange hand moved me. Stay by me, — but no, — thou must go away. Farewell! Sleep well, — pray that the peace of God may be with us. We meet again, — shall we not? to-morrow evening, — I will expect thee."

O, where had at once all the heavenly peace gone? I saw how she suffered, and all that I could do was to hasten quickly away, to call the English attendant, and to go solitarily, in the darkness of night, to the village. I walked for a long time up and down by the lake, — long were my glances directed to the lighted window where I had just been by her side. Finally, the last light was extinguished in the castle, the moon rose higher and higher, and every peak, every angle, every ornament of the old walls, became visible in the fairy-like illumination. And here was I wholly alone in the silent night, and it was as if my brain refused me its service; for no thought came to an end, and I only felt that I was wholly alone upon the earth, — that no soul existed in it for me. The earth was like a tomb, and the dark sky a shroud, and I scarcely knew whether I were alive, or had long since died. And then I looked up all at once at the stars, with their shining eyes, which were moving so tranquilly on their way, — and then it seemed to me as if they were only there to comfort and enlighten man; and then I thought of two heavenly stars, which had risen so unhoped for on me in the dark sky, and a prayer of thanksgiving rose from my heart, — a thanksgiving for the love of my angel.

(To be concluded in next No.)

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O PEACE of God, sweet peace of God!
Where broods on earth this gentle dove?
Where spread those pure and downy wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

Whence comes this blessing of the soul,
This silent joy which cannot fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and storm
As in the calmest summer day,
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

O peace of God! earth hath no power
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here,—
Its frown ne'er bid its light depart.

Calm peace of God, in holy trust,
In love and faith, thy presence dwells,—
In patient suffering and toil,
Where mercy's gentle tear-drop swells.

Sweet peace, I see thy heavenly ray,
And long to light my taper there;
Then should I meet the cares of life,
Like angels, answering to prayer.

THE LIFE TEMPORAL AND THE LIFE ETERNAL.

A SERMON BY REV. E. C. CUMMINGS.

JOHN xii. 25: — "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

THERE is a temporary life. There is a life eternal.

Look at the trees of the field, the herb of the ground. They live; they die. The life of any plant in particular may be destroyed, but the species lives. The elm that you plant for ornament may fail. But there is no failure of the elm as one family of God's vegetable kingdom. That is as enduring as this one of the earth. God keeps up a constant creation in its behalf. And even should the whole species become extinct, the idea survives, hid in the Eternal Mind, but ready to spring forth into sensible reality at the word of power.

I presume that the thought contained in the word *eternal* may have grown up in the human mind through some such comparison. The age of one individual is short. The age of a race is the age of an individual multiplied by the number of all the generations, — an age of ages. This is vast, immeasurable, — yet conceived as possibly limited. But the thought and power which are the ground and source of all generations, — the Being who is the fountain of beings, — the Being whom no exertion can exhaust, whom no creation can add to, whom no destruction can diminish, — here you are confronted with the absolute; here the thought of duration sinks in the thought of life. The everlasting procession of worlds and ages is moved by him who is self-existent. And if, gazing upon the mighty and complex order, the soul asks, — Whence? and whither? Creation responds, with the voice of the Prophet of old, — I AM hath sent me unto you. But the voice is in your own being. This wisdom which you have is God-given. It is not in the heaving ocean, or in the fixed mountains, or

in the planetary movements, to give you the idea of eternal being. All these belong to time. They are signs and hints. Your soul is the power which can take the hints. On this bank and shoal of time you are the representative of the Eternal One. You image him in such sort as nothing in heaven above or in the earth beneath can equal. Instantly there is born in your soul the grand, ultimate thought of self-existence, and ages of experience can add nothing to its immutable certitude. You have eternity in a moment, when you have the intuitive belief that God is. We have nothing to do with abstract duration. We have everything to do with the living God. In him is life, — and the life is the light of men. The eternal life then is the divine life, — the life of God.

But this eternal life has been manifested in and through life which is temporary, and is so manifested.

First, it was made manifest in Christ, as the perfect revelation.

Secondly, it is made manifest in Christians; imperfectly, but more and more as they grow up towards the fulness of Christ.

I. Let us consider the eternal life as it was revealed through the human and temporary life of the Lord Jesus. Then we shall understand better what the eternal life is.

The Son of God is the child of Mary, — an infant in the manger. He realizes that period of natural instinctive dependence, with which in ordinary persons we do not associate any moral action, good or bad. There is the growing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. There is the amiable natural affection, the instinctive spontaneous obedience; while in this unpolluted nature there lies the germ of what is infinitely glorious, the eternal life of voluntary duty. By and by we behold this eternal life asserting itself.

Jesus is twelve years old, — and he is full of the con-

sciousness of God, his Father. Nothing can hinder him, but he must be about his Father's business. No sensuous fondness for familiar scenes, no attachment of habit to customary occupations, no coveted embraces of that sweet mother crowning the endearments of a peaceful home, no sense of personal danger in being left to himself, no shrinking from the supercilious rebukes of learned but unspiritual teachers, can hold him back. The eternal life, the life of spiritual exertion and duty, has borne him clear away from temporary courses of natural boyhood; — and, "Behold," says Mary reproachfully, "thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." They wist not that he must be about his Father's business; and so, stooping to their feebler sense of right, he returns, and is subject to them. But what subjection is that! A subjection to inspire awe. No wonder the susceptible mother hid everything in her heart, waiting still further revelations in the life of her Son. His Father's business! It was the work not of natural subordination, but of spiritual duty. Listening to the doctors and asking them questions, or the humble carpentry of Joseph, — it matters not which, — it matters not what the ministry, so that it be glorified with the light of an eternal life. The natural affection was perfect. But after that slight break, ruffling the fondness of parental attachment only to assert the fervor of imperishable love, you behold no longer mere natural and necessary kindliness. That type of life, beautiful but temporary, has passed away. You cannot find it. It is all absorbed in the excelling glory of spiritual devotion. Now there abounds in the humblest office the same free, principled, all-surmounting love which said to the beloved disciple, Behold thy mother! This love is not born of a changing, temporary physical organization. It is from God. It belongs to the Only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It was not for the Son of Man to love and save up the natural life, since

it was meant to be lost, except so far as it might serve the purpose of containing and revealing that which is substantial and eternal.

Again, Jesus is about to enter upon his public ministry. The lowly offices of the household are to give place to the mighty acts of a world-historic drama. The carpenter's tools are laid aside that the Messiah, the Prince, may develop and plant the germ of endless dominion. Not untested or unschooled does Jesus enter upon this mighty work.

He is led of the Spirit into the wilderness; and in that houseless solitude he fights in spirit, and in spirit wins the whole battle of his subsequent career. The question is whether that which is temporary or that which is eternal shall bear sway. It is whether Jesus will love his life in this world and lose it, or, hating his life in this world, keep it unto the life eternal, — the same question which received its ultimate and triumphant answer in the cross.

After his miraculous fasting Jesus is an hungered. Nature solicits sustenance as truly and as importunately as if there were no interest but that. Nature perishes without support, and so is instant in its demands, while spirit dwells in the calmness of reason, and reposes in the confidence of eternal being. Has not Jesus supernatural power? Can he not command the stones to be made bread, or in some more secret way serve his frail flesh by the might of his spirit. Are not all resources of nourishment his own? And can he not command them, especially when such command will prove his Divine power? Could no ingenuity of argument on the part of Satan avail to stir the spirit from the solemn poise of its eternal judgment so much as a hair's breadth towards the rule of appetite? No. The tempter finds his point of contact in the perishable flesh, and so even against the legitimate demand of the flesh Jesus asserts the immutable supremacy of the spirit. The tempter is welcome to avail himself of a natural appetite, welcome to appeal to a natural and logical respect for a

lower truth. But he can find nothing to his purpose in Jesus. What if he be incarnate and akin to earth? he is moveless as the unchangeable truth.

But this assault is only upon the outer works of the fortress. No need of any harder fighting, if the adversary could gain an advantage here. But there are avenues to still higher points of attack. There are suggestions which by their very loftiness might seem less removed from the rational regards of the Lofty One, — more fitted to win him from his self-determined humiliation. Put the preserving care of the Father to the test. Let the world see that even your body is embosomed in his vigilant and ceaseless love. Can they fail to accept you then as the Son of God?

Or at least accept the kingdoms and the glories of this world. Do not insist to the very last degree upon that estate which obscures your real character. Concede to me, though I be Satan, that you may turn my realms of sense and intellect, my achievements of war and empire, to some account as a make-weight in the scales of your eternal administration. Confess just the least obligation to your adversary. How far is Jesus above all the wisdom of this world! All temporal advantages, all arts and arms, all the crazy dignities and bulky, tottering dominions of the age, are no quantity when compared with the heavenly kingdom. Nay, they cannot be compared with it. They belong to the disorganized and chaotic material through which the new creating power is to travel. Get thee behind me, Satan. Perish what is perishable. The tree of life will appropriate what it wants, and no more, out of this compost, in which the earthly, sensual, and devilish are in such offensive proportion. How mean and hateful is the life in this world, brought into conflict with that life which is not peculiar to any particular world, — the life eternal. How sharply has our Saviour asserted the eternal truth in the conduct of his physical life! But it is only when he loses this life that we behold his final victory, — the utter and ultimate supremacy of the life eternal.

The hour came when the Son of Man was to be glorified. All that the world calls life, and covets as such, even to the flesh in which he tabernacled, he had taught to be not only of no worth, but really dangerous and hateful, as against that spiritual rectitude which is the true immortality. To do the Father's will, to finish the Father's work here, was the meat and drink of the eternal life.

But this doctrine of dying in order to live might have seemed but an impracticable theory to our poor perceptions, and quite repugnant to our poorer hearts, had not our Master carried it out to the death. Our Lord knew well that Cæsar is not content with the things that are Cæsar's, and that the world does not of course render unto God the things that are God's. The world does not brook the serene contempt of its vanities. If Jesus would not accept their earthly things, the men of this world, on the other hand, were as little inclined to receive his heavenly things. The rulers of the darkness of this world, foiled in the wilderness, pushed on to what they deemed a victory upon Calvary. They came out with swords and staves against him who had been daily with them, the teacher, the healer, — against him who bore no sword, and gave his cheek to the smiters. The hierarchy and the empire, the heathen and the people, against one man. They rage and think — vain thing! — to shake and crush him. He treads the wine-press alone, and of the people there are none to help him. Where are the legions of angels? Where the heavenly guards? They minister, but they only stand and wait. Jesus lays down his life that he may take it again. His body is broken for us, that it may become the bread of everlasting life. Duty is life. Thy will be done, O Father, is the eternal life of the Son. Can any violence touch it? Is it found to be forever incarnate? Be it that the tempter is destroyed, can he not raise it up? How conquer death? By dreading, by shrinking, by fleeing? Nay, that is to be conquered by death. Drink the cup. Endure the cross. This is con-

quest. This is glory. Thus was the Son of Man glorified, and God was glorified in him. Death and the grave are made tributary to eternal life. The wrath of man has spent its blow, and is utterly restrained, just at the point where it ceases to work the praise of God. The wicked could pierce and kill the body, even of the Lord. It was their hour and the power of darkness. But they had no more that they could do. They could not guard the sepulchre. They could not impugn the testimony to the resurrection. They could not impede that second coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. Henceforth they must bow in submission, or tremble in dismay.

Our Saviour laid down his life that he might take it again, — died that he might live, — live without the limitations incident to our mortal state. Now he reveals himself to his disciples, not to the world. He cannot be appropriated by the senses. He cannot be confined by family connections and personal intimacies. He cannot be hemmed in by the compass of his public ministrations. His dominion cannot be restricted to the meagre nationality out of which he sprang. Not of the Jews only is he king, but of the Gentiles also. He is impartially related to every human creature. His is the universal religion. He is exalted in a transcendent, divine, immutable manhood, — glorified with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. All angels worship him. Even our dubious and laggard adoration is struggling for a voice in the eternal harmonies. We do well to exclaim, "O the depths!" as we lose ourselves in the thoughts of this mystery of sacrifice, — the Son of man loving not — yea, hating — his life in this world, keeping it unto the life eternal.

II. Having spoken of Christ, let us, in the second place, say a word of the Christian. He, too, is born to the eternal life. He receives a kingdom that cannot be

moved, though of himself he be but as a reed shaken by the wind.

It is plain that the text has a special appropriateness to the noble army of martyrs, — those who in all ages have resisted unto blood, striving against sin. But having recognized duly the honorable distinction which belongs to them as to the mode of their witnessing, we are still to regard the testimony itself as essentially one with that which every Christian must bear. We may, we must conduct our lives so as to turn our deaths into a testimony to the Gospel of the grace of God. It will not do for a Christian to be much afraid of dying, or wilfully set upon living in this world. It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master. Nothing short of this is enough.

We are tempted to love our lives in this world. It is no narrow observation which Satan indicates when he says, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," — albeit there may be exceptions to the remark. So long as a man is not brought to this test, he is apt to give his life for all that he can get. Existence, though it be that of a brute, is a boon. A short life may be merry. Food, dress, houses, nature, business, books, society, reputation, — these things do minister pleasure. But he who lives for them lives to lose all, and at the end to be a fool. By as much as life is happy and successful as to perishable things, by so much is it dangerous and hateful, if it be deaf as an adder to the holy voices of truth and love. Hate such a life if you would be a Christian. Have you health? Have you strength or beauty? How will you thank God for his good gifts, but by offering them to him upon the altar of your spiritual devotion? Use, not waste, your natural life. Be ready to sacrifice it at any moment, and to any extent, that the law of the spirit may demand. It is made to pass away, and to give place to the life eternal. You lose it, and you lose the fruit of it, in so far as you attempt to save it at the expense of your spirit-

ual growth. If you believe that Jesus is the Christ, take up your cross daily, and follow him. Neither fear nor shun pain while you tread in his footsteps. If you do not follow him really and practically, your faith is vain; you are yet in your sins.

But who can tell the beauty of that life, which, through all its stages, is a real, deep, though often perhaps unconscious, worship of Jesus? The body a temple of the Holy Ghost. Sweet natural gifts enclosing the germs of all spiritual graces. The free and responsible spirit alive unto God, moving the manifold activities of a changeful, busy life according to an unchangeable principle of devotion. Ties of nature hallowed by good-will to all mankind. Special friendships baptized in the eternal charity. Common words, common acts, common pursuits, all dipped in the hues of heaven. The soul tried, girded, pressing on to larger service. The will firm and persistent in the will of God, let fortune frown or flatter. The life diffusive, always giving its sweet doctrine, dropping as the rain, and distilling as the dew, refreshing the dry and thirsty places. Earth fading, heaven filling. Life dreamy and illusive on the surface, serene and pure and prophetic in its hidden depths. Then the glorification through death, — precious death, precious in the sight of the Lord, who welcomes home a saint, — precious in our sight, who seem to overhear the voices of the blessed ones, and wish ourselves among them.

THERE is but one only rule and article in divinity; he that knoweth not well the same is no divine; namely, upright faith and confidence in Christ; out of this all the other do flow and issue forth, and without this article the other are nothing. The Devil (said Luther) hath opposed this article from the beginning of the world, and would long since willingly have rooted it out, and instead thereof have laughed in his fist. Sorrowful, broken, tormented, and vexed hearts (said Luther) do well relish this article, and they only understand the same.

HASE'S "LIFE OF JESUS" AGAIN,

WITH THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE "INDEPENDENT" TO READ THE SAME.

In the May number of the "Monthly Journal," the organ of the American Unitarian Association, we find the following paragraphs with reference to criticisms upon Hase's Life of Jesus in this Magazine and in the Independent: —

"The 'Independent' thinks 'every Biblical scholar should put himself in possession of them.' The 'Religious Magazine' thinks 'it ought not to have been translated at all, but should have been kept for the use of those only who could read it in German.'

"The writer in the 'Independent' does by no means approve of the work in all its positions, but states very distinctly, that, by concealing the existence of a legendary element in the Gospels, Hase admits what is a 'subtle poison diffused over the whole body of Christian truth.' But then, notwithstanding this admission, he advises that the book should be read for its solid and valuable criticisms. In other words, while the Unitarian shrinks from a book in which truth and error are mingled, and advises it to be let alone, the Orthodox organ recommends it as indispensable to every Biblical student, *notwithstanding its errors.*

"Thus the whirligig of time brings about its revenges. A Unitarian periodical objecting to the inquiry which an Orthodox periodical advocates and encourages!

"Here is the good done by the scholars at Andover, by Horace Bushnell, by the Beechers, by Moses Stuart, and other such brave and earnest men. They have made all investigation possible, and laid open the way into all earnest, serious study. Let us thank God for their labors, and for the works which do follow them."

Since, as we suppose, the above paragraphs were written, there has appeared in the "Independent" an article entitled "A Positive Faith," which shows, as we think, that "the whirligig of time" has not yet got completely round, though in these last raw and gusty days it has been swinging about pretty wildly. We must wait a little longer, a good while

longer, we hope, for the "revenges." We have space only for a part of the article.

"When the late Professor Norton of Cambridge denounced the reproduction in this country of the views of Strauss, as the latest form of *infidelity*, Mr. Theodore Parker and his admirers complained that Unitarianism was itself guilty of the illiberality which it had charged upon Orthodoxy. Yet the seeds of scepticism then sown have brought forth such a harvest of unbelief, that leaders in the Unitarian ranks, who feel any respect for the earlier faith of their body, are with one voice demanding a more positive and earnest reiteration of their faith in the Bible as the Word of God."

Then follow appeals to the arguments of Dr. Bushnell and the charges brought by Dr. Schaff of Mercersburg, (whose exceedingly guarded letter "upon the propriety and prospect of publishing a translation of Hase's *Leben Jesu*" is prefixed to the book in question,) against the Rationalistic theologians of Germany, after which the article continues thus: "Two earnest protests against this Rationalistic type of Infidelity appear in the last number of the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, a Unitarian periodical edited," &c., &c. These two protests are contained, first in a letter from our colleague, and second in the very notice of the "Life of Jesus" which has struck the writer in the "Monthly Journal" as so sadly behind our religious times; and from both the "Independent" quotes freely, emphasizing by means of italics some of the sentences which perhaps were the least satisfactory to those who approve of Hase's book. "We are glad," writes the Independent, "to see these signs of healthy reaction from Rationalistic Infidelity."

We wish that we had space for the whole article. It would certainly not serve much better than our own little notice by way of commendatory preface to the Translation.

We might well enough leave this matter here. Indeed, when the "Life of Jesus" appeared, we might have written: "We can by no means accept all the negative criticisms which are embodied in this able and spirited book; on the

contrary, there is much set down upon these pages against which we must earnestly protest. Yet the student of the Gospels and of the Life of our Lord will find here most valuable assistance, — very often, to be sure, only in the way of antagonism; and those who wish to be familiar with the course which New Testament study is taking in our days, especially amongst German theologians, will be thankful to Mr. Clarke for putting this volume into good plain English, — as plain as he could." So the thing would have passed in an altogether euphemistic and quiet style. But the truth is, that, if we had been influenced by no other and higher considerations, we have too much respect for the translator to write in this way of anything with which he has had anything to do. That translator is a believing man, if there is one in our community, and an honest and earnest man too, — a genuine worker in the Lord's vineyard; and when he has done what he regards as an important piece of work, he has a claim to get something more than twaddle by way of acknowledgment. His book ought to have had an article, and not merely a notice. He is a frank man, and deserves frankness. He is a true man, and deserves truth. Because of our admiration and affection for him, as well as for most weighty impersonal considerations, we felt bound to write out our mind upon this translation. If we had been able to command time and space, we should have stated our objections to the book more at length; extracts in illustration of our criticisms we should not have given, because, whilst there is a place for all things somewhere, there is no place for such things in this *Home* Magazine; they belong rather to journals which are occupied with theology as a science, and even in these are necessary evils. Here we shall take for granted very much which elsewhere is questioned or denied; we write for those who have not yet had Rationalism, or for those who have had it and have got over it, or for those who, having the disease, can be cured of it, (as we admit all cannot be, though many can,)

not indeed by "sentimental or rhetorical Christianity," but by the simple testimonies and affirmations of Christian experience, the experience which is enjoyed by a multitude of "unlearned and ignorant men," whose Christianity, as it was not put into them by exegesis or historical criticism, or argumentation of any kind, so it cannot be put out of them by any ingenuity of Rationalism.

We have looked at this Translation again, and whilst we are glad to admit that there is more in it which is *positive* than we at first realized, and that as a piece of Rationalism it seems to us less objectionable than it did upon the first examination, we must nevertheless say that the book is utterly unsatisfactory, regarded as an attempt to bring to the knowledge of learners the story of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We must call it, in all earnestness and with deliberation, exceedingly shallow and limited, and wholly beneath the subject, — fatally deficient and unsatisfying for the very reason that, as the writer in the Monthly Journal admits, "it looks at the Son of man rather than at the Son of God," and this we maintain is *not* "the true course of study," and, if it were, a book which treats only of the "first man" can give us no adequate conception, indeed scarcely any conception whatever, of "the Lord from heaven." Just as God has revealed himself by his Eternal Word to the soul of man, and guided by this Light we gather up from a fragmentary and seemingly imperfect natural world, and from the mysterious ways of Providence, what we call proofs of a Being of infinite perfections, — the sufficient witness being all the while in our own hearts, and they who have not this Light within finding nothing, — so, taught by the Spirit of the Lord, the Spirit which led the disciples without any written Gospels into all Truth, and then wrote the Gospels by them, we have learned, being the children of the Church, that Jesus is the Christ, and the Lord of glory, and in this persuasion we read the New Testament, and find there what we bring with us. It would

be there even if we did not find it. The reality is not merely subjective. And yet the preparation from the Lord which has been providentially secured to the world cannot safely be omitted, and of all men he is not the man to help us in our reading of the Word who has studied it through and through, and has found therein no Son of God, but only a Son of man. If I have been a student of Nature, and have arrived at the opinion that, whilst the world is wonderfully good and beautiful, it is also in some particulars strangely defective, and have concluded therefrom that the Creator of the world must be in some way limited, I have nothing of any religious value for one who, believing in God because he is at one with God, finds him everywhere, and is silent before Him when he encounters an unfathomable mystery. Hase, as it seems to us, fails to find in the Gospels and in the story of Jesus the principal thing, the thing without which all the rest is comparatively insignificant, and will never keep its place in our world. The merely human side of the character of the Master can have no special claim upon the minds and hearts of men in all ages and lands. Even admit, as Dr. Hase seems inclined to do, faultlessness, spiritual wisdom in an eminent degree, a singular power over nature, a certain control of the springs of life, and an ever growing and heightening purpose consecrating disappointment and apparent defeat, and *you have not yet the first thing upon which to found a Supernatural Religion and a Divine Church, the Truth and the Spirit, for man as man in all ages.* You have great truths, glorious and quickening examples, admirable precepts, encouraging views of life and death, a pure spirit; but after all nothing *absolute and final*, not *the* Way, *the* Truth, *the* Life,—not the only Name given under heaven whereby *humanity* may be saved. Accordingly, in reading sermons or essays upon the character of the Lord, which are occupied only with the human side, we are oppressed by a continual sense of disappointment;—after all, nothing is brought forward which

differences the Saviour in any really essential particular from the spiritual heroes and sages of our race. We recognize a constant effort to make out a distinction which the description does not justify, and, accumulate epithets as we may, the tendency is ever to bring the Master down to a companionship, which, noble as it is, is strictly and properly human. No *man*, however exalted and wonderful, however inspired and pure, can be the Saviour of all men, in all time. Regarded on the human side, there is no reason why men and women and children, the world over, should devote themselves to the study of the life of Jesus, which would not hold in a high degree of the study of the life of Socrates, — a life of marvellous moral and spiritual beauty, and ever consciously guided by a heavenly spirit.

And our criticism upon this German book comes briefly to this, — not merely that it raises difficulties about one and the other record or miracle, without presenting with any fulness what can be said on the side of our traditional faith, but that it rehearses and unfolds only the life of a *man*, when what the Church believes in, and would learn about, is the life of God in man, the story of Christ the Redeemer. And we said, and we repeat with fresh emphasis, that, if the New Testament contains no such divine story, if there is nothing there but what Dr. Hase finds there, then it is of no use to read and study it in our churches, to open and maintain Sunday schools for explaining it, — then there is no Church, only a company of men and women who find in Jesus of Nazareth thus far their wisest and best man, whom for the present, at least, they will do well to regard, though indeed imitation always condemns the imitator to mediocrity, and truth can never be received upon authority. We said that "we should close a Sunday school at once, and dismiss the scholars, rather than put such a text-book into the hands of the young," and this simply because we should feel that, if here be all, our occupation as Sunday-school teacher is at an end, simply because the issue is even as

swift and brief as this: No Lord, no Gospel, no Church, nothing worth teaching, no Sunday school! Look with Dr. Hase only or mainly on the human side of the Saviour, and there would not long be any question as to whether the book should be in the Sunday school or no. Gradually, but surely and fatally, our Lord's-day institutions would be reduced to a morning oration up ı natural religion, with illustrations from religious literature, ancient and modern, Oriental and Occidental, Indian, Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, Scandinavian, classic and romantic, and the Sunday school would be utterly obsolete. In some quarters this result has already been reached. It came about of dire logical necessity. Take the first step, and no force of old habit will long defer the last.

Now we do not bring this forward as an argument against the soundness of Dr. Hase's positions, but simply to explain our objections to his book as a Sunday-school manual. We could neither preach nor teach if we only knew "Christ after the flesh." We are not aware that natural religion ever had any teachers and preachers. Philosophers and moralists there have been, the sophists whose claims to be regarded as earnest teachers of moral truth Mr. Grote has so ably maintained; but the Church, Jewish, Gentile, Christian, has ever rested upon the affirmation that God has come down to men. And when our Christianity has become natural religion, even though garnished still with a few wonders that have survived the attacks of scepticism, and illustrated still by the life of the wisest of human teachers, and the most devout and exemplary of saints, we shall come down from the pulpit, and close the Sunday school, — we might as well do it first as last, — and if we have still any desire to speak, which is not likely to be the case, we shall try to get a hearing from our friends in the Music Hall, who are the most consistent humanitarians that we know of, — save only in claiming to be the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Church, when they ought

to have the most profound contempt for such Babylonish jargon.

Now let it be noted that the writer in the Monthly Journal assures us, that "wherein the Monthly Religious Magazine would dissent from the conclusions of Hase, the translator of Hase would probably dissent also;" and, from what it is our good fortune to know of that excellent translator's convictions, we are persuaded that the writer is correct. We wish we were half as good a Christian as that translator. But we are moved to ask, Why be at the pains to put into English a book so utterly inadequate, and from which you so earnestly dissent? "Will ye plead for Baal? Let Baal plead for himself!" Are we told that it has been done for the sake of men who are harassed by doubts. We must reply, How can a book help them which does not set over against their doubts any considerations that are adequate to resolve these doubts? Had the translator prefixed or appended, as none could have done better than he, an essay in which he stated wherein he dissented from Hase's conclusions, and for what reasons, the book would have had a completeness which is now utterly lacking. It will be of no great service to the unbeliever to give him a somewhat improved conception of a merely human master, more "insights into the human side of the character of the Master." Mere "outcries against infidelity" are of course always wrong, foolish, and useless; but "arguments purely rational," without "appeals to the feelings or the conscience," never yet brought a single soul to Christ, and never will. "No man can say that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Spirit of the Lord," and even miracles are quite as much *objects* of faith as *grounds* of faith.

As to the desirableness of translating such a book, we think that a servant of the Church would have been better employed in making a better book of his own; but if it was to be translated, as an exhibition of so-called Christian opinion, there should have been in the preface warnings, dis-

claimers, and guide-posts pointing in other directions. The objection to translating such books is this, — that it enables easy readers, persons who would be at no pains to *study* German or anything else, the *quid nuncs* of the congregations, to acquire just enough of the argument of the Rationalist to nourish conceit and confound the unskilful. When we think of such sciolists, we wish that theology might be written now as of old in Latin, which is good enough for such purposes.

We confess to not a little discomfort in the thought of this "Life of Jesus" going forth to the world seemingly under Unitarian auspices, — not indeed indorsed by the American Unitarian Association, but directly or virtually commended by Unitarian authorities. We are sure that the "whirligig of time" will not soon give us anything of the kind from Bushnell, Beecher, Park, Phelps, Storrs, or any others of those who have shared in the "good done at Andover." They commit no such sad mistakes, and so, though they may not believe one whit more than many who are numbered as Unitarians, they are accounted believers, whilst Unitarians are called infidels. Believing, as do very many, perhaps the great majority of liberal Christians, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, they do not put forth books which "look at the Son of man rather than at the Son of God." They leave it for the Unitarian brethren to do such things. And the appearance of such works, under even an implied sanction of the standard-bearers of liberal Christianity, makes it incumbent upon all who are catalogued as Unitarians in the hand-books and directories to repeat most emphatically, that, whilst they cannot accept the *Tripersonality* set forth in creeds, and are therefore excommunicate and heretics in the eyes of the mass of Christians, — shut out sometimes from communion-tables, *always* from pulpits, — they do believe with all their hearts in the divine-human of the Saviour of mankind, and differ *toto cælo* from those who, however reverently, find only the man

Jesus in the Gospels and in the traditions of the Church. We do not see that it is *illiberal* for those so holding and affirming to act in accordance with this conviction and affirmation. Because for lack of saying Trinity, because from our steady refusal to sign creeds for the letter when we only accept them for substance, — our refusal, for example, to say, "I believe in the resurrection of *the* body," when we only believe in the resurrection of *a* body, — we are not permitted to preach the Gospel which we hold to any save those who, like ourselves, are called heretics, — we do not feel bound to make common cause with, and to invite into our pulpits, and to set forward on their unprofitable errands, men who do not profess to believe in the Son of God. Their place is not in pulpits or in Sunday schools, where Christianity is not to be criticised, but to be taught and enforced. As children of God we shall try to love them, as honest men we shall respect them, as citizens we shall accord to them their rights; but we shall keep ourselves aloof from all recognition of them as ministers of Christ. We believe that the virtual understanding upon which our congregations are kept together, and our pastors called and installed, forbids any such recognition. When the people wish to hear the Gospel of Nature, let them distinctly say so, and the preachers of Christ can withdraw. We earnestly invite all who are striving to build upon the one foundation, all who are only subscribers for substance, to come and stand with us in Christian freedom, assuring them that we are not committed to a wild and lawless liberalism, to a cold, meagre Rationalism, — that we do not mean to keep open house for all comers under whatever pretence of faith, — that we stand for what seems to us the only consistent Protestant Christianity, that Word of God which is not bound, appealing to these seals, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity!" We accept no denominational title, choosing to be known only

as disciples of Jesus. We ask clergy and laity to come out from their sects, and stand where we stand, having one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. Faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is our creed.

It is claimed that Unitarianism is "hard to kill;" but so far as it has become Naturalism, it is dead already as a form of Christianity. Its life in that death is merely temporary, short at the best, longer or shorter as men are found more or less able and eloquent to pronounce its orations, longer or shorter as the traditions prove to be more or less firmly rooted in the hearts and in the ways of the people. As an institution it is doomed. The denomination, the only denomination which will prove, not only hard to kill, but immortal, is that company of believing men and women who are brought together through their common trust in Christ and love for the Lord Jesus, being vitally joined to him and therefore thinking mainly the same thoughts, sharing mainly the same affections and hopes, doing mainly the same work. Only take away the creeds in which multitudes whose names are written under them believe only in part, and there will be such a denomination, perhaps not in our day, but certainly before the end shall come. It would be easier, shrinking away from cold, dreary, barren naturalism, to sign for substance, to say Trinity, and the like, and make one's peace with some one of the old churches; but it seems to us truer and better to stand by this free Church into which we were born, and to save it, according to our poor ability, from decline, whether into Ritualism or into Rationalism. And we hope that the translator of Dr. Hase, having done, as it seems to us, more than justice to that distinguished theologian, will do something now to aid us in setting forth a richer faith than that which is developed in the *Leben Jesu*. E.

THE WIDOW OF BHONA.

On Bhona's isle, I 've heard it said,
A lonely one her table spread;
And kindled up her morning fire,
Though 'neath her roof no child, nor sire,
Nor gentle mother blest her more,
Nor husband entered at her door.

A widowed lot was hers to bear,
A widow's robe 't was hers to wear,
A widow's loneliness to feel,
A grief which God alone could heal;
But still within that little cot
Doubt and repining entered not.

The sun looked down upon that place
With placid smile, and flowers did grace
The little garden's narrow bed,
And pleasant odors round her shed:
While softly fell the moonbeams clear
Upon a heart time could not sear.

She dwelt beside the foaming main;
The glorious sea gave back again
Its ebb and flow; and giant rocks,
That circled round, received the shocks
Of this upheaving, mighty power,
Stupendous in its calmest hour.

The fate of many a gallant bark,
That drifted near these shores at dark,
Though mannned with seamen bold and stout,
Seemed shrouded in eternal doubt;
But o'er the waters ceaseless swell
See yonder signal, known full well!

For many a pilot, brave and stern,
Each night a shining light did burn,
And send its clear, but tiny ray
Far o'er the rocks to guard the way:
Safely the ship and sailors go,
Secure from treacherous reefs below.

Widow of Bhona, this thy deed
Of Christian love in hours of need
Shall live and blossom like the flower,
Whose fragrance in its dying hour
Exhales upon the misty air
Sweetness that wanders everywhere.

So let the Christian's humble light
Shine forth in love through darkest night;
And guide by its own faithful ray
Our brother on life's dubious way:
Quiet, and beautiful, and true,
Forever radiant, ever new.

Widow of Bhona, though thy grave
Be washed by ocean's briny wave,
Though footstep never seek the spot,
Love such as thine is ne'er forgot,
While thou, beyond thy kindred sky,
Thy watch still keepest blessedly.

* * *

DR. SANGER.

The death of this excellent man occurred at Cambridge, at the residence of Mr. Gannett, his son-in-law, on the 6th ultimo. The leading facts in his life have already been given, both in the secular and religious journals. He had nearly completed his seventy-fourth year; but his faculties were so fresh, and his mind so clear, and his spirit so cheerful and serene, that his friends might have anticipated that many more years would have been added to his life. But he has gone in the full possession and brightness of his faculties, and it is the lot of few men to leave memories in the hearts of the living so uniformly sweet and tender.

Dr. Sanger was a scholar. He graduated at Harvard College in 1808, with the first honors of his class, and was subsequently appointed Tutor, which office he held for one year. But it is as the pastor, friend, counsellor, and Chris-

tian that he is principally remembered. He was ordained pastor of the church in Dover, Mass. in 1812, which relation he sustained up to the time of his death, though for more than a year its stated duties had devolved upon his colleague, Rev. Edward G. Barker. About four years since his house was burned by an incendiary. The good man wept over the ashes of his home. It had been hallowed by domestic affections singularly warm and cheerful, by a paternal benignity which was always a benediction to those who approached his door, by a hospitality always kind and graceful, by a filial reverence from children and grandchildren who rose up to call him blessed, by the family ties of son and daughter with their brotherly and sisterly loves that breathed their harmonies through his household. He did not feel like putting a *new* house upon the place of the old parsonage, whose timbers and walls, thus steeped in the heart's fragrancies, had there been turned to ashes. He removed to Cambridge and resided with his son-in-law, occasionally revisiting the old spot, where a peaceful ministry of nearly half a century had impressed his spirit upon the town, and associated everything with his name and his labors.

Dr. Sanger was a welcome preacher in the liberal pulpits in his vicinity. He never aimed at originality or eloquence or theological acumen; but his patriarchal simplicity, his benignant manners, his affectionate appeals, the childlike piety that kept his spirit healthful and fresh, and the oil of consolation which he knew how to transfuse through the wounded mind, — these were always appreciated, and secured to him a loving audience with his hearers. In conversation he was affable and animated, and full of anecdote and personal reminiscence, but tender of the reputation and the feelings of others. We mourn that we shall not see his cheerful face any more in this world, while we thank the Lord that he has lived in it and left to it the legacy of a character so spotless and pure. S.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE SILENT BENEFACTORS.

We have been a good deal touched by the following little piece of biography, which has been furnished for the Monthly Magazine, and which, at the news of the good man's death, "flowed out of the heart" of one who had had the best opportunities for knowing the value of his labors. Father Peirce was barely heard of beyond the circle of his immediate friends and pupils, while by patient toil and self-sacrifice he was quietly shaping the minds that were to impress a coming generation more deeply and permanently than any political convention that ever assembled. There is something in the daily beauty of such a life that appeals to every one to be faithful in his own sphere. There is more of the true heroic in such a man, working on silently for a good cause, only for love of the cause itself, than in those whom the world usually calls great. The world does not generally know its best benefactors till they are gone. Not the least of the beneficent work of Horace Mann was his quickness to discern these kindred qualities in others, and draw them with the same kindling enthusiasm into the noble reform which they wrought for Massachusetts.

CYRUS PEIRCE.

In the death of this good man, society has met with one of those losses it often appreciates the least.

Mr. Peirce has been spoken of in such a comprehensive and comprehending manner by the Rev. S. J. May, his successor in the Lexington Normal School, that it is vain to think of adding any information of him which is not already before the public; but now that he has passed away, it is well to direct attention to that interesting memoir.

Mr. Peirce was the first Normal School teacher in this country, and was selected for that important post by the Hon. Horace Mann, while the latter was Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education, for the rare qualities which made his teaching invaluable. Mr. Mann found Mr. Peirce teaching in Nantucket, and was deeply impressed both with the scholarship and deportment of his pupils. He

mentioned to other persons resident in that part of the State the satisfaction he had felt in visiting the school. He was told in reply, by an old resident, that, for the last thirty or forty years, Mr. Peirce's scholars could be told all along the South Shore by the accuracy of their business habits, the integrity of their characters, and the intelligence of their minds.* Such a testimony was not lost upon Mr. Mann, and when he was ready to open the first Normal School, his thoughts immediately reverted to the Nantucket teacher, in whose school he had heard such remarkable recitations, — remarkable, not for their verbal accuracy, but for the intelligence and thought evinced by the pupils, and where he had seen such admirable discipline.

Mr. Mann felt the importance of having superior instruction, and the highest principles of discipline, or school morals, in this first Normal School, which he hoped to make the model of all future institutions of the kind in America, and through whose instrumentality he wished to elevate the moral tone of the common schools, — then, with occasional exceptions, very low. He was not disappointed in his expectations of Mr. Peirce. The school opened under many disadvantages and discouragements, and in the midst of much opposition, with *three pupils*. It was Mr. Peirce's first aim to enlist the moral interest of the pupils in the scheme, and thus to insure success. He was just the man to co-operate with Horace Mann in a work that required absolute perseverance and defiance of obstacles. They were both men of iron will and of indomitable resolution. Mr. Mann saw with prophetic eye what such institutions, if successfully carried on, would do for education. Mr. Peirce had the same conception, and brought to it a long and conscientious experience and knowledge of details. Together they resolved it should be executed, — together they executed it. The little band that soon gathered round Mr. Peirce at Lexington drank in their spirit in large draughts, and were equally resolved that it should succeed. Their intellectual labors were gigantic, and more than all, Mr. Peirce inspired in them, or rather evolved from them, a conscientious culture of their faculties, and an observance of law and order in little things, that soon began to show effects both in the school and out of it. It must be confessed,

* Mr. Peirce first taught in Nantucket in 1810, and again at intervals all through the years up to 1839, when he took charge of the first Normal School at Lexington.

that by the incitement of this noble motive to do well for the sake of the success of the establishment, and its future value to their country, that enthusiastic little company taxed themselves too violently, and some individuals were prostrated physically, and even mentally, by their efforts to excel; but in condemning the excess of their zeal, we must remember reverently that neither they nor their teacher were actuated by secondary motives. It was indeed a noble ambition. Mr. Peirce expiated his own defiance of Nature's physical laws by years of acute suffering and prostration and lingering disease; but it is doubtful if he ever repented for himself, though he grieved for his pupils, for he had enough of the martyr spirit to be willing to sacrifice himself to a great cause. In those days of small things, when the means of operation were scanty, and future grants from the State were to depend upon the primal success of the work, he performed almost incredible labors. He gave of his own means; he performed the most trivial outside services at the cost of his rest, his sleep, and his health, to save expenses; he made up, by personal watchfulness and attentions, for the short-comings and unfaithfulness of boarding-house keepers; he sought the intimacy, and gained the confidence of, each pupil, that he might adapt himself to the peculiar needs of each, moral and intellectual. At the same time he spared no exertions to prepare himself in the highest manner for exhaustive teaching, and at the end of three years even his fibrous temperament gave way, and he sank prostrate. During those years, his average sleep was not four hours in the twenty-four. In winter he rose at three or four o'clock, after exhausting night labors over compositions and analyses, which he criticised in the most careful manner, to be sure that his halls were well warmed, the premises accessible through the snows, and everything ready for action. He had no assistant, and not only heard all the recitations, but cultivated the power of thought and of conversation by discussions upon each one, and upon all school exercises and modes of discipline. In short, he fitted his pupils for their office in the short time which was the minimum session (one year), and which too often was all his pupils could afford, — for his earliest pupils were generally the daughters of widows, or orphans who were obliged to work out their own education by personal exertions.

To this day, Mr. Peirce's Normal School pupils are as marked among teachers, as were his early pupils on the South Shore among citizens. Those who entered the school thoughtless and frivolous

came out of it with a serious purpose. Their subsequent career depended, of course, upon the depth of their natures; but they never could rid themselves of a haunting conscience in reference to their duty as teachers. Their reverence for "Father Peirce," as he was lovingly called, was absolute. He was an outside conscience to every pupil. His requisitions were severe, — indeed, to some they seemed merciless. But it was his aim to give entire possession of the faculties, and to teach them, by rigid self-discipline, to learn to govern others, never by violence, but always by an earnestness that was irresistible. No sham could stand before the scrutiny of his investigation, no falsehood could long show an unblushing front to his calm and searching gaze. He praised little, but ever held the standard higher and higher.

"I would go on a pilgrimage to New York on my knees," one of his pupils exclaimed one day, "if by that I could hear Father Peirce once say the word *satisfied*."

This exclamation was repeated to Mr. Peirce by a friend, who used to feel keen sympathy for his somewhat overtasked pupils. The dear old Father listened with tearful eyes, for he loved all his pupils as if they were his own daughters, and this was a favorite one in whom his soul delighted, and in whom he did feel great satisfaction; and he replied, sadly, "Then I am not fit to keep the school!" But it was a useful lesson to him, for his iron strength had not then learned to appreciate the delicacy of a woman's nerves. In after years, when he vibrated with pain to a touch, or a sound, or even a thought, I am afraid he remembered and mourned over it. But it was a moral stimulus that he gave, and therefore it took the deepest hold of the finest natures.

But one feeling about him prevails among his numerous pupils. After two years of rest, he again resumed his place in the Normal School, and remained in it five years. Bodily and mental prostration again disabled him; but such was the resistance of his constitution, that, after a voyage to Europe, which he enjoyed very much, he resumed teaching in another gentlemen's school, where his labors were limited. He loved to be surrounded by the young. He had no children of his own, but all daughters, for whom he had so long been a second father, were his daughters, and to the last of his life he loved to have them make a part of his family. I have in my hand a note from one of these, from which I will extract a strong expression.

"What he was to all his adopted children nobody can be again. A tender father, a wise, faithful friend, a clear-sighted judge, a perfectly consistent example. Every one loved him, and none more than we who were most particularly under his care. To me he has been a kind friend, a teacher who was the first to rouse in me the love of true knowledge, and I shall always remember him as one of the purest and holiest natures with which I have ever met."

Hundreds of such testimonials might be collected. True greatness in virtue and the ordinary duties of life is seldom highly appreciated. So little were Mr. Peirce's services in this cause understood, except by his pupils, that when he left the Normal School, he felt that the Board of Education was upon the whole willing to resign him, — even glad, in order to avoid the inconveniences consequent upon the popular persecution of all men of liberal religious views. The Board, and indeed the State, preferred peace to progress, and the public having failed, even under the incitements of bigotry, to abate the zeal and resolution of Mr. Peirce and Mr. Mann in their prosecution of UNSECTARIAN public education, were willing to forego the educational labors of such men in order to be rid of partisan and sectarian opposition. It would have been too great an outrage if they had ventured to intimate that they should be removed, but the knowledge of their sentiments gave great pain especially to Mr. Peirce, who had lost health and strength by his efforts in the cause. Both friends felt it; both pressed on to other scenes of labor, and both laid down their lives on the altar of their country's improvement, at periods not far remote from each other. Mr. Peirce as truly deserves the public honors of his State as his more widely-known friend, who could not, without his aid, have achieved the perfect success of his plans for Normal Schools.

M. M.

HARRIS'S SONG-SNATCHES.

WE do not pretend to follow the flights of Rev. T. L. Harris, and he seems to us poised sometimes over steeps where the dangers are terrible. But the critics who think they dispose of him with such words as "tawdry," "blasphemy," "hypocrisy," make one think of the beetles cursing the swallows that curve through the blue air above them, because they will not drone like themselves, and butt against the board fences on wings of horn. Harris's song-snatches sometimes indicate a fancy of inimitable sweetness and delicacy

Here is one altogether Shakespearian, which William Howitt justly praises as "like primroses in the early spring woods."

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsake, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
And yellow daffodils awake,
The virgin spring is fair to see.

"When streams through banks of daisies run, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
And skylarks hymn the rising sun,
Spring holds her courts in grove and lea.

"When cowslips load with sweets the air, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
Spring braids with flowers her golden hair,
And bids the mating birds agree.

S.

THE TWO DICTIONARIES.

GET both if you can afford it, but Worcester's you *must* have if you mean to keep up a loving acquaintance with this noble language which we use, and if you mean to make it the best and most efficient medium of thought. The difference between Worcester and Webster is easily summed up, and is as follows: —

First, Worcester simply chronicles the language as it is. Webster undertakes to reform it and record it as he thinks it ought to be. Follow Worcester, and you are perfectly sure of following the best living usage among the scholars of England and America. Follow Webster, and you run into American peculiarities both of orthography and orthoepy, or at least into *Websterisms*, which some people hope will be some time universally adopted; and which perhaps will be somewhere in the precession of the equinoxes, — and perhaps not.

Secondly, Worcester's definitions are terse, clear-cut, and to the point, and he never colors them with any notions of his own. Webster's have been praised as more *Evangelical*, which means that he injects a little Calvinism into them. For instance, he injects the vicarious atonement into the definition of the word Faith. This might be well if he put in also a little Universalism, a little Swedenborgianism, and a little Catholicism, and made a "dictionary of all religions;" but you get a dictionary of words twisted towards religion, as Dr. Webster thought it ought to be.

Thirdly, Worcester's notation is perfect, and cannot mislead. He has nicely discriminated all the shadings of the vowel-sounds. Webster unaccountably adopts Walker's notation, and leads us into the same blunders that Walker did. He does not distinguish between the long sound of *a* in *name*, and the long sound of *a* before *r* as in *care*. So if you are a teacher, and follow Webster, you will be training your pupils, perhaps, to say *pā-rent, fāir, snāre*, and so on, which neither Webster, nor Walker, nor any other scholarly person, ever intended you should.

Fourthly, the type of Worcester's is new, clear, and distinct. The type of Webster's is less so, and sometimes blurred.

Fifthly, in the way of pictures, Webster's dictionary unquestionably outdoes Worcester's both in number and size. It has fifteen hundred illustrations, and they are put apart by themselves. We like picture-books, and Webster's new dictionary beats those of the children. But we question whether the most scholarly taste, or the highest utility, would run quite so extensively and flaringly into this line. We do not see why the mottoes and coats of arms of the several States might not have been left to the children's geographies, and we cannot perceive that those two persons who are dancing a fandango throw any new light upon the nature of antic and saltatory performances.

In etymology both dictionaries are admirable, and both are splendid monuments of labor, and do infinite credit to American letters. Worcester's is a pure English dictionary of the universal English language wherever spoken. Webster's is American-English, evincing lifelong perseverance and patient scholarship, with innovations introduced from a Yankee desire of mending the language. Webster's we want, but to Worcester's, as we judge, must be the final appeal as authority, and, like daily bread, it is indispensable. S.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

LITTLE Alice was taught to say the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," and, taking it in a very literal sense, put in the gloss "brown bread." Perhaps she had experienced the influence of hot rolls and poisoned biscuits. How many families are poisoned by bad bread, and wonder what ails the children, and why everything goes wrong, and why the dark side of life is always turned towards them!

It is just as easy to have good bread, and by consequence, good digestion, good tempers, and good will, as it is to have that hard, sour, heavy lump, or, worse yet, that stuff hot and yellow with saleratus, and in consequence thereof dream that you are lying under Bunker Hill Monument, or think that you have committed the unpardonable sin. But do not lay off all the blame upon the housekeepers, unless you have learned yourself to distinguish good flour from poor, and keep the latter from invading your household.

A friend took us one day into the rooms of the Board of Trade in one of our great Western marts, where hundreds of people were gathered in groups around tables on which were spread samples of flour. You would see men pressing it in the hand with paper-folders, throwing lumps against the wall, mixing it in the palm with water, rubbing it between the thumb and finger, and on such experiments as these investing, perhaps, five thousand dollars, and never getting deceived in the quality. The following rules were said to furnish an infallible test: —

"First, look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and is sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, it is a good sign. Flour that will stand these tests it is safe to buy."

And when bought, there is no more "good luck" about making it into good bread, than there is about the laws of Nature. It will "rise" if you subject it to the right conditions, as surely as the sun will rise. And these conditions can be as easily ascertained as the accidence of French verbs, or the ending of Latin nouns of the fifth declension, or the difference between *staccato* and *legato* in music; in fact, are quite as important in pitching the tune of the household economy to its appropriate harmonies. S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Church of the First Three Centuries, or Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the early Fathers with special reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity, illustrating its late Origin and gradual Formation. By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This book has such an interblending of biography, history, and theological disquisition, and is written in a style so clear and flowing, that it will interest all classes of intelligent readers. The life and opinions of Justin Martyr, of Clement of Alexandria, of Origen, of Arius and his chief adversary and opponent, and of Eusebius the historian, are traced in connection with each other and their contemporaries, and their times very vividly illustrated. It is one of the pleasantest works on the ecclesiastical history of the first three centuries which one can take up, and is free from all dry and wearisome detail. The writer never loses sight of his main purpose, which is to show that the theology of the Christian fathers of these first three centuries was Unitarian, and that the Trinity as now received was the growth of a later age.

That in his main position he is right, we think must be conceded by the candid of all denominations. No trace of the doctrine of three coequal persons in the Godhead anywhere appears in these early ages. But that Dr. Lamson has expounded correctly the opinions of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, particularly those of Justin, Clement, Irenæus, Tertullian, and Origen, is a point which we presume will be strongly contested. He understands their Logos doctrine to be that the Son is God, though inferior to the Father, and having a derived Divinity. They are two distinct beings as much as Peter and John, but the Father was supreme and underived. The Son was Divine because begotten of the Father, just as a prince born of a royal line is himself royal, though he rules under the king that begat him. But they are two distinct beings, as much as the king and his son that lives in his house. Their being *consubstantial* only means that they had a common Divine nature, just as Peter and John have a common human nature. We certainly do not understand this to be the subordination system of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, or that they slid into a Ditheism so bald and literal.

The Logos doctrine was put forth in opposition to the Monarchians, who confounded all distinctions in the Divine nature. The Patripassianists taught that Christ was the Father under a different name, and merely veiled with flesh. Against such an absurdity was elaborated the Logos theory, which is, that between the Supreme and his universe there is a Mediator, eternally begotten, through whom all things are made and through whom alone the Father passes over into humanity. In putting this antagonistically, they sometimes seem to separate God from his Logos, so as to make the latter a distinct being. These passages Dr. Lamson cites. But there are others which look the other way, and which go to show that their conception was not of an hypostasis separated and cut off from God, making another and a different Deity, like the heathen notion of gods by birth and family. Tertullian expressly and distinctly disclaims this; Dionysius of Rome charges it against Dionysius of Alexandria, and the latter explains and modifies and relieves himself of the charge.*

If, as Dr. Lamson seems to represent, these Fathers taught that Christ came out from the Father, and was separated from him as an inferior God, they must have fallen upon the very notion of Gnostic emanation which they wished also to oppose. But it does not by any means follow, because they speak of the Son as "dependent," "secondary," or "derived" from the Father, that they mean to describe one being derived from another being. Nothing like *natural* birth seems intended, but something analogous to the human understanding, always shaped out of a higher love-principle, derived from it, filled with it, and dependent upon it. They give the Divine Logos, answering to the Reason in man, a kind of objectivity in itself; as if God contemplated it separately, conversed with it as man consults his understanding, sent it forth and hypostatized it in Christ, yet never separated it from himself as another Deity. So we understand them, and this we take as their subordination theory. Whatever we may think of their distinctions, we should interpret them after their own Platonic — shall we not say Johannic? — conceptions, and not through our extreme Occidentalism.

Dr. Lamson's history of the Arian controversy is made lively and

* See Neander's Anti-Gnostikus. Bohn, p. 523. History by Torrey, pp. 606, 607.

interesting by biographical incident, and the description of the Nicene Council is exceedingly graphic. But he does not seem to us to bring out with sufficient boldness the grand issue between the two parties, or the theological value and bearing of the doctrine on which they split. He seems to treat it as a war of words or barren abstractions. Whether Christ as the Logos was "begotten" or "created" may seem trivial to us, but it was not so from their position, and with the meaning with which those words were pregnant. If Christ was eternally begotten of the Father, — a genesis always out of his own nature, like man's reason and speech out of himself, then Christ and his Gospel are *continuous* from God, and never cut off from his essence. The chasm between man and the Supreme is bridged over. Christ is not sent *from* God, like a messenger, to tell something, but he comes *out of* God, and is therefore the projection into time of the Divine itself, and the revelation of the Godhead, and his words are instinct with the Deity. On the other hand, if Christ was *made*, created out of nothing, and not a genesis out of the Divine substance, then the abyss between God and humanity is deep and wide as ever. God is away in the deeps of eternity, not continuously in Christ and his Word, and we are remanded to the baldest Deism. Christianity loses its significance. God has sent it over to us externally by a messenger, but he is not in it himself; it is not the expression of his own life or the living projection of his own attributes. So at least the consubstantialists must have understood the issue, and can we marvel at the importance they attached to it?

That the Logos doctrine verged to the very borders of Tritheism, and sometimes went over to it, and at length went hopelessly into it, must be admitted, and the book gives a clear idea of its downward stages. As descriptive too of the habits and manners of the Christians of the first three centuries, how they lived and worshipped, how they loved, quarrelled, and hated, the book is an exceedingly valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history. S.

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The editors of this valuable Religious Magazine continue to maintain its high reputation, and, assisted by able contributors, present monthly a series of instructive and interesting articles on topics of prominent interest in the religious world. Many of the most studious and thoughtful of the Unitarian clergy publish their best thoughts in its pages, and it is always handsomely printed on clear white paper and with a typography that is agreeable to even the weakest and dimmest eyes, and luxurious to those that are severely taxed by the perusal of the solid, closely wedged, and formidable columns of the daily papers. — *Salem Register.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal is filled with a great variety of articles, on subjects of general interest. Gifted and cultivated as are the correspondents of this monthly, none of them write so well, in our opinion, as the editors, whose articles are models worthy the study of those who write for religious periodicals. — *Boston Transcript.*

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THE

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AND

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BOOKS OF DEVOTION.*

EVEN our busy, thrifty modern world finds time to reproduce the old books of devotion, besides giving us occasionally a new one which is earnestly welcomed by all who would be rich towards God. For the most part, the old are better than the new; indeed, it is no disparagement even of a book so precious as "The Still Hour" to say, that the old are always better, for in our times it is the left hand that writes the Meditations and Prayers, whilst the right hand holds the microscope, or the geologist's hammer, or perhaps unwinds the telegraphic wire which is to girdle the solid earth. We gladly recognize a favorable sign of our religious times in the appearance during the last month of a new American edition of the Confessions of St. Augustine. This is a fresh indication of the want which has called forth such books as the *Theologia Germanica*, the *Lyra Catholica* and *Germanica*, and has multiplied editions of Thomas à Kempis, Herbert, and Keble.

* The Confessions of Augustine. Edited, with an Introduction, by William T. G. Shedd. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

It is now some time since the religious life of our community began to manifest itself in this direction. What was indiscriminatingly called Transcendentalism, and denounced as simply destructive or hopelessly visionary, was to a very large extent the expression of a healthy and most Christian desire to realize the life of God in the soul of man, to enter into a real communion with Him who is always with us, to pass through creeds and forms, and even to go beyond the "Christ after the flesh," and find Him who is God over all forever blessed, the Perfection of all beauty, Truth and Love absolute and unchanging, yet also the Life of our lives and the Soul of our souls, to abide in which is blessedness, to depart from which is death. We are firmly persuaded that great good has already come, and that far more good is still to come, from the positive element in that movement so perplexing to many, and so unhappy in some ill-considered denials. It was an unspeakable relief from the dryness and coldness which afflicted our churches, both the orthodox and the heterodox, and made hearts that would believe and love as sad as the hearts of our New-England husbandmen must have been, until the former and the latter rains, falling together in sweet summer showers, revived the earth and put an end to the drought of this year's spring-time. And many, who in these days of confusion and transition wandered far from the old paths which the feet of the saintly have pressed for ages, are now gladly and thankfully returning, and the faith which they find again will be richer and infinitely more satisfying than the faith which they lost; the old forms will be filled with a spirit such as never animated them before. The mistake was in casting away the traditions of the past, instead of seeking to verify them in the heart's experience, — a mistake, by the way, which man seems destined to repeat in all ages, but which never proves fatal for those who are of the truth.

We desire distinctly to commend and express our delight in the tendency which multiplies books of devotion side by side with new discussions of Trinity and Atonement, and the

philanthropic appeals with which the platforms resound, and our newspapers are crowded. Of course it is a tendency which may easily become extreme. It is so common for those who do not care to keep the Second Table, which enjoins the love of man, to betake themselves most assiduously to the First Table, which enjoins the love of God, that a warning against such self-deception or hypocrisy is no better than a commonplace. Unquestionably, it is too often the case that persons who shrink from the cross which practical Christianity imposes are tempted to substitute devoutness for righteousness, and retire to luxurious apartments to read elegantly-bound Meditations and Confessions, when they ought to be abroad testifying in some manly or womanly way for truth and humanity. It is to be feared that not a few lives which were rich in the beginning with aspirations, and even purposes, have passed first into dreamy slumber, and then into torpor and spiritual death, through "leaving the other undone." Another peril, that of running into mysticism, against which we are sometimes warned, can hardly be a very serious one in our bustling superficial age. Where railroads, and factories, and telegraphs so abound, the mystics will be very few. Asceticism, too, will scarcely make itself felt beyond the forty days of a very mild Lent. And it should always be remembered that the *affections*, even when they are stimulated to the pitch of excitement, are easily brought under the beneficent control of reason, good judgment, and knowledge, and will redeem the whole being, and consecrate the outward life, whilst the *passions* promote bigotry and bitterness, and lead on to madness. The command to *love* God with all the heart can be safely obeyed. To abide in love is peace and blessedness; to abide in fear is to be compassed about by the terrors of hell.

It would require a volume to point out with any fulness of detail the great benefits which would be secured for our Christianity by more abundant acts of meditation and prayer, and a more faithful use of sacred times. We can only very briefly indicate a few of them.

1. "*I called upon the Lord, and the Lord answered me.*" We are satisfied that no amount or weight of evidence for the being and glory of God will in any way compensate for the assurance that comes through praying. As man is to be distinguished from the brute by the mystery of self-consciousness, — the fact that the mind makes itself an object of thought and knowledge, — so the true child of God is to be distinguished from the merely natural man by a consciousness of God, a direct inward vision of Him through the "light that is within us," like that which brings the outward world before the mind through the eye, which is "the light of the body." If I have called upon God and know that I have been heard, as indeed the spirit can know, — if I not only have the *idea* of a Perfect Being, but am wonderfully helped and comforted when I turn aside from my outward work to commune with an Invisible Person, a Real Presence of Majesty and Love, — then I am a believer indeed; and though I may be greatly edified by the tokens of this Invisible God in nature and providence, I do not depend upon these for my persuasions, and when the life around me offers only mysteries, the soul does not lose its confidence, or quit its hold upon the Unseen and Ever Present. If we would know God, we must put ourselves in his way. If we would hear him knocking at the door of the heart, we must keep still and listen. It is true, indeed, that the religious convictions which come to us in this way are not matters of demonstration, and cannot be pressed upon others, whether they are prepared and inclined to receive them or not. Are there any religious convictions of this sort? Does the Holy Spirit ever delegate his office? But what is not matter of demonstration may be matter of testimony, and may stir up souls that are willing to be instructed, to make trial of the Infinite Love which ever broods over us. Moreover, the consolations of prayer are facts which call for some reasonable explanation. Who is it that so builds us up? Is it an exaltation of your own spirit which makes you as it were a God unto yourself, so that you are really

praying to yourself? That may be if the dearest experience of human life is founded upon an illusion, if prayer is only a form of meditation, if there are really no hearing ear, seeing eye, and helping hand of the Great God. The child's way of finding out whether father or mother is present is to call, Father! — Mother! — to call till an answer comes, or until it is plain that there can be no answer. So it should be in our search after the Father in heaven. If men took one half as much pains to find God as they expend upon the objects of human knowledge, He would presently be a reality again in his own world; that which is perfect would come, and that which is in part would be done away. Of course we can look for no such precious results from any mere saying of prayers and droning of litanies, or uttering of pious commonplaces, that, full as they once were of meaning, are insignificant from our lips; — it is the heart that must speak, and we must tell the Father, in the most artless manner, and as much in detail as we please, just what is upon the mind, trying to turn full round and gaze into his face. There is a solid reality here, quite independent of physical excitement, of any mere fancies or imaginings. The spirit within us answers to the spirit above us. For the time, at least, the darkness and estrangement come to an end. In our humble earthly, human way we are at one with God. The everlasting reality of the Divine Sonship gains yet another instance on earth and in time; the Second Man, who is the Lord from heaven, is again incarnated; and one who has only borne the image of the earthy bears also the image of the heavenly. The business of the outward life tends continually to draw us away from the true centre, and to obscure the vision which we may have of the Perfect One; we must come to ourselves by a distinct effort of the soul; and when we truly come to ourselves, our first desire is to get back to the Father whom we left, and our first journey must be that way. We do not intend the least disparagement of those fascinating studies by means of which we read in the outward world the very

mind of God. It is instructive and cheering to know that the least and the greatest bear one and the same testimony to that supreme Wisdom and Love; but it is a fact beyond all dispute that they who would find the highest God, the infinitely glorious in nature, must already have Him in their own hearts; only the Son in us can reveal the Father, only the Son is the way to the Father, and many — alas! how many in our day! — trace creation o'er and find it to be a *Kosmos*, a thing of wondrous beauty, and yet scarcely find God in all; certainly no God that they cannot refrain from speaking of; certainly not the God that David found when he considered the heavens the work of the Divine fingers, the moon and the stars which He had ordained; certainly not the loving Creator and sacred Providence revealed to the follower of Christ, wherever the birds fly and the lilies bloom. When the heart is right in the sight of God, the least blade of grass will be a sermon upon the Divine Being and Glory, whilst to the dull and unillumined soul a whole library of Bridgewater Treatises will avail nothing. An inspired psalm or hymn, awakening a response in the soul, brings us nearer to God than a sunset or a flower. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" to the heart which is open to God. The Lord who rejoices in his works admits us to share his joy. Of course one will hardly begin to pray until he has some measure of faith in prayer; but when we have once entered upon this inward life, every step forward is a step away from darkness into light, every earnest meditation makes God more real to us, we lessen by just so much the distance between ourselves and Him, for the distance is exactly proportioned to our forgetfulness. Only continue in prayer, and atheism, speculative and practical, will be impossible.

2. Another service which is rendered by books of devotion besides this revelation of God, is in the aid which they afford us in the construction of what is strictly called Theology, that is, a true doctrine of God. When we leave the treatises upon controversial divinity and take up Thomas à Kempis, Tauler,

St. Augustine, we are all at one. So we all accept and rejoice in the Bible, and are always willing to let it speak for us whenever the words are treated with any sort of fairness, because the Bible is so pre-eminently the book of the Spirit, the soul and not the body of divinity, addressing the heart so much more than the understanding, and giving great quickening affirmations and objective facts, not propositions and definitions. So we all sing the same hymns, though we cannot repeat the same creeds. Our single question about a theology is this: *Can you pray it?* No matter though you can argue about it with the utmost sharpness of analysis and cogency of logic, no matter though you can marshal Scripture texts this way and that, in support of it, no matter even though it seems to have on its side the vote of nominal Christendom, — if you cannot pray it, if it is not the truth of truths to you in your hour of solemn communion with God, if you cannot conclude it inevitably from what the heart craves and rejoices in with joy unspeakable, then you have not yet struck the rock under your feet which will never be shaken, or escaped from the winds of doctrine into the still air of the believer's rest. We see no end to the dispute about Trinity and Unity so long as men give themselves to mere logic fence, and fling texts at each other. "My Father is greater than I," quotes A. "I and my Father are one," quotes B. "The Word was God," quotes B. "Yes!" responds A; "but the article is wanting in the Greek, — not *the* God, — divine, but not the Supreme Being." So we go on, to the weariness of many, and the conviction, one way or another, of but few. Turn to the books of devotion, — take up *the* Book of Devotion, and treat it as such, — not as an armory from which you are to draw weapons of offence and defence, but as a garden of delights and a fruitful vineyard, where the soul is to be fed upon that which is really good, — and somehow the confusions and oppositions are at an end. The soul finds its present God, — finds Him in the Father, by the Son, through the Holy Spirit, one glorious Personality, — and

the mission which the Gospel begins and finishes is a mission of the Comforter. Every devout man believes that there is, and ever has been, and ever will be, so to speak, a human side of Supreme Deity; that human side is the Word, that by which the Absolute and Eternal utters himself; — were there no Word forever in God, an essential element in the Divine nature, God would not be a Father; but since there is a Word in the beginning, God is a Father in the beginning, and creates the Son in the beginning, to be the object of his love, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, and all time and space manifestations point to, struggle towards, and culminate in the perfect Sonship; the mystery of human life, the problem of human history, is solved when the Desire of the nations appears, and human eyes see and human ears hear One, who, though found in fashion as a man, is ever in the bosom of the Father, disclosing Him to the world without any hinderance of selfishness. The coming of the Son is the central fact of man's history, — a Gospel indeed; men who saw it with their own eyes told the tale to their children, and they again to theirs, and all humanity has been redeemed, inasmuch as he was human, very man. But glorious as this Gospel of one Son, in whom humanity was exalted to the right hand of the Father, is found to be, yet the devout Christian does not live by a departed and historic Christ, by recalling his words and studying his doctrines; that Master commended his disciples to the Ever-present God, for whose special and peculiar coming into the world He had in some mysterious and to himself very suffering way prepared, — they were to do nothing, indeed they do not seem to have been prompted to do anything, in furtherance of their great work, before they had been brought into communion with the Spirit, and that presence is variously and convertibly described as the Father in us, the Son in us, the Spirit in us, and we worship the God whom we know to be a Father because we have seen Him in the Son, and we worship Him in spirit, and so in truth, as with us and in us

in very deed. Here is no confusion of persons. Here is no division of the Divine Essence. Here is no worshipping of a creature. Here is no glorying in a man, no following of one, who, however good and wise, comes in his own name. Here is a God who has become *for us* living and loving, helpful and present, because we have been baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Now read what the author of the *Theologia Germanica* writes of our relation to God through Christ: "How shall my fall be amended? It must be healed as Adam's fall was healed, and on the self-same wise. By whom, and on what wise, was that healing brought to pass? Mark this: man could not without God, and God should not without man. Wherefore God took human nature or manhood upon himself, and was made man, and man was made divine. Thus the healing was brought to pass. So also must my fall be healed. I cannot do the work without God, and God may not or will not without me; for if it shall be accomplished, *in me, too, God must be made man;* in such sort that God must take to himself all that is in me, within and without, so that there may be nothing in me which striveth against God or hindereth his work. Now if God took to himself all men that are in the world, or ever were, and were made man in them, and they were made divine in him, and this work were not fulfilled in me, my fall and my wandering would never be amended except it were fulfilled in me also." Now any one may see at a glance that this is a totally different thing from hearing Christ as our Great Teacher, or from meditating upon Christ as our Great Exemplar, — that it proposes salvation to us upon the one condition that we will believe in the Lord, and suffer the Spirit which "they who believe on him should receive" to come and dwell in our hearts. Tell me that all this will be verified by the experience of the earnest and devout seeker, and you tell me a profound and most precious truth, the real *medulla theologiæ*, or marrow of theology. Tell me, on the other hand, that some inferences of yours

from this Christian doctrine of God, some inferences as to three Divine and coequal and proper Personalities (what must ever be, as it seems to us, to the mass of men, three Gods), are just as emphatically indorsed by the experience of the pious, and that only the evil heart of unbelief can question them; and I say, You dogmatize, you have left the oratory, and entered the school of science and debate; I cannot *pray* to three, only to the One who is in all and over all. So far as the *Theologia Germanica*, the ancient book of meditation, goes, we follow with the whole heart; it is theology for us as well as for the old German world. When men are on the whole exemplary, but do not love to pray, we may be sure that there is something wrong in their theology; their God is not a being to whom it avails to pray. Presently, under the stress of life, they are surprised, as it were, into a genuine act of devotion, into praying a real prayer; and if they continue to plead and confess, their theology will be growing richer and richer; it will gather up the affirmations and pregnant clauses of the most various creeds, it will be more orthodox than orthodoxy, and more rational than rationalism, — a true Gospel harmony, a veritable concord of the ages, — the wisdom of the child indeed, and yet of the child of God, who has been led by the Spirit into all truth, and so can not only confute the doctors, but shall even judge angels, and say, "Though an angel from heaven should teach any other doctrine, let him be accursed!" Find for us thirty-nine books of devotion, and they shall be our thirty-nine articles: and yet there is no need, for who shall take better care of the Church of God than the Lord and his Apostles took of it, leaving behind them no thirty-nine articles? — and how plain is it that unbelief, coldness, deadness, shelter themselves behind articles as securely as anywhere else, — indeed, purchase for themselves the freedom to question and scoff by ever-renewed acts of subscription, and by nominal assents?

3. One more advantage to be gained from books of devotion must be just hinted at. By making God real to us, they

make our souls strong for obedience to the Divine commandments. The precepts of the Gospel would be utterly disheartening, were it not for the Life of the Gospel, the Grace which is by Christ Jesus. It is easy to say to men, Work! but how, — with what motives, helps, and encouragements? If we would follow the Saviour, it must be in the strength of the bread which comes down from heaven. Jesus says to us continually: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." What the persuasion of a fate or destiny is to the natural hero, the Gentile warrior, the sense of the unseen Presence is to the Christian. "I am sure and certain," said Luther, — and if he could not have said it he would not have been Luther, — "when I go up to the pulpit, or to the cathedral, to preach or read, that it is not my word which I speak, but my tongue is the pen of a ready writer, as the Psalmist says. The holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. Therefore we must not separate nor part God and man according to our natural reason and understanding. In like manner, every hearer must conclude and say; I hear not St. Paul, St. Peter, or a man speak; but I hear God himself speak, baptize, absolve, excommunicate, and administer the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper." "Ah, God!" added he, "what an unspeakable comfort a poor, weak, and sorrowful conscience might have and receive, if it could but believe that such words and comforts were the words and comforts of God himself, as in truth they are!" Now it is a law of our spiritual life, that if we would find God and abide in God we must seek him, — a law of which the most perfect humanity, the Divine Man, afforded the completest illustration. He in whom God dwelt ever sought God, — praying by night as he labored by day. "*And as He prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered.*" Mystery as it is, it is none the less a recorded fact, and it must not

be sacrificed to any theories. What the sinless Christ needed — at least craved — must be indispensable to us in our alienation. Otherwise, God is little better than a name or an abstraction. St. Augustine says: "If I said to my soul in my time of affliction, *Trust in God!* she very rightly obeyed me not; because that most dear friend, whom she had lost, being a man, was both truer and better than that phantasm she was bid to trust in." When men have really learned to pray, God is no more a phantasm, but an almighty and most helpful Person, whose human image is Christ. What our generation needs to be reminded of continually is this, — that "the things which are impossible with men are possible with God;" that prayerfulness is one of the remedies, and a chief remedy, for carefulness and sinfulness. Most confidently do we say to weak, struggling mortals, You have tried to conquer that passion, you have tried to love, to be patient, to be pure in heart, and you have continually failed: ask God to help you, bring the sentiment of piety to second your feeling of conscientiousness, try to gain some inspiration, and your work will be more than drudgery, and because you love God you will keep his commandments. In the multitude of our transgressions we must turn again and again to Him who is never turned away from us, and light shall at length triumph over darkness.

God has given us those who can help us in this thing, — the penitents and saints of the earth. Their words are providentially recorded, and their books are cherished for the precious help which they minister. Their hearts were fashioned like our hearts. We share their deep sadness and their pure joy. We descend with them into hell: we go up with them into the heavens. The blessed life that is in them passes into our souls. We may be unable to accept the whole of their creeds, but our spirits are wonderfully refreshed by their heart-speech. The books of Christian devotion will outlast the books of Christian divinity. The Hymns of the Ages will be sung long after men have ceased to read

or intone the formularies of the Ages. There is ever an ear for what the Spirit saith unto the churches. The words of the truly devout are more precious than gold.

Of course the Confessions of St. Augustine are not new or strange to our readers; but they can scarcely have had the opportunity to become familiar with them in so excellent a form, or with so admirable an Introduction, as have been given to them in this edition. Professor Shedd, well seconded by his publisher, has done a good work, and, as is very plain, a work of love, in bringing us so near to this mighty thinker and mighty lover. In the good providence of God, few of us have gone so far astray outwardly as the great African, yet with all our hearts we can echo his acknowledgments of unworthiness, and join with him most earnestly as he cries out, "Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days!" Too late, and yet not too late, since the Ever Near and the Ever Merciful has forgiven all, and made us welcome to the home which we left in childhood. E.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LAST REMEMBRANCE.

THE sun was already shining over the mountains and into my window, when I awaked. Was it the same sun which looked on us the evening before with a long, lingering glow, like that of a departing friend, as if it would bless the bond of our souls, and which had passed away like a lost hope? And now it shone upon me as a child, who rushes into our room with beaming eyes, to wish us joy on some gay feast-day! And was I the same man who, only a few hours ago, broken

in spirit and body, threw myself on the bed? — and now I felt in myself again the old life-courage, and a confidence in God and man that refreshed and enlivened my spirit like the fresh morning air! What, indeed, would become of man without sleep? We know not where this mighty messenger conducts us, and, when he closes our eyes in the evening, who assures us that he will open them again in the morning, — that he will bring us to ourselves again? It required courage and faith when the first man threw himself into the arms of this unknown friend; and if there were not in our nature something helpless, which, in regard to everything that we ought to believe, forces us to faith and resignation, I doubt whether any man, in spite of all his weariness, would have shut his eyes of free will, and entered into this unknown dream-land. This consciousness of our weakness, of our weariness, gives us confidence in a higher power, and courage for a free abandonment of ourselves to the beautiful order of the whole, and we feel ourselves strengthened and refreshed, when, even for a short time, whether waking or asleep, the fetters are unloosed which bind our immortal to our earthly selves.

What yesterday passed through my mind darkly, only as the fleeting evening mists, became now quite clear to me. We belonged to each other; that I felt. Whether as brother and sister, as father and child, as bridegroom and bride, we must now and forever remain together. It was only requisite to find the right name for that which in our stammering speech we call love: —

> "Thy elder brother I would be,
> Thy father, — anything to thee!"

It was this *anything* for which a name must be found, for the world recognizes nothing which is nameless. She had herself told me, indeed, that she loved me with that pure, all-embracing love out of which all other love springs forth. Her alarm, her consternation, when I acknowledged to her

the fulness of my love, remained inexplicable to me, but it could not shake my confidence in our mutual love. Why, indeed, should we wish to understand what passes in the souls of other men, while yet in ourselves everything is inconceivable? It is indeed everywhere the unintelligible which enchains us the most, whether in nature, in man, or in our own breasts. Men, whom we understand, whose moving powers we see before us like an anatomical preparation, leave us cold, like the characters in most of our romances, and nothing more destroys for us the pleasure in life and in mankind than that ethical rationalism which undertakes to explain everything, and denies all the miracles of our souls. There lies in every person something inexplicable, whether we call it fate, inspiration, or character, and he neither knows himself nor human nature who believes that he can lay open, without having this ever-returning mystery, the action and the motives of men. I consoled myself now in regard to everything about which I had been in despair in the evening, — and at last there seemed no longer any cloudlet to obscure the sky of the future.

In this mood I stepped out from the confined house into the free air, as a messenger was bringing me a letter. It was from the Countess, as I saw by the beautiful, even handwriting. I opened it breathlessly, — I hoped for the most beautiful thing which man can hope for. But I was thrown back at once. The note contained nothing but a request that I would not visit her to-day, as she was expecting visitors from the Residenz. No affectionate word, no account of how she was! Only at the end a P. S.: "To-morrow comes the Hofrath, — therefore not till day after to-morrow."

Here were two days torn at once from the book of life. And if they were only wholly torn away — but no, they hung over me like the leaden roof of a prison. They must be lived through; I could not give them away like an alms to a king or to a beggar, who would yet gladly sit two days longer on his throne, or on his stone by the church door! I

stood as if petrified for some time; but then I remembered my morning prayer, and, as I had said to myself, that there was no greater infidelity than despair, that the smallest and the greatest things in life were parts of a great plan, to which we must conform ourselves, however difficult it might be. As a rider, who sees a precipice before him, I drew back the bridle. "Let it be because it must be," I exclaimed to myself; "but God's earth is not the place for sighs and complaints." Was it not blessedness to hold in my hands these lines which she had written? and the hope of seeing her again in a few days, was it not greater felicity than I had ever deserved? Only the head always above water! — so say all good life-swimmers; when this cannot be, it is better to go under at once, than to let the water run in before at the eyes and mouth. And if it is difficult for us to think constantly of the Divine Providence in all the little misfortunes of life, and if we are afraid, and perhaps with reason, to step out of the common goings-on of life into the Divine Presence on occasion of every contest, yet life should appear to us, if not as a duty, yet always as an art; — and what is more disagreeable than a child who becomes unruly, and grumbles crossly at every loss, at every uneasiness? Nothing is more beautiful than a child in whose tearful eyes the sunshine of joy and innocence is shining again, — like a flower which trembles and shakes in a spring shower, and is already again blooming and giving out its perfume while the sun is still drying the tears on its cheeks.

Soon a bright thought came to me, how, in spite of fate, I might yet live over these two days with her. I had been wishing for some time to write down the precious words she had said to me, and the many beautiful thoughts she had confided to me; and so my days passed in the remembrance of the beautiful hours we had passed together, and in the hope of a still fairer future, and I was by her and with her, and lived in her, and felt the nearness of her spirit and of her love more than I had ever yet felt it, when I held her hand in mine.

How dear are these pages to me now! — how often have I read and re-read them! Not as if I could ever forget a word that she had said to me; but these pages were witnesses of my happiness, and something looks at me from them like the glance of a friend, whose silence says more than any words. Memory of past happiness, memory of past suffering, silent sinking into a far past, where everything disappears which surrounds and constrains us, when the soul prostrates itself as a mother on the green grave of her child, who has already slept there for long years, where no hope, no wish disturbs the stillness of perfect resignation, — this we may indeed call sadness; but there is a blessedness in this sorrow, which those only know who have loved and suffered much. Ask a mother what she feels when she binds around her daughter's head the veil which she once wore as a bride, and thinks of the husband who is no longer with her. Ask a man what he feels, when a maiden whom he loves, and from whom the world has separated him, sends to him after her death the dried rose which he gave her when a boy. They may both weep, but their tears are neither tears of sorrow nor joy, — they are tears of self-sacrifice, with which man consecrates himself to God, and sees tranquilly go from him the dearest of his possessions, trusting in God's love and wisdom.

But back into remembrance, back into the living presence of the past! — The two days passed so quickly, that I trembled as the joy of reunion always pressed nearer and nearer. I saw how on the first day the carriages and riders arrived from the town, how the Castle was animated with gay-looking guests. The flags were waving from the roof, music resounded through the courts. In the evening the lake was alive with pleasure gondolas, songs were heard over the waves, and I must listen, for I thought that she too was hearing these songs from her window. On the second day all was motion, and not till noon did the guests begin to depart; and late in the evening I saw the Councillor's carriage also going back alone to the town. Then I restrained myself

no longer. I knew she was alone, — I knew she thought of me; she wished me at her side. And yet I must pass another night without at least pressing her hand, without telling that the separation was past, and that the next morning would awaken us anew to happiness! I still saw the light in her window. And why should she be alone? why should I not, at least for a moment, feel her sweet presence? I was already standing at the Castle, — was just about to pull the bell. Then I stood suddenly still, and said: No! no weakness! Thou wouldst stand before her ashamed, like a thief in the night. Early to-morrow thou mayst approach her, as a hero returning from battle, and for whom the garland of love is being wove, which she shall bind to-morrow around his brow.

And the morning came, and I was by her, — actually with her. O, speak not of the spirit, as if it could be without the body! Full existence, consciousness of joy, is only where mind and body are one, an embodied spirit, a spiritualized body. There is no spirit without body, unless it be a ghost; no body without the spirit, except it be a corpse. Is the flower of the field without a spirit? Does there not look out from it a divine intention, a creative thought, which sustains it, which gives it life and being? That is its spirit, only that it is dumb in the flower, whilst in man it reveals itself in words. Real life is everywhere corporeal and spiritual life; true enjoyment is always material and spiritual union, and the whole world of memory, in which I had lived so happily for two days, vanished like a shadow, like a mere nothing, when I stood before her, and was actually in her presence. I wanted to place my hands on her brow, on her eyelids, on her cheeks, in order to know, to know certainly, that she was really true, — that it was not merely the image which hovered before me day and night, but a real being, who was not mine, and yet should and would be mine, — a being in whom I could believe as in myself, a being far from me, and yet nearer to me than I was to myself, without whom my life

was no life, even my death no death, — without whom my wretched existence would be breathed away like a sigh into infinite space. I felt it, as my thoughts and my looks overshadowed her, that now in this moment the blessedness of my being was complete; and a shuddering passed through me, and I thought of death, and it seemed to have no terror for me, for death could not destroy *this* love, — only purify, ennoble, and render it immortal.

It was so beautiful to be silent with her. On her countenance was impressed the whole depth of her soul, and as I looked at her, I saw and heard all that lived and was treasured there.

"Thou troublest me," she seemed to say, and yet would not say it. "Are we again together? Be tranquil! Complain not! Question not! Be welcome to me! Be not vexed with me!" All this looked out of her eyes, and still we did not venture by a word to disturb the power of our reunion.

"Hast thou received a letter from the Councillor?" was her first question, and her voice trembled at each word.

"No," answered I.

She was silent a little while, then she said: "Perhaps it is better so, and that I should tell thee everything myself. My friend, we see each other to-day for the last time. Let us part in peace, without complaint, without displeasure. I have been much to blame, of that I am conscious. I have gone into thy life without reflecting how light a breath will often scatter the petals of a flower. I knew the world so little, — I did not think that a poor, suffering being like me could inspire anything more than compassion. I came to meet thee affectionately and openly, because I had known thee so long, because I felt myself so well in thy presence, — why should I not speak it out? — because I loved thee. But the world does not understand this love, and does not allow it. The Councillor has opened my eyes. The whole town talks of us; my brother, the Regent, has written to the

Prince, and he desires me never to see thee again. I mourn deeply that I must cause thee this pain. Tell me that thou forgivest me, — and then let us part as friends."

Her eyes had become filled with tears, and she closed them that her tears need not be seen. "Maria," said I, "for me there is but one life, it is with thee, — yet also but one will, and that is thine. Yes, I confess it to thee, I love thee with all the ardor of love, but I feel that I am not worthy of thee. Thou standest high above me in nobility, in elevation, in purity, and I can hardly seize the thought of calling thee my wife. Maria, thou art wholly free; I require no sacrifice. The world is large, and if it is thy will, we will never meet again. But if thou lovest me, if thou feelest that thou art mine, O, then let us forget the world and its cold judgment! On my arms will I bear thee to the altar, and kneeling will I swear to thee to be thine in life and in death."

"My friend," said she, "we must never will the impossible. Had it been God's will that such a bond should unite us in life, would He then have sent me the sufferings which make me incapable of being more than a helpless child? Do not forget, that what we call fate, circumstance, condition in life, are in truth only the appointments of Providence. To oppose ourselves to them is to oppose ourselves to God, and were it not childish, it might be called criminal. Men wander here on the earth, as the stars in the sky. God has pointed out their path on which they meet each other, and when they should go apart from each other they must separate, — their opposition would be in view, or it would destroy the whole order of the world. We cannot comprehend it, but we can trust. I myself do not yet understand why my inclination for you was wrong. No, I cannot, I will not call it wrong. But it *cannot* be, it *must* not be. My friend, this is enough, we must submit ourselves in humility and in faith."

In spite of the tranquillity with which she spoke, I saw how

deeply she suffered, and therefore I felt it would be wrong to give up so readily the struggle with life. I controlled myself as much as I could, that no passionate word might increase her sufferings, and said: —

"If this is the last time we shall meet in this world, let us see clearly to whom we make this sacrifice. If our love is opposed to any higher law, I would bow myself, as you do, in humility before it. It would be to forget God, to act against a higher will. It may seem sometimes as if man could deceive God, as if his small cunning could gain something from Divine Wisdom. This is folly, — and the man who begins this Titan struggle will be shattered and annihilated. But what is opposed to our love? Nothing but the tattle of the world. I respect the laws of human society, — I respect them even when, as in our time, they are artificial and confused. A sick body requires artificial medicine, and without the limitations, and considerations, and prejudices of society, which we laugh at, it would be impossible for us to hold together the human family as it now is, and to attain the object of our earthly life together. We must sacrifice much to these Deities; and like the Athenians we send each year a heavily-laden ship of youths and maidens as a tribute to that monster who rules over the labyrinth of our society. There is no heart that is not broken, there is no man of real feeling who is not forced to clip the wings of his love before he can find rest in the cage of social life. This must be so, there is no other way. Thou art not acquainted with life, but if I look round among my friends, I could tell thee many tragic volumes. One of them loved a young maiden and was beloved by her. But he was poor, she was rich. The parents and cousins quarrelled and despised each other, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because society regards it as a misfortune that a woman should wear a dress made from the wool of an American plant, and not from the web of a Chinese worm.

"Another loved, and his love was returned. But he was a

Protestant, she was a Catholic. The mothers and the priests made a difficulty, and two hearts were broken. Why? On account of the political drama which Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. performed together three centuries ago.

"A third loved, and his love was reciprocated. But he was noble, she was plebeian. The sisters quarrelled and were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, a few hundred years ago, one soldier killed another, who threatened the life of the king in battle. This gave him a title and honors, and his great-grandson must atone, with the failure of his life, the blood which was then shed.

"The statisticians say, that at every hour a heart is broken, — and I believe it.

"Thou closest thy eyes, and I feel that I have said too much. The world has made the holiest thing in life the most commonplace. But, Maria, enough! Let us talk the language of the world when we must talk and act in it and with it. But let us preserve a sanctuary, where two hearts can speak the true language of the heart, undisturbed by the confusion of the world without. Society respects this reserve, this courageous opposition which noble hearts, conscious of their rights, make against the common course of things. The reserves, the proprieties, the prejudices of the world are like parasitic plants. It is beautiful, when a green ivy, with its thousand roots and tendrils, adorns a firm granite wall; but it must not thrive too well, or it will force itself into all the joints of our building, and destroy the cement which holds it together inwardly.

"Be mine, Maria, — follow the voice of thy heart. The word which now trembles on thy lips decides forever thy life and mine, my happiness and thine."

I stopped. Her hand, which I held in mine, corresponded with its warm pressure to the feelings of our hearts. Within her all was commotion, and the blue heaven which lay before me never seemed so beautiful as now when the storm clouds were quickly passing over it.

"And why dost thou love me?" she said gently, as if she wished still to delay the moment of decision.

Why? Maria! Ask the child why it is born, — ask the flower why it blossoms, — ask the sun why it shines. I love thee because I must love thee. Yet if I must say still more to thee, let this book, which is at thy side and of which thou art so fond, speak for me. 'The best should be the dearest, and in this love, neither use nor unuse, neither good nor harm, gain nor loss, honor nor dishonor, praise nor blame, nor anything of this kind, should be considered; but what is in truth the noblest and the best, that should be the best loved, and only for that alone, that it is the noblest and the best. Towards this should a man direct his life inwardly and outwardly. From without: when among creatures one is better than the other, there then does the eternal good strive and work more in one than in the other. Now in whom the eternal good most shines, lightens, works, and is known and loved, that is also the best among the creatures; and in whom it is least, that is also the least good. Now just as a man handles and goes with the creature, and perceives this difference, so shall the best creature be the dearest to him, and he should diligently adhere to it, and unite himself with it.' Maria, since thou art the best creature whom I know, therefore do I seek thee, therefore thou art dear to me, — therefore we love each other. Say the word that is living within thee, say that thou art mine; deny not thy inmost feeling. God has given thee a suffering life, — he sends me to thee, in order to suffer with thee. Thy sufferings shall be my sufferings, and we will bear them together, as the ship bears the heavy sails which convey it at last through the storms of life into the secure haven."

She became more and more tranquil. The light blush played on her cheeks like a silent evening sky. Then she opened her eyes wide, — the sun shone out again with wondrous splendor.

"I am thine," said she: "God wills it. Take me as I am, — as long as I live I am thine, and may God lead us together into a fairer life, and reward thee for thy love."

We embraced each other; my lips pressed with a light kiss the lips on which the blessedness of my life had just hovered. Time stood still for us,— the world around us had vanished. Then a light sigh escaped from her breast. "May God pardon me for this bliss," she whispered. "Now leave me alone, — I can bear no more. Till we meet again, my friend, my beloved, my preserver!"

These were the last words which I heard from her lips. But no. I had gone home and was lying on my bed in disturbed dreams. Midnight had passed, when the Hofrath came into my room. "Our angel is in heaven," said he; "here is the last greeting which she sends thee." With these words he gave me a note. It contained the ring which she had once given to me, and which I had given back to her, with the words: "As God wills." It was folded in an old piece of paper, on which she had before written the words which I had said to her when a child: "What is thine, is mine. Thy Maria."

We sat together an hour without saying a word. It was an intellectual powerlessness which Heaven sends us when the burden of grief is too great for us to bear. At last the old man got up, took my hand, and said: "We see each other to-day for the last time, for thou must go from here, and my days are numbered. There is but one thing which I must say to thee, — a secret which I have borne about with me my whole life, and acknowledged to no one. I long for some one to confess it to. Listen to me. The soul which has gone from us was a beautiful soul, a pure, glorious mind, a deep, true heart. I knew a spirit beautiful as hers, — even more beautiful! That was her mother. I loved her mother, her mother loved me. We were both poor, and I struggled with life, in order to procure for her and for myself an honorable position in the world. The young Prince saw my betrothed, and loved her. He was my Prince, he loved her truly, he was ready to lay everything at her feet, and to raise

her, the poor orphan, to the rank of a Princess. I loved her so much that I sacrificed to her my love and my happiness. I abandoned my home, and wrote to her to release her from her obligation. I never saw her afterwards till she was on her death-bed. She died at the birth of her first daughter. Now you know why I loved your Maria, and have redeemed her life from day to day. She was the only being who still bound my heart to life. Bear life as I have borne it. Do not lose a day in vain regrets. Help mankind wherever you can, love them, and thank God a human heart like hers has been given you on the earth, to know, to see, to love, and to lose."

"As God wills," said I, and we separated for life.

And days, and weeks, and months, and years have passed away; my home has become a strange land, and the strange land a home to me. But her love has remained to me, and as a tear falls into the ocean, so has love to her fallen into the living ocean of humanity, penetrating and embracing millions, — millions of "strangers," whom I have loved so much from childhood.

Only on still summer days, like to-day, when one lies alone in the green wood on the heart of nature, and knows not whether men exist without, or whether one lives alone, wholly alone on the earth, then memory springs up from the grave, the buried thoughts rise again, the whole power of love returns to the heart, and streams back to that beautiful being, who looks at me again with those deep impenetrable eyes; and then it is as if the love to millions vanished in the love to one, — to my good angel, — and my thoughts are dumb before the inexplicable riddle of finite and of infinite love.

LITTLE MABEL.

BY REV. J. G. FORMAN.

A LOVELY child they called Mabel,
When she had seen five summers bloom,
Up with the angels went to dwell,
In the Good Shepherd's heavenly home.

In the still room the casket lay
From which had fled her fleeting breath,
And sadly fell the light of day,
And mournfully the shade of death.

Within that home was bitter grief,
Such as God sends our faith to prove;
And anguished hearts sought their relief
In Him whose words and life were love.

Fair was the sweet and childish face;
Her form was cast in Beauty's mould;
Her head possessed a sculptured grace,
With wavy locks of burnished gold.

But from her eyes the light was gone;
Her hands were crossed upon her breast;
And flowers by loving hands were strewn
Within the cradle of her rest.

As the last look of love was given,
I viewed that sweet, pale face once more,
And, thinking inwardly of Heaven,
I saw what seemed the heavenly shore.

The vision rose upon my sight;
The air was balmy and serene;
The stream of Life looked fair and bright;
The heavenly hills were clothed in green.

And as she reached the pastures fair,
  Where the Good Shepherd's flock doth dwell,
A song of angels filled the air,
  "Welcome the little lamb, Mabel!

"Welcome another child from earth!
Welcome, with joy, her heavenly birth!
With guardian angels she shall dwell:
Welcome the darling child, Mabel!

"Translated from a world of sin,
Where woe and death have entered in,
Her spirit now with us shall dwell:
Welcome the sainted child, Mabel!

"Here, where the Saviour's love is told,
Within the heavenly Shepherd's fold,
Shall her pure spirit ever dwell:
Welcome the darling lamb, Mabel!"

And when the angels' song did cease,
  And on the air had died away,
My heart was filled with inward peace,
  And thus I heard the Shepherd say:

"Up, in the heavenly dwelling-place,
  Their angel spirits do behold
The glory of our Father's face,
  More radiant than shining gold.

"They look upon his smile of love;
  They share his kind and gracious care;
In bright, elysian fields they rove,
  And feel his presence ever there."

Thus heard we, on the heavenly shore,
  His voice, like music on the sea,
And to our hearts came, o'er and o'er,
  The words, "Arise and follow me."

ALTON, ILL., May, 1860.

THE OLD AND THE NEW UNITARIANISM.

UNITARIANISM, in its strict and extra-denominational sense, means that form of doctrine which holds sacred the numerical unity of the Godhead, in opposition to all forms of Tritheism and Polytheism. Christian Unitarianism maintains this numerical unity along with a supernatural revelation of God to man in Jesus Christ. Recent discussions have created a fresh interest in the inquiry, What was the belief of the primitive Church on this subject, and how does the theology of the first three centuries interpret the theology of the Bible?

The theme grows in importance and interest as it becomes better understood; for the more clearly we apprehend that primitive theology which wrought such amazing results upon society, the more shall we see its Divine adaptations, not only to ourselves, but to the wants of man in all ages of the world. We will endeavor to give in a popular way what we conceive to be the unquestionable results of learning and scholarship, and we will endeavor to deduce some of the important lessons of history on this subject.

The theology of the first three centuries was Unitarian.* Not a trace of the modern doctrine of three coequal persons in the Godhead anywhere appears. We would not put this affirmation so strongly unless the candid of all sects, whose opinion is of value, acknowledged that this is so. Neander and Cudworth on this point are both of them full and decisive.

Three forms of belief are traceable in these early ages. The first is the *Humanitarian*. It asserted that Christ was simply a man, having a divine mission like the old prophets, begotten of Joseph, distinguished from other men, not by his nature, but by the special work he was set apart to do. This was the faith of an obscure Jewish sect, that dwindled and died. It was a view of Christ from the Jewish stand-point,

* We mean by Unitarian the doctrine of one God in one person.

which very soon disappeared. It made no progress, and inspired no living and working energy.

The second form was known as the *Monarchian*. It asserted the Deity of Christ, but it denied all essential distinctions in the Divine nature. It asserted that Christ himself was the Father, and therefore it was called the Patripassian theory, since it assumed that the Father suffered in Christ. Sometimes it varied its statements a little and took the form of Sabellianism, which taught, that while there is but one Divine essence and substance, there are three evolutions out of it in time, — the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. These are not eternal distinctions in the *nature* of Deity, but temporal modes of revelation, to cease when the purpose for which they were made is accomplished. There is reason to believe that the Monarchian form prevailed in the first age extensively among the laity. It was embraced by single-minded people, unlearned and unreasoning, who had found a Saviour in Christ, and who clung to him with warm devotion, and were intolerant of any theorizing upon the subject.

But this did not and could not satisfy the philosophic mind of the Church. It could not be received by such thinkers as Clement, Justin, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, and Athanasius. They saw it was not the doctrine of St. Paul or of St. John, and that neither reason nor exegesis could be brought into its service. Hence what is called the *subordination theory* became the Catholic doctrine, — in fact, the real Church theology, which prevailed from Apostolic days down to the Nicene Council in 325, and under which the Church was compacted and unitized, and led on to its glorious conquests and victories. This theory we will now endeavor to describe.

It is said by some to have been borrowed from Plato, or brought into the Church by Platonizing converts. Of this there is no other evidence than a striking resemblance between it and the doctrines of the later Platonism; and we may just as well suppose, as Mosheim does, that the later Platonists stole it from the Church, as that the Church stole

it from them. What is more credible than either supposition is, that there is divine truth descending into all receptive minds, and the more purely it is received, the more striking are its resemblances and the more full the recognition from its mutual beholdings.

Certain it is, however, that the Christian Fathers were warm admirers of Platonism, and thought it almost Christian; and this fact helps us pretty surely to their meaning and the interpretation of their theology. What, then, is the Platonic conception of the Deity, which they admired so much as resembling their own?

Plato makes an essential distinction, not merely in the *manifestations*, but in the intrinsic *nature* of the Deity. First and highest is the Agathon, the SUPREMELY GOOD,— the originating, underived, eternal fountain in the Godhead. But he did not believe, as the Pantheists do, that this flows down continuously into nature, or first comes to self-consciousness in man. The Supremely Good creates for itself a NOUS, or Logos, and this is none other than the Divine Intellect itself. This is eternally begotten out of the first Good, for into this the Agathon forever flows. The Nous, or Logos, is the First Fair, the Eternal Pulchritude, the Everlasting Beauty; for in this existed spiritually the forms and patterns of all material nature before the worlds were made. Material things were not created out of nothing, but out of the Divine Logos; they existed there as perfect and glorious archetypes ere the archetypes took on their material vesture and unrolled this natural scenery of the universe, when, as Milton says, himself Platonizing, it showed

> "In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
> Answering his great idea." *

It will be thus seen that Plato teaches two hypostases of

* "How dimly toiled the mystic sage,
This precious truth to find,—
That THINGS ARE PICTURES OF IDEAS
That fill the Eternal Mind."

the Divine nature, one subordinate to the other; — the Good, and the Nous — inferior to the Good, and always produced out of it. The Good is the eternal fountain of being, and the Nous is the Designer, the Demiurgus, or World-Maker, through whom the good comes into fair and glorious types ere they take shape in the realm of matter.

Or, to put the same conception into more popular language, — there is the same distinction in the Divine nature that there is in the faculties of man. There is Goodness, which in a perfect man is first and highest, the creative fountain in his nature, flowing down through all his inferior being. But this must have an Intellect into which it may flow and run down into moulds of beauty and beneficence; and so this latter is begotten and shaped out of the former, for a good man's thought is always the child of his love. Only we must bear in mind that in the Platonic theology Goodness and Intellect are not merely abstract principles of the Divine nature, but hypostases or veritable DIVINE SUBSTANCES, distinct eternally, yet one acting through the other, the Nous being always the medium and servant of the Agathon.*

It is doubtful whether Plato went any further than this, or whether the third hypostasis in his trinity was what Cudworth claims for him. But there is no question as to what the system became in the hands of his disciples.† They make a third hypostasis, — "a soul of the world," an emanation

* Plato is thus expounded by Porphyry: "Plato thus declareth concerning the First Good, that from it was generated a certain Mind incomprehensible to mortals; in which, subsisting by itself, are contained the things that truly are, and the essences of all beings. This is the First Fair or Pulchritude itself, which proceeded or sprung out of God from all eternity, but notwithstanding after a peculiar manner, as self-begotten, and as its own parent." — *Cudworth's Intellectual System*, Vol. II. p. 370.

† The most noted expositors of the later Platonism are Philo Judæus, Plotinus, and Porphyry, the first of whom flourished soon after the birth of Christ, the other two in the third century. Philo was an Alexandrian Jew, and an admirer of the Essenes, whose esoteric doctrines he is thought to have adopted.

from the Logos, filling all things with infusions of its own life and beauty, proceeding from the Divine Good, through the Divine Intellect, and rolling through the universe in never-ceasing waves.

It is important to observe, that, though the Platonists apply the term God to each of the three hypostases of their Trinity, they do not mean three persons in our modern sense of the word; they mean three coessentials, eternally distinct, never to be confounded, the third subordinate to the second and born from it, the second to the first and born from it; as the work of an artist comes from the intellect that planned it, while the intellect is always shaped from and fructified by the love of beauty that wells up as the fountain of all; *love*, *intellect*, and the *power of execution* being the trinal nature of the one artist constantly manifest in the beautiful chisellings under his hand. "For," says Cudworth, "though they commonly affirm their second hypostasis to have been begotten from their first, and their third from their second, yet do they by no means understand thereby any such generation as that of men, where the father, son, and grandson, when adults at least, have no essential dependence one upon another, nor gradual subordination in their nature, but are all perfectly coequal and alike absolute. Because *this* is but an imperfect generation, where that which is begotten doth not receive its whole being originally from that which did beget, but from God and nature, the begetter being but a channel or instrument, and having been himself before begotten or produced from some other. Whereas the first Divine hypostasis is altogether unbegotten from any other, he being the sole principle and original of all things, and therefore must the second needs derive its whole essence from him, and be generated after another manner, namely, in a way of natural emanation, as light is from the sun; and consequently, though coeternal, have an essential dependence on him and gradual subordination to him."

Such was the Platonic Trinity to which the Christian

fathers make constant allusion, and which they claim was borrowed originally from the Hebrew Scriptures. "These three Platonic hypostases," says Cudworth, summing up the matter, "seem to be really nothing else but infinite Goodness, infinite Wisdom, and infinite active Love and Power, not as mere qualities or accidents, but as substantial things that have some kind of subordination one to another, all concurring to make up one Divinity." *

And this is none other than the subordination system of the Christian Church for three hundred years. This the fathers opposed to the Monarchians and Humanitarians as the theology of the New Testament. "Plotinus and Numenius," says Theodoret, "explaining Plato's sense, declare him to have asserted three eternals, Good, Mind, and the Soul of the Universe; he calling that the Agathon which to us is Father, that Mind which to us is the Word, and that Psyche, or a power of animating and enlivening all things, which our Scriptures call the Holy Ghost." Which borrowed from the other, it is not our purpose now to inquire. Certain it is that some of the Platonists admired the Book of John as much as Clement, Origen, and Justin admired Plato. "The beginning of John's Gospel," says one of them, "deserves to be writ in letters of gold."

In the theology of the first three centuries, Christ is the Logos, the Eternal Word, the Divine Intellect, always produced from the Father, through whom this fair creation was modelled and evolved, and who became incarnate for the salvation of mankind. The Logos did not come and inspire or commission a man named Jesus Christ; he is himself the

* Page 408. Plotinus sums it thus: "Wherefore we ought not to entertain any other principles, but, having placed first the simple Good, to set Mind, the supreme intellect, next after it, and then the universal Soul in the third place. For this is the right order according to nature, neither to make more intelligibles nor fewer than these." (p. 384.) Again: "How should we consider this second hypostasis otherwise than as the circumfused splendor which encompasseth the body of the sun, and from that always remaining is perpetually generated anew." (p. 393.) Philo is to the same purpose. (p. 397).

Christ, born as such into the world, and shining upon it as the very wisdom of the Father. They do not deny, but assert, that Christ had a finite nature and a human soul; but so far forth as he is an object of worship, he is the Logos, or second hypostasis in the Divine nature. Unlike the Monarchians, who represent the Deity as a "monad," a bare unity, they represent him as a Divine Organism, one principle of his nature lower down than another, eternally distinct, yet both within the Divine self-consciousness, in virtue of which the Divine nature is capable of coming down to man and adapting itself to his wants, yet never ceasing to be Divine. In place of bald unity there is *gradation* in the Divine, even as in human nature, from the highest or inmost, which no one can approach, to the outermost, where God comes down into a lower self-consciousness, and accommodates himself to all exigencies and affairs. "By this means," says Cudworth, "there will not be so vast a chasm and hiatus betwixt God and the highest creatures, or so great a leap and jump in the creation as otherwise there must needs be. Nor will the whole Deity be screwed up in such disproportionate height and elevation, as would render it altogether uncapable of having any intercourse and commerce with the lower world; it being according to this hypothesis of theirs brought down by certain steps and degrees nearer and nearer to us."

It becomes perfectly evident what the Christian Fathers mean when they speak of Christ as begotten of, dependent upon, or derived from and inferior to the Father. *They do not mean one being begotten from another being.* No such heathenish conception is intended as that of one God the Father of another God. This is not their idea of the relation of the Father and the Son. And when they speak of Christ as consubstantial with the Father, they do not mean two beings with a common divine nature, after the manner of James and John with a common human nature. It is true that they use such illustrations when they wish to emphasize the truth that there are eternal essentials in the Godhead

never to be confounded. But they are careful to emphasize this other truth, that these essentials make but one Deity, even as heart and reason and their effluence make but one person in man. They use this very illustration. Athanasius quotes Dionysius to this effect. "For reason is the efflux of the mind, which in men is derived from the heart into the tongue, where it is become another reason differing from that in the heart, and yet do both these mutually exist in each other, they belonging to one another; and so, though being two, are one thing. Thus are the Father and the Son one thing, they being said to exist in each other." *

Then there is the constantly recurring illustration of the sun and the splendor that flows from it. "The Son is in the Father, as may be conceived from hence; because the whole being of the Son is proper to the essence of the Father, he being derived from it as the splendor from the light and the river from the fountain." That by the Father and the Son being *homoousion*, or consubstantial, they do not mean two beings with a like nature, but one being having a Divine organism, might be largely verified. The three hypostases make up one entire Divinity, according to Athanasius, "not as three individual men are coessential with each other," but as the tree is consubstantial with the root, or the branches with the vine, "root, stock, and branches making up one entire thing, even as the three hypostases, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, make up one entire Divinity." He denounces the Arians because they "conceive of incorporeal things after a corporeal manner." And again: "Neither do we acknowledge three hypostases, divided or separate by themselves, *as is to be seen corporeally in men*, that we may not comply with the pagan polytheism."†

We have not space to quote Origen, Tertullian, Justin, and Clement of Alexandria, all of whom speak strongly and pointedly to the same purpose. The Father is the Supreme

* Cudworth, p. 454. † Ibid., p. 491.

Good, and the Son or Word is the Divine Reason, always produced from or born of the Father, not in the natural sense, but as man's word or embodied thought issues from the invisible deeps of the heart, or as the splendor of the sun is produced perpetually from the body of its fires. And the Holy Ghost is begotten of both the others, and is the Divine Love in action, transfusing life, or being shed down through the hearts of men.*

We are now prepared to understand what were the merits of the "Arian controversy," the sound of which has not yet died away. Arius, in opposition to the Logos doctrine of the Church, denied that Christ as the Word is eternally begotten of the Father. He was created out of nothing. There was a period when he was not. He is an inferior finite being, separate from God though superior to angels. He was before all time, and he created the worlds. Arius calls him God in a subordinate sense, and worthy of divine honors, though not the honors accorded supremely to the Deity. This was the very doctrine of Paganism, and was vehemently opposed, as an attempt to import idolatry into Christian worship. To worship a creature, though in a subordinate sense, was precisely what the heathen did, for they acknowledged One Supreme above their local and created deities. The Catholic Church, says Athanasius, does not believe more than the Homoousian Trinity, "lest it tumble

* Athanasius reiterates: "It appears from the similitude used by us, that we do not introduce three principles, — we not comparing the Trinity to three suns, but only to the sun and its splendor." Tertullian uses the same illustration, entering the same protest against Tritheism. Dionysius of Alexandria says: "God is an eternal light, which never began and shall never cease to be; wherefore there is an eternal splendor also coexistent with him, which had no beginning neither, but was always generated by him, shining out before him." Clement, referring to the Platonic hypostases, says: "I understand this no otherwise than that the holy Trinity is signified thereby." Origen says: "We worship the Father of truth, and the Son, the truth itself, two things as to hypostasis, but one in agreement, consent, and sameness of will." This primitive theology began in the fourth century to split into Tritheism, and the three hypostases became persons. Swedenborg reaffirmed the ante-Nicene doctrine.

down into Arianism, which is the same with pagan polytheism and idolatry," * since it introduced in like manner the worshipping of creatures together with the Creator.

It will be seen, then, that to the Trinitarians of the first three centuries, and not to their antagonists, belongs the honor of preserving the unity of Christian worship. More than this. Their Logos doctrine preserves the integrity and authority of Christianity as a revelation of God, and not the prophesyings of a man or an angel.† If Christ is a creature, said they, then he is mutable and his word is not eternal. But if he is the Logos itself, the incarnation of God, the Eternal Reason, in whom the Father shines full-orbed upon man, then God in his own nature and person is revealed, and Christianity is a body of unchanging truth out of the Divine Substance. God is not hidden in eternity, a "monad" which we cannot approach, but he has come near to us, down all the Divine gradations, and is not, as Arianism affirms, on the other side of an impassable gulf. "The Father, by the Word, in the Holy Ghost," says Athanasius, "does all things. And thus is the unity of the whole Trinity conserved, and one God preached in the Church; namely, such as is above all, and by or through all, and in all. Above all as the Father, the principle and fountain, through all by the Word, and in all by the Holy Spirit."

The book of John, not only in the Golden Proem, but in its whole drift, from beginning to end, is the support and

* Cudworth, p. 446.

† The following is the creed of Arius which he presented to the Emperor Constantine: — "We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ the Lord, his Son, begotten of Him before all ages, God the Word, by whom all things were made which are in heaven and which are on earth, who descended and was incarnate, and suffered and rose again, and ascended into heaven, and will come to judge the quick and the dead, and in the Holy Spirit, and in the resurrection of the flesh, and in the life in the world to come, and in the kindgom of heaven, and in the Catholic Church of God from one end of the earth to the other." (Dr. Sykes's Enquiry, p. 41.) The creed is carefully worded, ascribing to the Son exalted honors and attributes, but avoiding the Church doctrine of his eternal generation and Supreme Divinity.

defence of the subordination system of the ante-Nicene Fathers, and to that they appeal. No wonder the Apostle is charged with Platonizing, for the Logos theory is all there. No sane interpreter will suppose that the terms Father and Son, as used by the Evangelist, describe a natural relation, as if the Deity, like Jupiter, had begotten and brought up a favorite child! And yet the words "only begotten," "all things are *delivered* unto me," or "*given*," and the like, are constantly pressed into the service of Arianism, as if they described one being begotten and endowed by another being. "Must not he who is begotten," it is demanded, "have a derived existence? — must not the Son be a being inferior to the Father who begat him?" Why not push the thought into its last logical and shocking absurdity, and say that the Deity sustains the conjugal relation also? Why not be consistent and done with it, and say that in the Christian heavens, as in the heathen, there is some one, "conjux et soror," of whom sons are born? Away with this hideous Naturalism! For any finite and created being to stand up before men and say, "I am the only begotten of the Almighty;" — for a Washington or a Howard, however "endowed" or "developed" or "commissioned," to proclaim, "He that hath seen me hath seen God," — "All power is given me both in heaven and upon the earth," — "No man knoweth God but myself, and he to whom I reveal him," — "All things that God hath are mine," — "God judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto me," — would be the height of insanity or the height of blasphemy. But it is language which describes most perfectly the subordination system of the early Christian Church. For reason is a lower principle than love; the understanding is an hypostasis lower down and more external than that of the good, — is born of it, filled with it, fertilized by it, takes from it its excellence, glory, power, and beneficence, — yea, without it must wane and die. To it all judgment is committed. And if the Divine nature, like man's, is not a bald and abstract unity, but

a DIVINE ORGANISM of eternal hypostases, distinct, but, as the early Fathers contended, "inexistent," then the Divine Logos, of which Christ is the incarnation, is eternally begotten of the Infinite Love, has all things given it of the Father, has the judgment of the world committed to it, is the medium through which all things were made, in which was the glorious plan and paradigm of the creation from all eternity, through whom all the firmaments of suns and stars were unrolled, in whom we behold the Father's glory full of grace and truth, and through whom the Comforter descends on our souls as the showerings of perpetual grace.

There are some indications that modern Unitarianism is to reaffirm and emphasize the Logos doctrine of the early Church, — the only form of Christian Unitarianism which in the long run ever had much working and renovating power. In our judgment Unitarianism could not render a more signal service to the age, or build in any other way an effectual barrier against a distracting Tritheism without, and an encroaching and deadening Pantheism within. Arianism lacks coherence and vital force, is essentially ditheistic and idolatrous, elevating a creature to a place of power and honor due to no finite being, making a finite being the creator of the universe, just as the Gnostics did, thus robbing the Creator of his glory and dividing it with another. It is unphilosophical, destroys the simplicity, beauty, and power of Christian worship, removes God out of sight, and, though it pays to his Son, "created out of nothing," honors which it calls "subordinate," — they are honors which are due to the one God alone. He only is Creator, Saviour, Sanctifier, and Judge, and he cannot discharge himself of his own Almightiness; there can be no sub-deities in his dominions, and around him must gather all the splendors of the Godhead to make Christian worship renewing, and give the soul a centre to all its aspirations and loves. Hence Arianism, by a logical necessity, tends constantly either to ascend into the lofty Unitarianism of the Logos doctrine, or else to sink into Hu-

manitarianism. Between these two extremes the theologic horizon is likely to be cleared at last. Or rather, between the Logos doctrine and Pantheism; for Humanitarianism cannot rest till it swamps there. Because, take away the Logos, the Divine Nous revealed in the incarnation and ever beaming from the face of Jesus Christ, and out of whom alone the archetypes of the universe were evolved and took forms on the plane of nature, — take this away, and there is nothing left between the All-good and nature itself. The Good flows down unbroken, a dumb and unconscious energy, and takes its first phasis and manifestation in trees and flowers and boys and girls. Not in his Logos, where the All-good comes down into personality, but in mute nature or in man will be seen the first aspect and presentation of the Godhead, and to this ghastly result we hasten when the Logos doctrine is lost. There is no Intellect or conscious Designer between the Good and the material forms in which it appears, — and this is Pantheism. It only finds a Nous or comes to self-consciousness in human beings, and this is self-worship, — the apotheosis of human nature. Such is the downward slide from Arianism into Naturalism. Whereas the Logos doctrine of the Church, such as it was before the Church became apostate, and such as we doubt not it will ever be with growing majesty and effulgence, — one God revealed in his eternally begotten and Incarnate Word, and the Comforter coming through that Word to bring men into unison with himself, — supplies all the wants of the heart, and makes all forms of Tritheism and Polytheism fade away before it.

The idea that God created worlds, and that he gives the Holy Spirit through another being, and is to judge the world through a substitute, and one "created out of nothing," is anomalous and monstrous. For creation is the function of Omnipotence alone. It is not a mechanical work put forth a great while ago and terminated. It is God ever flowing down into nature and constituting its inmost life, thus creating it all the while. It is the Infinite Good producing

itself according to and through the Infinite Wisdom, thus making all natural things the fresh prints and copies of the Infinite Mind. As if this attribute could be imparted to a creature while God kept off in the eternal silence! As if another could wield his omnipotence; as South puts it, as if God could "thunder and lighten by proxy"! The Logos doctrine is the highest and most reasonable philosophy, while at the same time it unfolds an evangelic and all-renewing theology. S.

THE DEW.

'T is not the copious rains alone
Which bless the parched soil;
The gentle dews, that nightly fall,
Reward the sower's toil.

Unseen, unheard, the dews descend,
Like slumber on the mind;
And on the thirsty hills and fields
A blessing leave behind.

In the cool stillness of the night
The drooping plants revive,
The grass and every tender herb
With their sweet influence thrive.

See, lifted on each pointed blade,
How bright the dew-drops shine!
And learn in trusting, humble faith
To trace the Hand Divine.

That, though no clouds their fulness drop,
In answer to our prayer;
Still we may own, from day to day,
Our God for us doth care.

J. V.

SEEING GOD.

A SERMON BY REV. B. F. BARRETT.

MATT. v. 8. — "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

THESE words form a portion of the divine Saviour's sermon on the mount, — a sermon which may be regarded as an abstract of Christianity, — a comprehensive summary of the Christian religion. And they express that sure and everlasting connection existing between virtue and happiness, purity and peace, which is everywhere taught in the spiritual sense of God's Word. Who does not recognize in them at once the sign and seal of inspiration? Clearly do they seem to have emanated from the same fountain of truth and goodness which furnishes the sunshine and the rain, causing the grass to spring forth, and the flowers to blossom. All nature is vocal with the self-same utterance; and the experience of myriads of regenerated human spirits affirms the truth of the declaration that the pure in heart are blessed.

Three things are suggested by the text, which claim especial attention: —

1. Who are the pure in heart?
2. What is meant by their seeing God?
3. The blessedness promised.

1. Who are the pure in heart? None are so absolutely, but only relatively or approximately. Even the angelic heavens themselves are not pure in the sight of God. But they whose motives are pure and innocent, — whose ruling love is, in its noble unselfishness, allied to the Lord's love, — whose governing purpose it is to do always the will of the Heavenly Father, — such are called, in the language of Holy Writ, "pure in heart." The *heart*, as all Christians know, is used in Scripture, as it is also in familiar discourse, to denote the will-principle in man, or the affections of the will, — the love-element, whether good or bad. Thus the Psalmist prays: "Incline my *heart* to thy testimonies;" — "Let my

heart be sound in thy statutes;" — "Incline not my *heart* to any evil thing." And in the Gospel of Matthew (ch. xv.), we read, "For out of the *heart* proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." In these, and many other like passages, it is plain that the *heart* is used to denote the dominant love, or the affections of man's will. And so, too, in familiar discourse, we speak of persons of warm affections, of a large, generous, and unselfish will, as warm-hearted, or large and generous-hearted; while those of an opposite character — all mean, calculating, and selfish people — are familiarly spoken of as cold-hearted, heartless, or without heart. And Christians who desire more of God's love in their wills are in the habit of praying that their *hearts* may be filled with his love.

The *heart*, then, corresponds to the will of man. And this is one of the correspondences which has never been lost sight of in the Church; for all Christians give a spiritual meaning to this word. As the heart is the seat and fountain of life to the body, so is the will the seat and fountain of life to the spirit. And as the blood, distributed to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, must be first cleansed and prepared for its office by the pure breath of heaven in the lungs, else the body will pine and sicken, so must the affections of the will be enlightened and purified by God's own truth received into the understanding, else the soul will not be in health, — the spirit will not bloom with an immortal vigor. There is a most beautiful and perfect analogy here. It is the pure air of heaven which can alone purify the blood and render it capable of imparting health and joy to the body; and so, too, it is the pure truth of heaven — the precious truth of God's own Word — which alone can purify the affections so that these shall impart health and gladness to the spirit. It is the noxious exhalations from the earth which render the atmosphere foul and unwholesome; and so it is the still more noxious exhalations from our own earth-cleaving minds, — the vapors that arise from passion,

prejudice, and all selfish and evil feelings, — which defile the Lord's truth, and unfit it for imparting health and elasticity to the spirit.

The pure in heart, then, are all whose wills have become regenerated and cleansed through the power of divine truth. The state of the natural or unregenerate heart is one of supreme selfishness. The natural man is full of evil inclinations, unholy passions, and filthy lusts, all originating in the love of self. And the love of self, which is the ruling love of us all in our unregenerate state, is essential impurity. It is this which defiles the inner sanctuary of the Lord, — the human soul, — rendering it "the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." It is this inward spiritual defilement to which the Lord refers, when He says by the mouth of His prophet: "Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes." Also when He says: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. . . . . And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes. . . . . And I will save you from all your uncleannesses." (Ez. xxxvi. 25 – 29). By the *clean water* wherewith the Lord promises to cleanse His people, is plainly signified divine truth from Himself; for it is by means of truth from the Word of the Lord, — truth received, understood, and reverently obeyed, — that the supreme selfishness of the natural heart is overcome, and thus the soul's impurity washed away. And in the degree that we are cleansed of this defilement of self-love, and the Lord puts his spirit within us, we are regenerated, — born again, — renewed in the spirit and temper of our minds, — made pure in heart. We are animated by a love similar to that of our Divine Master, — a love that centres not on self, but pours itself forth in deeds of mercy, kindness, and beneficence on those around us. Then only is our love like the Lord's love, when our ends and aims are similar to His;

when we seek not our own good, but the good of others; when our great and abiding purpose is to employ whatever gifts have been bestowed on us in a manner most useful to the neighbor. The Lord's love is like the beams of the unwearied sun. It is continually pouring itself out, — continually seeking to impart itself to others, — continually seeking to save and bless, — continually striving to make men receptive of its own unutterable delights. With what unspeakable tenderness does that love yearn to deliver us from the pollution of guilt and sin! How it follows us all our lives, through all the crooked and filthy ways where Satan delights to lead us! How it frustrates our selfish hopes, wounds our natural pride, balks our vaulting ambition, disappoints our worldly expectations, hedges up the pathway which our unbridled self-love marks out, and all for our own good, that it may open up within us a purer and nobler life! How it sends sickness, sorrow, pain, suffering in myriad forms, — all ministers of mercy to check our wanderings in forbidden paths, block up some gateway to the realms of woe, and lead us on to heavenly mansions! Yes; it is in the very nature of true love to seek never its own, — to have no thought of itself, its own ease, pleasure, or advancement of any kind; but to watch and strive and labor and wait and sacrifice and suffer for the good of others. And such is the Lord's nature, for He is Love itself, and this is Purity itself. And in the degree that we become conjoined to Him through a life of religious obedience to his precepts, we become like Him; He dwells in us, and we in Him; our hearts are the abode of His pure and unselfish love; we live to do good, and to be mediums of heaven's light and warmth to those around us; it is our delight to watch and labor and suffer for the welfare and happiness of others; we are pure in heart.

"But oh!" you will say, "how far off this state of pure, unselfish love seems from me! How different from *my* state! It seems as if I never could reach it! I long for that sweet innocence, that heart purity of which you speak, but it does

not come. I desire to be unselfish, — to live and labor for the good of others, or from a genuine love of use, — but I can't do it. Self-love seems to mingle more or less in all my motives. Some selfish considerations enter into all my plans and purposes. I do nothing from genuine love of the Lord or the neighbor." Undoubtedly you are right, friend; and your case is not peculiar. You have described what is probably the state of most, if not all of us. But happy are you if you can really see and acknowledge yourself far from the full stature of angelhood or of regenerate manhood. This proves, at least, that you have taken one step in the right direction. This acknowledgment is itself a germ, a seed-form of the kingdom. It has within it a breath of heavenly life, — a spark, at least, of the Lord's own love, which may in time be kindled into a heavenly flame.

Yes; without doubt we all are yet very far from the state of the pure in heart, — too far, possibly, to have a very distinct view of what that state really is, — too far, undoubtedly, to discern all its beauties and glories; and a long and weary way may lie between us and that heavenly Canaan. But that need not discourage us, so we be sure that our faces are set in the right direction, — that we are really travelling towards the promised land. Suppose we have as yet but a mere spark of heaven's pure love in our hearts. The kingdom of heaven is, like all other things, always small at the beginning. But as the Lord's own love is the all in all of that kingdom, it has within it a principle of life which may go on unfolding and strengthening through all eternity, making the heart more and more pure, because a more perfect receptacle of the divine life.

2. But it is said in the text, that the pure in heart "shall see God," as if this were their peculiar privilege, — a great and glorious reward. What is the meaning of this language? Does it mean simply that they shall enjoy an external and ocular view of God? — that they shall behold Him with their bodily eyes merely, as we see the forms and

colors of natural objects? This would be natural seeing. And if there were only a natural sense to the Scripture, we might be forced to conclude that this is all that is meant. But the Bible, we know, contains a spiritual sense throughout. There is, therefore, a spiritual as well as a natural seeing. And to see spiritually is to perceive with the mind, that is, to understand. Saul *saw* that the Lord was with David; that is, he had an understanding, or mental perception of the fact. And the Psalmist says: "O, taste and *see* that the Lord is good;" that is, you will perceive or understand his goodness, by tasting it, or receiving it into your own soul.

Now, when or how do we see a finite human being? I mean the real man. We see his body with our natural eyes, just as we see hills, rocks, and trees. But the body is not the real man; therefore we do not truly see the man by merely seeing his body. The body is but the outward form. The mind is the man; and to see a person truly, we must see his mind, — that is, we must understand his mental characteristics, his varied powers of thought and feeling; we must see his manhood, — his generosity, his magnanimity, his wisdom, his meekness, sincerity, humility, and love, — or, if he possess not these, then their opposites. It is mind only that can see mind; and we can truly see, that is, can fully understand, only those characteristics of mind, those thoughts and feelings, which we ourselves have had, and therefore know by experience. The measure of this kind of mental or spiritual seeing is in ourselves. Thoughts which we have never had, love which we have never felt, tastes and feelings which we have never experienced, aspirations which we have never known, emotions with which our bosoms have never throbbed, — what can we really know of them, or how can we *see* them in another in the sense of truly understanding them? An ox, or other animal, may indeed see the *body* of a man; but does he or can he see the *man?* Can the ox see or truly understand those sublime traits which enter into

our idea of humanity? Can he see those lofty powers of thought and calculation and analysis, which soar into the heavens, and penetrate the earth, and, wandering through the realms of nature and of spirit, seek to comprehend the universe? Can he understand our human susceptibility to the power of the beautiful or sublime in art or nature? Can he see man's *moral* grandeur, — that greatness of soul which scorns all meanness and defies all peril, which reverently heeds the voice of duty, and at her bidding cheerfully offers up life and all that makes life dear, a willing sacrifice on the altar of country, humanity, or religion? No, you will say, the ox sees nothing of all this. Then he does not see the real man; he sees only the outward form, the mere shadow. And the obvious reason is, because he has no eye for such discerning. He cannot understand or know any of these sublime human traits, because he has experienced none of them, — because he has nothing in himself by which to interpret or measure them.

And so it is always. In the true spiritual sense of this word *see*, only a human being can see a human being. Yea, more, — only like ones can see like ones. Only persons of varied and liberal culture can truly see, that is, can understand or appreciate, the great masters in literature. Only those of refined tastes and feelings can see or appreciate people of taste and refinement. Only those who have been sorely afflicted, whose hearts have been softened and made sympathetic by pain, misfortune, and sorrow, can truly see, that is, can come near to and sympathize with the sick, the unfortunate, and the sorrowing. Who but the bereaved know the pangs of bereavement? Who but a wife knows a wife's affection? Who but a mother knows a mother's love? And who but the virtuous, pure, and unselfish can fully appreciate deeds of lofty heroism, disinterested benevolence, and noble self-sacrifice for the good of humanity? The selfish, base, and grovelling are not thrilled by deeds like these. They do not perceive their grandeur; they do

not feel their power or worth; they do not understand their nature; they have no eye for the beauty of heavenly-mindedness or the excellence of true human love. Nor can they really *see* the mind of him who has attained to this great spiritual elevation; for their own minds, through the medium of which alone another's can be seen, are not on the same level, but on a plane far below. Did the selfish and carnal-minded Jews see the divine Saviour? They saw him, indeed, but through the medium of their own perverse and impure minds, — as you may see a beautiful object through an irregular and dingy piece of glass. You see it, and you do not see it; that is, you do not see it truly. You see it all distorted, — not a beautiful, but a hideous object. So the character of the Saviour, as seen through the medium of the Jewish mind, was terribly distorted, — the very opposite of his true character. To their eyes, he had no form nor comeliness. They had nothing in themselves whereby to measure or interpret his moral grandeur. They did not — could not — see him.

It is true then — nothing can be more true — that among men two minds understand, and thus *see* each other, by being like each other. And the more nearly they are alike, — the closer they approximate spiritually, — the more truly do they see each other.

And, pursuing the same train of thought, we may learn what it is to *see God*, and who they are that see Him truly. We see or understand Him by drawing spiritually near to Him, — by being spiritually re-created in His own image and likeness, — by becoming like Him in the spirit and temper of our minds, having in our hearts a love that resembles His in its sweetness, its purity, its tenderness, its noble, self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity. Love is the prime essential element in the Divine character, — pure unselfish love, — the love of others out of itself. And in the degree that our natural love of self is supplanted by this higher and purer love, such as dwells in and comes from the

bosom of God, we come to see and know God. We understand His character through the indwelling of His spirit in ourselves. We see Him through the medium of our renewed and regenerated will, become now the abode of His pure love. And the more unselfish we become, the more willing and desirous we are to live and labor and suffer for others, the more do we become like God and the more truly do we see Him. We see Him, that is, we understand Him — we know Him — by virtue of what there is of His own life in us. It is this alone, — his disinterested and all-embracing love, dwelling in our hearts with a living and operative energy, leading us to think, feel, and act in a manner similar to what he does, — it is this which reveals to us the true character of God. Therefore the Apostle truly saith: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "And every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

To impure, selfish, and sinful natures, therefore, the true God must remain forever invisible. No external vision or revelation can ever disclose to them his true character. In the language of an eminent Scotch divine, "They might be taken to heaven and stand before the everlasting throne, yet would the lustrous purity of its great Occupant be all dark and unapparent to them. Divine Being, in its wondrous manifestations, might play around the unrenewed mind, but it would be as a luminous atmosphere bathing blind eyes, or sweet music rippling around deaf ears; the heavenly effluence would not pass inwards, — could make no thrill of appreciation, no sympathetic delight within the soul. There must, in short, be something God-like in us, before we can see and know God; we must be like Him, before we can see Him as He is."* "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Yes, purity of heart, such as I have briefly explained, this is

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* Rev. John Caird's Sermons.

"the golden key
Which opes the palace of eternity."

It is this which, first revealing God within, dissipates man's moral darkness, and then reveals Him in the world without. For to the couched eye God's love is visibly stamped on all the face of nature. Love paints the clouds, and gems the sky, and colors the landscape. Love beams in sun and stars, breathes in the sighing winds, warbles in the melody of brooks and birds, rustles in the waving grain, and sings evermore in the silent music of the rolling spheres.

Nor in Nature alone do the pure in heart see God. They see Him alike in history, in providence, in their own private experience, in the written Word, and especially in the person of Jesus Christ, the living incarnation of the Word. Ah! we may have whatever theories we choose about the person of Christ, — we may adopt whatever philosophy we please of the Incarnation, — we may use whatever solemn phrases, or with the lips apply to him whatever titles we will, Redeemer, Saviour, God, Divine Humanity, — but if there has been no inward revelation of Christ to us, if we have not experienced the mighty power of his love working in our hearts to vanquish self and deliver us from the thraldom of sin and hell, then we have not truly known him as Redeemer and Saviour, — then we have not seen "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." But the pure in heart have seen him here — have been with him and learned of him — have experienced the all-conquering power of his love. They have come out of great tribulation; they have known the subtle workings of evil; they have seen the cunning snares and felt the fiery darts of Satan; they have been with Christ in the wilderness; they have suffered with him in the garden; they have followed him up that memorable hill, bending beneath the cross; ay, have descended with him into hell, and with him have risen triumphant over the powers of darkness. And all this, through the wisdom, love, and power of Christ, the great Captain of their salvation. He has

given them the victory over selfishness and sin, made them meek and gentle and pure and loving like himself. Verily, then, the pure in heart see God in Christ as others cannot, for they see and have felt the redeeming power of Divine Love. They know their Redeemer from inward experience of his redeeming grace.

3. And the promised blessing is theirs. What is that blessing? Life — true life — forever more; the life of disinterested neighborly love; the freedom of souls delivered from the bondage of selfishness and sin; the joy of thankful, humble, trustful, loving spirits; the delight of doing good and communicating happiness to others; the unutterable peace and bliss which God's own love diffuses through all the chambers of the soul. For the delights of pure unselfish love are its own exceeding great reward, — greater than human imagination can conceive. As saith the Apostle, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Or, as a later servant of God, who was favored with an experimental knowledge of the joys which the pure in heart experience in the other world, has said: "I perceived that this joy and delight came as it were from the heart, diffusing itself very gently through all the inmost fibres, with such an exquisite sense of pleasure as if every fibre were a fountain of joyous perceptions and sensations, compared with which the delight of corporeal pleasures is as the gross and sordid earth to the pure and subtile aura." *

Such is the happiness that awaits those whose hearts become so cleansed of their defilements as to reveal, in their purity and unselfishness, somewhat of the character of our Father in the heavens. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

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* Swedenborg's *Arcana Cœlestia*, 545.

A MOTHER'S TRIAL.

DEACON and Mrs. Chase were strict and reverent members of an Evangelical church, in a secluded New-England village, and kept unbroken and undiluted the strong old faith of the Puritans. "Sister Chase," as the good Deacon's grave wife was called in the church, was a devout, earnest, praying woman, who was also ready at every call of duty, and kept her lamp always trimmed and burning.

With meek and conscientious fidelity she also sought to train up her children in the way they should go, not omitting the occasional application of Solomon's prescription; yet many a confession she made upon bended knees, and many a tear shed in the night hours over her own short-comings and the departure of her family from the path of rectitude.

But with this laboring and praying mother there was one stereotyped style of goodness, and it was to produce this in all under her charge that she labored. Servants and children alike were expected to become passive, unquestioning, tame-spirited recipients of her theology, or they were in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." No matter if nature had made a fiery impetuous Peter, grace must make him a docile undemonstrative John. Good Mrs. Chase understood duty better than she did human nature, but sometimes her ignorance of the one led her into a misinterpretation of the other. She had four children, two meek, submissive girls, and two boys, one of whom was too young as yet to be the object or cause of much anxiety, the other, with whom our story has most to do, a fiery, impetuous, fun-loving school-boy of ten years, rejoicing in mischief, and not repenting very effectually, except when he felt that he had given pain to one he loved; and he loved as he did everything else with an *animus*.

With this boy, this erratic, wilful, master Fred, lay Sister Chase's sorest trouble. "Where could he have got such a

nature?" she asked herself in perplexity. "Certainly not from me; and if it were in their father, why have not the other children inherited it?" Mrs. Chase was a firm believer in total depravity;—if she had ever been sceptical on that point, she would have been restored to soundness after a short experience in managing Fred. When the boy's erratic propensities began to manifest themselves in his babyhood, his mother was puzzled, for the young tyrant would lie awake when all Christian babies ought to be asleep; he would scream from no conceivable cause, and manage to fight strong battles with those two red fists of his when he should have quietly submitted to his morning ablutions. As soon as he grew large enough to run about the house, which was earlier than any other child of the family, he was "into everything"; nothing could be kept safe from his depredations unless out of his reach, and the quiet, nicely-kept furniture of the Chase domicile received more scratches, dents, and belaborings generally, than during the entire previous period of its household use. After a while these practices were checked by wholesome discipline; but what was kept under in one place would crop out in another. At church he was the severest of trials, for sitting still was a virtue which refused to be engrafted upon Fred, though it was natural to his sisters. At family prayers, while the rest listened to the service, Fred described diagrams on the carpet with the toe of his shoe, or rummaged with one hand among the promiscuous collection which he carried in his pocket, or planned the next chestnuting excursion, and was off with a whoop and a bound as soon as his father had said "Amen." Not one deliberate act of malice, or violence, or mischief, did Fred plan or execute, but he was boiling over with animal spirits, which must find vent somehow; and the perpetual air of constraint about the family, the subdued tone, and the solemnity of his mother's appeals to him to repent and give his heart to Christ, only drove him to the opposite extreme. In vain did she tell him, when his merriment became unbearable, that "the laughter of fools was like the crackling of

thorns under a pot;" — he hated the author of those words, because he somehow felt, though he could not say it, that mirth was a part of his nature, and could not and would not be ignored. In vain did she tell him that the "way of transgressors is hard," and that she feared he was "in the broad road to death;" the only hard way for him was the way of precision, and grave, steady application. If she had told him *these* were the ways of transgressors, he would have fully believed her. The good mother had in her heart consecrated this first-born son to God, and her fondest hope was to see him a minister of the Gospel. She used to take him alone into her room, and read to him and pray with him, and weep over his want of interest when he would break into the story of young Samuel or Timothy with "What time is it mother? May n't I go pretty soon?" By the time he was ten or eleven years of age he had begun to consider himself as a sort of reprobate, given over; — "it was of no use for him to try to be good as he could see, and yet he did n't see what he had done that was very bad, only he could n't be as mother wanted him to be, and he supposed he was an awful sinner, for he had always been told that he was;" — and he began to do from perversity what he had formerly done simply from excess of spirits and love of merriment. About this time the church to which Mrs. Chase belonged had a new minister, — not very young, nor very attractive at first sight. His predecessor, a cold, grave man, who preached sound doctrine, but took no personal interest in the youth of his flock, had been rather a dread to Master Fred, to whom he looked like a perpetual exclamation-point, in view of his misdeeds; but the new minister, who came to stay a few days at Deacon Chase's while the parsonage was painted, was entirely a different sort of man. Fred eyed him askance and came very reluctantly to be introduced to him; but there was something kindly in the minister's manner as he said, after the first salutations, "Was it you I saw feeding the rabbits this morning?"

Fred colored with a glow of conscious pleasure as he said, "Yes, sir," and added, timidly, "I tamed them myself."

"Ah!" said the minister, "I should like to visit them with you by and by."

Fred hardly felt satisfied in his own mind as to the propriety of a minister's taking an interest in rabbits; they were worldly concerns, he supposed, and he had got the idea that everything which was not religious was sinful. However, he led the way triumphantly, when the minister was ready to visit the rabbits, and could not help feeling a kindly leaning towards the man who could be in his company for hours without looking or speaking reproaches. In a day or two a pleasant cordiality had sprung up between the pastor and the erratic boy, and one evening the latter was delighted and surprised by the pastor's asking him to go the next day to show him where the woods were, for he loved forest rambles. Fred could hardly sleep that night for anticipation, and was up at the dawn of day. As he passed the door of the minister's room he heard him praying, and softening his steps and hushing his whistling, he glided down stairs more quietly than he was ever known to do before. They were off as soon as breakfast was over, two or three miles into the thick woods, and Fred leaped over the rocks and turned aside the refractory bushes, and moved intruding branches and stones from the minister's way; he showed him where the partridges had their haunts, and the wild rabbits were to be entrapped, and the rare wild-flowers were to be found, and gathered the choicest berries on cool green leaves for his new-found friend.

"Do you love the woods and all the wild things and curious places," he ventured to ask at length, as the minister mounted a high rock which overlooked a secluded little pond.

The minister replied, "Certainly I do; and I love a good boy's company too," he added with a smile.

"Well, I don't think you are much like old Mr. Cranston. I thought it was wicked to love such things," he added with boyish bluntness.

"Come up here, and sit down on this mossy place, and let's talk about it a little," said the minister. "What made you think it was wicked?"

"Why, I supposed it was n't serving God, and it is n't work, like making hay or anything of that sort, and so I thought it might be wicked; or at least I did n't know that pious people and ministers ever cared about such things," Fred replied with a little hesitation.

"Did not Jesus go out into the fields, and alone upon the mountains, and often cross the lake with his disciples in their fishing-boats?" said Mr. Barry; "did he not speak of the birds and the flowers? God made them all; don't you think he meant we should love them? It says in the Bible, 'He hath made everything beautiful in his time,' and as God has 'given us all things richly to enjoy,' I think we should be very ungrateful if we did not enjoy them."

"Well, then, you don't think play is wicked, do you?" asked Fred with earnestness.

"There may be wicked plays," replied the minister, "but play in itself is not wicked, any more than eating and drinking, and running, and fifty other things. If we have bad thoughts in our hearts, and act and talk badly, then our play is wicked; but if we have innocent feelings, and play so as to do no harm to others, play is not only right, but necessary."

"But I have heard people say, 'Don't waste your precious time in play,'" said Fred.

"If a boy neglects his lessons or duties to play, it would be wasting his time," said Mr. Barry; "but when a child's tasks are done, he *ought* to play, — God has made it a necessity for children to play; — the kitten plays, the young of all creatures play; it is nature's way of developing the muscles and bones, and making them strong, and it is good for the mind, for it teaches *thought*. You have mistaken some well-meant teaching, my boy," he continued; "but do your work *well*, and then play in good earnest; only avoid sin, and play will do you *good*, not *harm*."

"I do play," said Fred, as he leaped off the rock, for he never sat still more than five minutes; "but I 'm glad you have told me this, for now I shall not feel as if I was doing

wrong so much as I did before," — and he began to toss pebbles far out on the sparkling water.

The minister sat still thinking a while longer, and then they turned their steps homewards.

"I hope Fred did not quite wear your patience out, sir," said Mrs. Chase that evening to the minister, "for he is troublesome company generally."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Barry; "on the other hand, I found him very interesting and agreeable company. I think he is a lad of great promise."

"Indeed, sir," replied the mother, "I am glad if you have discovered good in him, or promise of good, for I have been greatly exercised on his account, and so has his father. We have found him hard to manage, and he does not love religious things at all, and we have feared that he was firmly set in the way to destruction. He is entirely unlike his sisters; but yet I know God's grace is able to change him, and I hope it may."

"But his nature is entirely unlike theirs," said Mr. Barry, "and will continue so, even after conversion. That is, his natural characteristics will remain the same. Your two daughters have professed religion, yet before their change of heart, I venture to say, they were quiet, gentle, reverent children. Now Fred is ardent, energetic, impulsive, and so he always will be, unless disease breaks him down; but Christian grace may modify that nature, and engraft on it virtues which will make him one of the brightest ornaments of the Church. Just now the animal nature predominates, and so it will, probably, for some years to come. But he is not irreverent, and he has his moments of serious thought, I doubt not, only it will be necessary to guard against one or two serious dangers in dealing with such a nature as his."

"To what dangers in particular do you refer?" asked Mrs. Chase.

"I think there is great danger of so forcing religious instruction upon his mind as to disgust him with it, and

produce aversion to what he should love," said the minister. "More can be done for him by acting always with cheerful, faithful piety before him, by loving him warmly and bearing with his faults patiently, than by direct reproof and exhortation. He knows what is right and wrong as well as any one, and has an active conscience, and he will cure his own faults of outward conduct by and by, and the labor of love will not be lost on him unless his disgust is excited toward serious things by a reiterated enforcement of them upon him; then, too, I should wish to discriminate between boyish caprice and mirthfulness, and deliberate sins. By treating the former as seriously as you would the latter, you will outrage his sense of justice."

Deacon Chase had come in while the minister was speaking, and finding that they were speaking of Fred, he said: "I tell my wife, sometimes, I 'm afraid she governs him *too much*."

"Do you think that is possible?" said Mrs. Chase.

"I do, certainly," said the minister. "That is, the same amount of coercion and strictness of dealing necessary for one child may be ruinous to another, because he is mentally constituted so differently. Love and patience and sympathy may work wonders for a boy of Fred's temperament, when they would be thrown away or comparatively powerless on an opposite nature."

"Well, I have been afraid of sparing the rod, or leaving any duty undone towards him," said the mother; "but perhaps I have overdone the thing;" — and so the conversation ended, but not without Mrs. Chase's resolving to try different tactics.

The next day there was a meeting of the "Maternal Society," of which Sister Chase was a member, and, it being a quarterly meeting, the children were expected to attend, and to have a prepared lesson on Scripture topics. Fred had always attended this meeting with extreme reluctance, and prepared the necessary lesson ungraciously, the more particularly because it took his Wednesday afternoon, which was a

half-holiday. School was not in session now, however, but Mrs. Chase resolved not to insist upon his going. About the middle of the forenoon, happening to pass through the sitting-room, he saw his two sisters with Bibles and Commentary busy with their lesson for the meeting.

"Getting the Sunday-school lesson?" said he. "O, I know, it 's the day for that old 'ternal meeting! Well, I suppose I 've got to get it too, then," and he muttered some uncomplimentary things about the good sisterhood who composed it.

His mother heard him from the store-room where she was at work, and, opening the door, she said, in her quiet way: "You need not get the lesson, my son, I shall not require you to attend the meeting."

"Good! good! hurrah!" shouted Fred; and, bounding out of the house, he performed two or three somersets on the grass in the front yard, and then strolled around the house to the wood-pile, where he took up a hatchet and began to hack a log, but with little alacrity.

"I wonder what 's come over mother?" he said to himself. "She used to be so determined that I *should* go, if I teased her ever so hard to let me stay away. I suppose I 've troubled her by acting so about going. I 've a good mind to get the lesson and go, just to please her,— and I 'll surprise her too."

Dropping the hatchet he ran into the house, and, having extorted a promise of secrecy from his sisters, he ascertained where the lesson was, and stole up to his room; and having soon learned it, he dressed, came down, and, mounting the boughs of an apple-tree in the front yard, he remained until his mother made her appearance, when, to her surprise, he jumped down beside her, saying, with an arch look, "I am going to the meeting with you, mother."

He would have given anything just then for a smile or a loving caress; but his mother only said, in her quiet, grave way, "May the Lord bless it to the salvation of your soul."

Fred was a little chilled, but he thought, "Well, I know she 's glad, any way," and consoled himself with that.

The next week Mr. Barry went to housekeeping in the old parsonage; the garden was a waste of weeds, but the minister was bent on reclaiming it, and he knew of no one whose company he should better enjoy in the work than Master Fred's, whose heart needed cultivation of the right sort quite as much as the parsonage garden. The boy entered with delight into the pastor's plan, and daily they were together for hours. Every little opportunity for putting trust and confidence in Fred was improved by Mr. Barry, and soon he was entirely won. He would have learned the whole of the Westminster Catechism, or the two books of the Chronicles if necessary, to please his friend, so loyal was his attachment; and so, day by day, good seed was sown, which met with no opposition, and while the boy was pleased with the idea that he was helping his pastor, the latter was no less pleased to observe the gradual but certain change going on in the mind of his young parishioner. Led, instead of driven, he soon began to *think*, and his keen and active mind found delight in considering topics under his friend's judicious guidance which once had been his aversion. Honest doubts were treated with respect, child though he was, and questions which, had he proposed them to his parents, would have been rebuffed as atheistic, were kindly answered, and the beauty of a serene faith shown him in contrast, not by exhortation, but a benignant example.

The years glided on, and the once wild, erratic boy, was a communicant at the Lord's table, then a student in the pastor's study; the sympathy between the two deepened into a profound and lasting friendship, and after his college course was ended, he returned thither to pursue his theological studies.

The good deacon has long since gone to his reward, and the praying mother exchanged her tears for songs of praise; but the boy, who was the trial of their earlier years, lives an active, honored, and beloved pastor, whose energies are unflagging and whose courage dauntless in doing his Master's work.

H. W.

RANDOM READINGS.

A WORD FROM OLD TAGHKONIC.

To the Editors of the Boston Magazine, called "The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal."

Sirs: —

I am very old. I belong to the oldest geologic formations. I existed, and had a name, long before you were born. My name is Taghkonic. From time immemorial that has been my name. My Indian children called me Taghkonic. They transmitted the name to my adopted Anglo-Saxon children, who always call me Taghkonic. It is a pleasant sound in their ears. And were you to ask one of them, if *that* — pointing to me — if *that* was Mount Everett, they would not understand you; or if they did, they would give you a look that would make you take care never to ask that question again.

But I perceive that a tourist who has lately put a paper in your Magazine — after the conceit of a State Geologist in Governor Everett's time — calls me Mount Everett. I am astonished that a learned man should have no more respect for antiquity, nor for time-hallowed usages and feelings, than that. What if old Wachusett were christened Mount Choate? or Saddle Mountain, Mount Winthrop? Or what if another State Geologist should come along, and propose to call my Sister Housatonic, Banks's River? — and those who have always lived under the shadow of old Taghkonic, and by the meadows of the Housatonic, were required to say that they live near Mount Everett and on Banks's River? Why, it would turn my people out of the world; they would not know where they were!

I mean no disrespect to my distinguished son, Everett. He may be Vice-President, or — better — President of the whole country, and I shall make no objection. In my secret heart, I wish he might be. My people are of a divided opinion about it, for they are always talking and disputing about something or other.

But I take no part in the fluctuations around me. Generations come and pass beneath my shadow; they look up to me, from their thousand homes, with a thousand home associations and affections.

My form is familiar to them. My name is familiar; it is an old and venerable household word. They call me

TAGHKONIC.

Sheffield, June 13, 1860.

P. S. The Mountain Scribe desires to observe to your tourist that the waterfall which he calls Bash-bish should be spelt Bash-pish. The name is undoubtedly derived from that given to similar waterfalls in Switzerland, — *pisse-vache.* This name, and that of *Righi*, given to one of the peaks, fully corroborate a tradition constant among the mountain people, that a company of Swiss emigrants once came and spent some time on the Taghkonic.

A WORD IN REPLY.

TO THE MOUNTAIN POWER CALLING ITSELF "OLD TAGHKONIC."

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY: —

That you are "very old," I reverently acknowledge; and I venture to suggest whether your extreme age has not blurred your memory a little with respect to names.

I have known your Majesty from my youth up, was brought up almost within your shadow, (may it never be less!) and I never heard you called *distinctively* Taghkonic in all my life. That name, I humbly and loyally submit to you, is appropriated to the royal family of which you are only a single, though a most worthy and honored scion, and you have no right to take the name all to yourself. I cannot answer for the Indians, or the people who sit at your feet, but I do assure your Majesty that the name you lay claim to passed long since into history and into literature, not as *yours*, but as belonging to your whole royal line; and for you to claim it now is very much as if Chimborazo should call himself the Andes, as if Mont Blanc should call himself the Alps, or as if a single Egyptian king should rise up and claim the exclusive title of all the Pharaohs. I accorded to you the honor of being the culmination of the Taghkonic ridge. This is exactly what the best authorities say of you. Hear them. Here is that old standard, Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography, which says: "On the western border is the *Taghkonic ridge*, attaining in Mount Washington, in the southwest corner of the State, the height of 3,150 feet." The same is said by M'Cullock

in his admirable work, the richest and surest treasury of geographical knowledge I know of. Thus: "Taghkonic Mountains — *a range which extends fifty miles.* . . . . Its highest summits are in Sheffield." So the naturalists. Professor Hithcock, in his "Geology of Massachusetts," speaks of the numerous distinct summits that crown "*the broad ranges of the Taghkonic.*" His maps, after Murray, make the Taghkonic range through the length of Berkshire. And in his Elementary treatise, published twenty years ago, he has had the audacity, in one of his wood-cuts, to cut your royal Majesty right in two, or at least one of your family, showing your inner man, your real "character and standing," from which it would appear that you do not belong to the *very* oldest formation, but only to that of talcose slate. And the Professor there only puts you in as one of the "Taghkonic *range.*" Mitchell, however, speaks of a Taghkonic peak, meaning, doubtless, your sovereignty, and I doubt not that, by a sort of metonymy, in which scientific accuracy is ignored, you are sometimes made to stand for your race as its worthy representative.

I have before me two double maps, published under the authority of old Massachusetts, one in 1844 and the other in 1852, in both which your Majesty is entitled uniformly "Bald Peak," and never once Taghkonic. Your courtiers right about your royal person are excusable for calling you by the name that belongs to your race, but they can hardly expect to impose their provincialism upon all mankind.

Down here on the flats we are divided into sects, some great ones, some little ones. Sometimes a single sect will tower up and claim to be "*the* Church," unchurching all the rest. Pardon me, but I trust your Majesty is *above* such things, and will leave the rest of your royal line in possession of their titles and honors.

I do not like "Mount Everett" any better than your Majesty. But I took what the later maps gave me in preference to "Bald Peak," which is no name at all, — for who am I, to undertake the christening of your royal person?

As to the waterfall, I found it spelt four different ways, and took the one I liked best. I pronounced "Bashpish" several times to try it, and my mouth involuntarily *pished* at it every time. Bashpish, however, or Bashapish, is the more usual orthography, and let it stand so; for general usage establishes these matters in spite of us.

With awful reverence, I am, as of old, your loyal admirer and grateful vassal,

S.

TRANSITION YEARS.

THE following excellent piece of good sense shows unmistakably which half of the race it proceeds from. But men as well as women are shy of owning their true age after the "transition years." There is dread of growing old from the fact that so many old men get fossilized, and so many old women, after external graces have gone, have nothing left. There is no need of being old if we take care to lay up treasures of heart and mind, for then, as Swedenborg says of the angels, the longer we live, the younger we grow.

THE PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT.

"I DO not expect ever to be married," said a young lady of twenty-three, some five and twenty years ago. "Ah, M——," replied a facetious old uncle, in a tone of mock pathos, "if you thought you should not be married, you would not sleep a wink to-night." "I do *not* expect to be married," persisted the maiden, "and I have formed three resolutions on the subject: first, that I will not become soured toward the world; secondly, that I will not talk scandal; and thirdly, that I will not be ashamed to tell my age."

The girl read her destiny with a prophetic eye, and perhaps her resolutions have been better kept than resolutions generally are. But then the temptation to violate the first two has been small. The world has proved a very good one, presenting as few sharp corners and as many smooth surfaces as could reasonably have been expected; and if poor Crazy Julia's words — "It 's hard work living" — have been echoed now and then, the prevailing and almost constant sentiment has been, "The world is full of beauty and of love." Of course, when one 's on good terms with society, there is but little inducement to spend one's breath in circulating ill reports.

As to the last resolution, there are transition years, when it requires some little heroism for a woman, especially an unmarried one, to acknowledge her age. To render a sufficient reason for this may be difficult; let it be set down to the account of vanity. But when one has fairly succeeded in weathering this stormy cape, the navigation is plain once more. "It is more blessed to be approaching age than to be receding from youth," some one has said; and truly it is easier in some cases to say, "I am forty-eight," than it was to say, "I am thirty-three." One even comes to hear the once-dreaded

term, "old maid," applied to herself with perfect equanimity. The words strike the ear, but carry no thrill to the heart. The true woman feels that she can stand on her own respectability, though she stand alone. Had she inflicted a wound on "the holy estate of matrimony," — that sacrament, more frequently abused, perhaps, than any other of God's blessed gifts, — had she done this, by giving her hand without the pure offering of the heart, she might well feel that she had taken a step downward. But standing in the unity in which God created her, she can wrap the mantle of her own self-respect about her, and, while she acknowledges that many a sister woman has in her keeping holy and beautiful treasures which she has not, she will feel that, by the faithful discharge of her own duties, she also performs a perfect work in the world. Many and sacred may be her ties to earthly friends; or, if these be wanting,

"Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melody may wake
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone."

PRAYER-WHEELS.

M. Huc, the Jesuit missionary who travelled in Thibet, gives a description of these devotional machines. The people have evidently got the notion that the *quantity* of one's prayers rather than the quality makes them effectual. The problem is how to pray the most in a given time. This is done by machinery. They compose innumerable prayers, wind them in sheets of paper so as to form a cylinder, put a crank to it, and turn them. The more times the barrel turns round, the more prayers are offered. Set it briskly in motion, and if the crank is well oiled it will go of itself for a long time after. These prayer-barrels are put up in all the Lamaseries, or religious houses. Sometimes quarrels arise because one man will stop the prayer-barrel which another has set going, and then start it anew for himself. Sometimes the machines are erected by streams, and made to go by water, thus saving the devotee a great deal of time and labor. Mrs. Child, in her "Progress of Religious Ideas," describes these prayer-

wheels. If, by the way, you have not read that work, you do not know how the contents of great and learned tomes may be extracted and conveyed anew in a style so luminous and pleasing that you will always finish what you have begun. In her account of the prayer-barrels, we fancy a sly, latent reference to prayer-machines in Christian countries, a great many of which are unquestionably set going with more reference to the quantity than the quality, and are kept in motion sometimes when they are a weariness and a burden, under the impression that somehow they must be turned, or God will be displeased. Prayer is aspiration for the good and the true, and for union with Him who is Goodness and Truth, and when this is not in it, the prayer-wheels are a representation, not less apt for being comic, of how we must appear to the intelligences above us. S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poems. By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M. D. New York: Mason Brothers. — After reading the author's modest Preface, where he says, "Several of the pieces are based upon the beautiful psychological doctrines of Swedenborg," we expected to find the usual result of attempts at metaphysical poetry. But no; the poetry is good, and the theology is fused and flows through it, set sometimes to very sweet and heavenly music. The first poem, "Birth of a Child," though it has not the wonderful rhythmic cadence of Wordsworth's great Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," that steals away down into the soul like seraph-melodies from over a mystic sea, yet reminds us of that Ode, by the gleams of vast spiritual truths that come through it. How finely the doctrine of "remains" is here set forth!

"O see! a morn in May!
A shining, balmy, breezy one;
The little children out at play
On sweet green landscapes in the sun!
Searching for shells the rivulet's brim,
Watching the silver minnows swim,
Chasing the rainbow butterfly,
Or mocking echo's faint reply.

O trustful, happy, guileless creatures!
How near ye are to angel-natures!
Content with what each day is given,
And fed with manna fresh from heaven.
The little loves and charities,
The sweet and gentle courtesies,
Ye from each other thus evoke at play,
Are treasures inly stored away.
Into their forms, like dew into the flower,
The Lord distils his vivifying power,
And blessings they become forever;
States of the mind which perish never,
But, losing every tint of sadness,
Return with multiplying gladness;
Germs of eternal happiness,
Which never cease to grow and bless;
Strength for the seasons of temptation,
Means of eventual renovation,
The bonds that link us to the angels most, —
The light which may be hidden, but never can be lost."

There is a sweet pensiveness in the next effusion, "Our little Aleck," which is very touching: —

"When thou wert born, my angel boy!
I wrote a song for thee;
The music of that wondrous joy
Which thou wert then to me.

"Alas! alas! the tribute lay
My heart so fondly gave,
In requiem echoes died away
Upon thy little grave.

"Soon, soon, the fountains that supplied
Thy precious wants went dry,
But sorrow's never-ebbing tide
Yet fills thy mother's eye.

"Mute her guitar's untended strings,
Her book lies on the shelf;
She weeps o'er all thy little things
As if they were thyself; —

"As if they were that beauteous form
We left in earth alone,
The little cage whence bright and warm
The heavenly bird had flown."

The volume has 360 pages, including notes chiefly extracted from Swedenborg. The style both of the printing and paper is very beautiful. S.

El Fureidîs. By the Author of "The Lamplighter" and "Mabel Vaughan." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Presuming that the three hundred thousand or more people who read The Lamplighter will also read El Fureidîs, it will hardly be fair to reveal the plot in advance. El Fureidîs is the name of a village situated in a lovely nook of the range of Mount Lebanon. The romance is a tale of love amid the rich and dream-colored scenery of Syria, whose beauty and gorgeousness are infused through the narrative. The interest sometimes flags, the descriptions of scenery are sometimes vague and wordy, as derived from books instead of personal observation. But the artistic excellence equals that of the author's first work, and Havilah, the Syrian maiden, is more of a favorite with us than Gertrude, the nice Yankee girl. S.

Story of a Pocket Bible. Illustrated. New York: Wiley and Halsted. — The Pocket Bible is made to report what it has seen and heard during an experience of fifty years, visiting all scenes and characters, going into a lawyer's family, into college, visiting a Catholic priest, a Protestant formalist, going into prison, into the home of the bride to an infidel reformer, comforting, reproving, and converting, and adapting truth to all classes and conditions of men. It is a republication from an English periodical, its author not known. The sketching is sometimes bold and graphic, the human heart discloses its needs and corruptions, and the Divine truth is shown in its adaptations to convict and purify it. S.

Unitarianism defined: the Scripture Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. By FREDERIC A. FARLEY, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This book comprises ten Lectures, prompted by the interest excited by recent discussions concerning the Trinity. Dr. Farley reasons vigorously from his premises, and always makes himself understood. The law-students used to say of Dr. Palfrey's

preaching, that he always argued as if he expected the Devil to get up and answer him, and that he generally anticipated all which that celebrated logician could urge. Dr. Farley has *not* anticipated all objections, but lays himself open to some pretty sweeping shots, if anybody chose to take up the argument. For instance, he admits, or seems to, in his exposition of the first chapter of John, that the Word which "was God" and was "made flesh" dwelt in Jesus Christ, not as an inspiration which other men have, but as an inborn and normal possession. Then he goes right on to argue stoutly and defiantly against Christ's having a "double nature." In his Lecture on the Antiquity of Unitarianism he makes out the ante-Nicene fathers believers in two Gods, one supreme and the other inferior and derived, — the identical heresy for which the Nicene theologians denounced Arius. All his citations, we think, he misapplies. Against tripersonality his argument is strong and unanswerable; but we should be very sorry if he has told us all on the affirmative side, or that he has here "defined" all there is of positive Christian Unitarianism. We cannot see in the definition any such body of truth and doctrine as is adequate to cleave down the evils of the heart, and make men new creatures in Christ Jesus. Through the whole discussion the best spirit is preserved, and in his greatest earnestness the preacher never forgets the courtesies of debate. S.

Katherine Morris: an Autobiography. By the Author of "Here and Hereafter." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This is a religious novel, free from cant and sectarianism, pervaded by a fine religious spirit, and it leaves the best impression which this kind of literature is capable of producing. S.

Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land. By HORATIO B. HACKETT, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Seminary. New and revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — The object of this book is to bring vividly before the mind of the reader scenes of sacred history to verify the accuracy of the Bible in geographical details, and to throw light upon obscure passages and local allusions. It is not a continuous personal narrative, but gives the carefully-selected results of travel with reference to the one object of Scripture illustration, and it will be found exceedingly useful as a book of reference for making clear the letter of Holy Writ. S.

A New Age for the New Church, wherein is considered a Condensed View of its Past Stages and Future Prospects, a Review of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word through Rev. T. L. Harris; some Notice of the Authority of Swedenborg and the coming Judgment upon all the Earth. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD, Author of "God in his Providence." — Socrates, when a new thought struck him, stood stock still from sunrise to sunrise. We must stand longer than that to take in all the matter of this pamphlet. Origen, and Swedenborg after him, say that the Bible has three senses, two others lying within the literal. Mr. Harris says it has sixty-three, and Brother Fernald along with him is careering in the forty-third, or the "sub-celestial." We pray they may escape the doom of Icarus, and get safe back to the earth. For ourselves we cannot venture very far within the literal, and always try to keep a firm footing upon it, and find thus more truth than we have turned into conduct. The pamphlet contains some severe strictures, though in a good temper, on the Swedenborgian cultus and sect. We *hope* its statements are somewhat extreme, though the writer speaks from personal experience. The pamphlet may be had of Otis Clapp, Boston, or at the room of the American New Church Association in the Cooper Institute, New York. S.

Speech of Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, of Michigan, on the Rise and Fall of the Democratic Party. — Hon. Charles Sumner has our thanks for this and other Congressional documents.

The Critic Criticised and Worcester Vindicated, by WILLIAM D. SWAN, is a triumphant defence both of Dr. Worcester and his Dictionary. S.

The New Discussion of the Trinity; containing Notices of Professor Huntington's Recent Defence of that Doctrine, reprinted from "The Christian Examiner," "The Monthly Religious Magazine," "The Monthly Journal of the Unitarian Association," and "The Christian Register." Together with Sermons by REV. THOMAS STARR KING and DR. ORVILLE DEWEY. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. For the American Unitarian Association. 1860. — This volume contains much which, we are persuaded, will prove to be of permanent value, and ought to satisfy those who insist upon the tripersonality of the Godhead as an essential truth of the Gospel,

that the dissenters from this dogma have been at pains to study the New Testament and the history of Christian opinion with all earnestness and in all honesty, before recording that emphatic denial which puts them before the world as Unitarians. We do not see how any persons, uncommitted to sect, still at liberty to form a candid judgment, can read the papers which are brought together within these covers, and still be able to affirm that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are revealed to us in the Testimony as three coequal, coeternal Persons, using the word "Person" in the only sense according to which we can understand it. We would earnestly ask all those who would rejoice in the *truth*, all who are seeking to know God and Christ in an experimental and saving way, to read this little volume, and ask themselves before Him who looks upon the heart, whether Christendom is just to the people called Unitarians, whether their questionings have been fairly met, whether excommunications from churches and extrusions from pulpits are the best, or, in the end, even the shortest methods of dealing with them. We are persuaded that the number of those, even in Trinitarian communions, who are unconsciously waiting for a better statement of the mystery of God in Christ than any recognized creed affords, is very large, and all such persons as well as the Unitarians will find a great deal in this volume to aid them in the attempt to construct a true Christology. May we be allowed to add, that many who are known as Liberal Christians would find their theology much enriched by a careful study of the exceedingly able article from the Examiner, and (as the present writer had no hand in its composition, may he not say it?) the paper by our co-editor taken from our own pages? E.

Morning Hours in Patmos: The Opening Vision of the Apocalypse, and Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By A. O. THOMPSON, Author of "The Better Land," &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — It is no easy work to set in order and clothe in words any human experience, inward or outward, which shall be in any way worthy to accompany as comment or paraphrase the magnificent opening chapters of the Apocalypse. The mysteries of two worlds gather about us in that border land between heaven and earth, and so occupy the mind and heart that we choose to be alone with the Book, and to read its wondrous sentences in the stillness. To those who do not share with us this feeling, the "Morning Hours" will prove interesting and profitable. E.

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Monthly Religious Magazine. — This journal, from its general excellence and truly catholic tone, demands some particular notice at our hands, as it justifies a warm recommendation before the reading public. In an age of sectarian activity, it has peculiar claims on the large-minded of all classes of Christians. It speaks emphatically of the great truths of our religion, and betrays no scepticism, but is always in the genial temper of the Master. Begun and conducted for many years by Prof. Huntington, it assumed the earnest and affirmative character of the Editor's mind. In these important respects the present Editors follow the course of their predecessor, and as regards a positive faith and profound reverence for the divine Lord, they are equally decided, and we are particularly gratified, from number to number, with their frequent and always acceptable contributions. We express a very general sentiment, when we say that the "Religious Monthly" is the best journal of its kind among us; best to go into our homes, and best to nurture reverence and faith in the heart. May it bless still more homes and hearts! — *Christian Register.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal is, as its name would indicate, not the organ of a denomination, but aims to be original and religious, without being sectarian, and it is certainly gratifying to observe, that as the heat of controversy between the different sections of the Church of Christ declines, there is found to be a much stronger substantiality of agreement than was before supposed to exist. — *Zion's Herald.*

The editors of this valuable Religious Magazine continue to maintain its high reputation, and, assisted by able contributors, present monthly a series of instructive and interesting articles on topics of prominent interest in the religious world. Many of the most studious and thoughtful of the Unitarian clergy publish their best thoughts in its pages, and it is always handsomely printed on clear white paper and with a typography that is agreeable to even the weakest and dimmest eyes, and luxurious to those that are severely taxed by the perusal of the solid, closely wedged, and formidable columns of the daily papers. — *Salem Register.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal is filled with a great variety of articles, on subjects of general interest. Gifted and cultivated as are the correspondents of this monthly, none of them write so well, in our opinion, as the editors, whose articles are models worthy the study of those who write for religious periodicals. — *Boston Transcript.*

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THE

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AND

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THEODORE PARKER AND HIS THEOLOGY.

THE name of Theodore Parker connects itself so intimately with certain forms of opinion, that it becomes impersonal; for Parkerism defines concisely one of the social and religious forces of these times. Now that he has passed away, and the smoke and dust of controversy subside, it becomes necessary more than ever, and much easier, to define and understand what this thing is of which so much has been said, both in praise and in blame. What is there good in it, and what is there bad in it? How much of it is transient, and how much, if any, is permanent?

Let us pause to say something of the man. People whose opinions come very near together, but not quite, often have the bitterest controversies about them. We can be just to Mr. Parker, for his opinions are the opposites of ours, and they are in no danger of being mixed undistinguishably together.

He is a signal instance of what the New England system of education is capable of producing, when it comes in contact with a mind hungering after knowledge. He was born in our neighbor town of Lexington, and it will be important

in the estimate of some of his opinions to remember, that he was the child of a Puritan ancestry, that he was baptized in the old Lexington meeting-house, that he was grandson of Captain John Parker, who commanded the militia at the memorable battle on Lexington Common, where the first American blood shed for freedom "has made the grass more green." Captain Parker's gun hung up in Theodore's study. He took it down once, and loaded and primed it, to defend Ellen Crafts from slave-hunters.

Mr. Parker was an example of all-conquering industry. At an age when other children were in their primary studies, he was reading Milton, picking berries, and selling them at three cents a quart, to buy Ainsworth's Dictionary. He taught school, and kept abreast with the college classes at the same time. At twenty-one, it is said, he had read Virgil twenty times, Horace nearly as often, had studied the natural sciences, and soon after added the modern languages to his acquirements.

He was a member of the Theological School when I entered it, where I was thrown into casual intercourse with him for two years. He was distinguished there more for his devouring appetite for books, than his facility for reproduction. His compositions were crude and juvenile, his power of debate not remarkable, and his manner awkward and angular. But in industry he was a perfect bee, sucking honey through all the alcoves with most intense delight. Pointing one day to the library shelves, he said, humorously but prophetically, "That is the way my books will appear labelled: 'THEOD. PARKER: OPUSCULA.'" This book-devouring he always kept up. His library has seventeen thousand volumes, only three thousand of them in the English language, and it is said — we take it rather extravagantly — that he knew all their contents, even to the prefaces and foot-notes. His scholarship, however, though extending over an immense surface, was exceedingly lacking in delicate adjustments and details.

But his diligence was not the most salient point of his

character. His love of natural justice had more than a Puritan vigor, and all the Revolutionary Parker blood boiled through him, and would not let him rest. All his instincts led him to side with the weak against the strong, to hate the meanness that grinds the poor, that cheats a woman, that robs the African of his earnings, or that robs the friendless of purity and virtue.

Along with this he had a courage such as few persons possess, and which is not the natural growth of our institutions. It demands a good deal of moral force to stand up, year in and year out, and take the abuse of the press and the pulpit, which are thought to represent all the wealth and respectability, and let your name be used as a curse and a byword in nurseries, in prayer-meetings, and in churches. All this Theodore Parker did. When most other pulpits prophesied for Baal, he cast off the fear of man, and prophesied for humanity and righteousness. In the dark crisis which followed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, when, if ever, Justice had a claim to be justified of her children, I heard him speak in Faneuil Hall after the best men that the times afforded, and he spoke the bravest words of them all. That his temper imbibed considerable extract of wormwood is certainly true, but he never lost the erectness of his mind, — never ceased, as he would phrase it, to be upright before God and downright before man. Seeing him in Boston once, after reading one of his Fast-day utterances against legal robbery, I crossed over the street to greet him.

"I've read your Fast sermon, Mr. Parker, and wanted to speak to you."

"That is the very reason people here don't want to speak to me."

"But you are looking very well; how do you bear all these buffetings so?"

"I did n't know I had any buffetings," said he, most serenely.

They had come to pass by him as street noises, which we

get used to, and sleep over as a thing of course, till we can hardly sleep without them.

His sympathies were humane and tender. His friendships were genial and sunny, and drew kindred spirits to him with such magnetic attraction that he almost absorbed them into his own being. The forlorn and forsaken could go to him and be sure of being warmed into life and comfort. The sinner who had fallen the lowest, and been turned from the doors of all the Pharisees, would have found ample room in the large heart of Theodore Parker.

His morality was a lofty Puritanism. The moral rule which he applied to social rights and obligations, to the acquisition of property and the use of it, to trade and bargaining, to temperance and chastity, to the treatment of pauperism, to the duties of the many to the few, the strong to the weak, the prosperous to the perishing, was in the main eminently Christian; but it ought to be added, that he claimed this as the result of his intuitive knowledge, when he owed the whole of it to the Christianity in which he was born and nurtured and consecrated to in that old Lexington meeting-house.

His honesty was sturdy as the oak, bending to no gales nor tempests, but planted indomitably in its own individual convictions. He always said the thing he meant, sometimes in phrase studiously offensive, and unnecessarily so. His partiality to the Saxon idioms brought home his thought to men's familiar associations, and his unmeasured personalities, spiced largely with irony and caricature, held the attention of his audiences where naked argument and pure reason would have failed to do it. If Mr. Parker was ever untrue to his better judgment, it was here.

His intellect was keen and subtile, and bored into everything, determined to find the kernel if it had any. But it had no constructive power, and its range was lateral and horizontal, and lacked both height and depth. He saw sharply through sham-reasoning in other people, could prick

all wind-bladders with the needles of his criticism and satire; hence was quick to run down a falsehood, but impotent to establish a truth. Notwithstanding his abundant nomenclature about the consciousness which he learned from Kant, few men ever lived with his vigorous mind who had less of intuitive reason. His mind cropped out plentifully into the sensuous understanding, and his attempts to grasp with this the most transcendent truths could end in nothing but failure. We think too, for the balance of such powers as his, he needed a great deal more of the imaginative element, better called by Sir William Hamilton the representative faculty which helps faith to an open view of its objective realities. His intellect was colored mainly by his tempestuous sensibilities. He had not even enough of the intuitive faculty for intellectual sympathy, and hence he could not enter into another person's beliefs so as to understand them and get their outlook. It was hard for him to think that the professed believers in Supernaturalism were not either knaves or fools. In religious matters he almost always misrepresents his antagonists, seldom getting hold of the essentials in the creeds of other men. The real argument for the miracles he never apprehends so as to give it anything like a complete statement, and he never tires at setting up his straw image and knocking it over. The mere letter of the Bible, with his immense industry, is all he ever mastered. Its interior contents were sealed against him with seven seals. Even much of its grand and glorious Orientalism was hidden from him. His mind was so made up of Anglo-Saxon sinew and brawn, that he saw little in the Bible beyond the most rugged literalism, and even its highest moral sublimity and beauty were lost upon him. He reads the Divine epopee of the creation in Genesis, and sees God working six days like a blacksmith and then resting to get refreshed. He reads the story of the first covenant, so wonderfully prophetic of the second, and only sees God "eating veal with Abraham." He reads the

Mosaic books, and sticks at finding God "trying to kill Moses in a tavern." He reads, in Psalm xvi. 7, "My reins instruct me in the night season," and then cites the text among his bristling foot-notes to prove that the Hebrews thought the seat of the soul was in the bowels! The first three Gospels, so admirable beyond all compositions of all ages for the grandeur of a Doric simplicity, he thinks deficient in literary merit, while he admires the Apocalypse, which, judged from his own stand-point, and conned only in the letter, would violate the first rules of good writing, and defy all the canons of taste. He reads the biographies of Christ, and finds in the subject of them the story of an amiable young Hebrew, sinful and erring, but in advance of his times, and he announces as an important discovery that an Alexandrian Jew forged the Gospel of John.

His stores of learning lie dark, his facts are disjointed and without historic integrity. He had no power of reproducing to himself another age in peaceful and uncoloring daylight, like our Prescott and Irving, like Sismondi and Heeren, but he always dyes it blood-red in his own feelings and opinions. He had an intense love of nature, and he luxuriates in its imagery, but in the faculty which gives to the reason its eyesight he was almost totally blind; and this, so far as intellectual equipment goes, determined all his beliefs and proclivities.

Mr. Parker's great virtues were the result of his Christian training and ancestral tendencies acting upon a noble nature. To understand his faults, we must know his system, for they were the inevitable fruits of it.

He has been called the child of Unitarianism. If by Unitarianism be meant what its fathers understood by it, consistent Protestantism, the Bible the only creed, and Christ the only Master, — Liberal Christianity, in short, as it was transmitted from John Robinson, — Mr. Parker not only was not the child of it, but flew directly in the face of it, rejecting with vehemence its two fundamental propositions. Taking Uni-

tarianism, however, as it had come to be held by many, Mr. Parker's system, we conceive, is its legitimate fruit, for he only run it down into its last results. It had been set forth as among the axioms of criticism, that the Bible is not itself a revelation, but only a human history of one. Its *text* is not inspired, it only contains an account of the doings and utterances of certain men, some of whom were inspired and some of whom were not. The thoughts come from God, provided they be true ones, and we must pick them out as we may. The idea of a WORD OF GOD, or God speaking to us now, was repudiated, and we have only the fallible history of men inspired some time ago. This was said by the critics: we do not imagine that this is the theory of the Bible among the Christian laity of any denomination.

Mr. Parker was not slow in discovering what this leads to, and in running it into all its logical consequences. He saw that it threw out nearly the whole of the Old Testament, as on the level or below the level of common literature. Applying this method to the New Testament, he reckons the miracles among the human additions. This brings Christ to a level with other men, unless one has an intuitive discernment of his Divinity, which Mr. Parker had not. He was not the man to stop short in his logic, or to build up sophisms to avoid the fair results of his premises. As an inevitable consequence, the theory in his hands brings the Bible into the same category with the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, the Koran, the poems of Hesiod, and the Orphic Hymns. He examines it from the same point of view, and, from the very structure of his mind, he finds a little wheat and enormous heaps of tares. Most of the books are not genuine. John's Gospel and all but four of the Pauline Epistles are probably forgeries. On the Old Testament he pours all manner of scorn; the New Testament history he thinks corrupt and unreliable, and all the miracles the figments of ignorant and credulous men. It was not given him to see their finer adjustments in the narrative, making it a living whole, as the lenses of the

eye are so adjusted as to make a living organ of sight. Christ however appears through all these obscuring fables as a young Jew of promising genius, with better ideas of God than the Old Testament writers; and he would probably have made further reforms had he not been cut off by an untimely death. Christ, however, had very imperfect views of the Divine character and government, owing to his youth and want of advantages, had false notions about demons and about future punishment, which Mr. Parker is able to correct in the light of the "absolute religion" which comes to him through his spontaneous consciousness.

We may observe, as illustrative of Mr. Parker's intellectual habits, that the four Gospels, and John's pre-eminently, and ten of the Pauline Epistles, are established as genuine by evidence so completely demonstrative, that those who have once seen it no more doubt of it than we doubt the genuineness of the Constitution of the United States. The historic evidence is unbroken and full, the internal runs sometimes into the finest threads of circumstantial proof, and broadens sometimes in the very sunlight of noon. Some of this Mr. Parker never could have traced, and if he had made the attempt, it would have been like a blind man untwisting the threads of the spectrum.*

Having set aside all revelation from the Bible as of no authority, he proceeds to establish a religion from what he calls "the facts of the universe." He means by this, from nature around and the spontaneous consciousness within. This last, he says, gives him three things; — the intuition of the Divine, or the consciousness that there is a God; the intuition of justice, or the consciousness that there is a moral

* Any one may see the historical evidence for the four Gospels drawn out unanswerably in Norton's Genuineness, Vol. I. For the controversy about the Gospel of John, which proceeds mainly from internal grounds, and some of them trivial enough, see Bloomfield and Olshausen *in loc.* For the internal evidence of the genuineness of ten of the Pauline Epistles, see Paley's Horæ Paulinæ, which, as Mr. Norton well says, has "put the question at rest."

law which we ought to keep; the intuition of immortality, or the consciousness that we shall live for ever. He tries to distinguish between the *idea* of these things, which is absolute, and the *conception* about them, which is imperfect and transient, never seeming to suspect that what he calls his absolute idea may turn out to be nothing but a conception most feeble and inadequate.

In his labored development of these three fundamentals, the idea of God takes on no Divine personality that warms the heart and searches it through, and melts it down under the strokes of Divine grace. Confessedly "it can present no image to the mind." The intuitive moral law has no retributive sanctions, no thunders of justice rolling along the future. The intuition of immortality has no pneumatology, no objective realities dawning on the faith and turning it to vision, and from its very nature it never can have. And so this pretended absolute religion, considered as a practical working force in the world, would no more act upon and renew it, than the flimsiest web-work that ever was spun from the human brain.

But the reader cannot fail, we think, to see that there is everything in it to develop an enormous egotism. The "spontaneous consciousness," given under more favorable circumstances, supersedes Jesus of Nazareth, the promising young Jew, and makes the sun, moon, and stars of the spiritual universe revolve about Theodore Parker. Moreover, there is nothing here to reveal to man his own moral disorders. Hence Mr. Parker's habitual self-exaggeration, which followed him to the death-hour, and his total unconsciousness of the wants of man as a sinful being. He sees plain enough the disorders of the world outside; the disorders of the world within, his shadowy theology could never disclose. He can denounce wrong, but he knows of nothing that can cleanse away the sin which is the source of wrong. His idea of God he only finds by a dive into himself; and being an idea, and not a Divine personality, it opens no deep springs of devotion

in the soul. His sermon on the soul's normal delight in God, designed to recommend the piety of natural religion, runs into the weakest and most girlish twaddle of sentimentalism. There is a God, but Mr. Parker can only heap up adjectives to describe his perfections, for he denies the Divine incarnation, and no "fulness of the Godhead bodily" from above nature has dawned upon the world. There is a moral law; but for its code and requirements you have only the sanction of spontaneous consciousness, and that in South Carolina sends woman to the auction-block, and in India to the funeral pile. There is a life after death whose unmeasured inane the Indian may fill up with his hunting-grounds, the naturalist with bodies from the graveyards, the metaphysician with his "entities," the poet with his mythologies, and the peasant with the ghosts of his imagination.

Mr. Parker's faults of temper and his want of catholicity all come from his system. It has no power to cast out hereditary evil and bring the angelic charities in its place. Hence he loved his friends with all the genial warmth of his nature, while he hated his enemies and poured upon them the most corrosive gall. Think a moment how sore are the temptations to bitterness and wrath, and how, in such an hour, the image of that majestic patience that came down through the cloven heavens to drop sweetness into the fountains of the soul is our only resource, and what we should be without it, and we shall be surprised, not that this fault in Mr. Parker was so prominent, but rather, that, in an earnest nature like his, and in a strife so fierce, and turned away from the mediatorial centre of forgiving love, all the milk of human kindness did not change into wormwood. It must have done so except for the remains in him of his Christian nurture and training.

The study of the Bible to the best minds in all ages has disclosed three things. First, there is the letter, the lowest and roughest of its exterior. Then within this hard rind there is that under-dress of imagery and spiritual beauty which half

conceals and half discloses its plenary inspiration, as the purpling clouds that float over the sun's disk temper to us the ardors of his effulgence. Hence, its inspiration aside, this poetic under-dress, which is half letter and half spirit, charms and fascinates any mind that can be touched even with the highest graces of moral goodness. But within all this there is the spiritual sense itself, dawning upon us the more we read and obey, rising at length in organic wholeness that takes in and transfigures the lowest letter, and makes it bright with the shinings of the Divine countenance. The most exterior dress, the leathern girdle and the raiment of camel's hair, was nearly all that Mr. Parker could see. Even the spiritual beauty of the book of John, that so irradiates the letter, and invests the central character of the book with draperies of the Divinity, that live and breathe and make the book as unlike all human composition, and beyond all human art, as the tree drest in living foliage is unlike the paint you daub on the canvas, — this Mr. Parker rather thought was the conception of a Jewish forger. And within all this, not even veiled by the letter, is the Word made flesh, the Divine Human of the Lord ; — a great truth that so groups and organizes all other truth, that the Old Testament history is lighted up with it clean back to the first verse in Genesis, and Christian history through its whole track, and in all its phases, clean down to the last meeting in Music Hall. This too, was invented by the Jewish forger, — and that must have been on the same morning that some mason with his trowel and his mortar built those splendid arches of the Milky Way.

In Mr. Parker's system, if we may call it so, there are half-truths, but so standing alone or so perverted that they have no regenerating or constructive power. It is true, and most important truth, that all men have intuitive notions of spiritual and divine things. Into every soul come breathings from the Lord, deeper than all human teachings, and without which all human teachings were in vain. Our minds open inward towards the angelic worlds, and from these there run along

into our souls, as on electric wires, the tidings that are not of earth, — intuitions of God, of a moral law, and of a life to come. This is the immanence of God in humanity, and it is found everywhere, from the first bishop in Christendom to the half-idiot savages of Sidney Cove. These divine instincts are in every man; for every man as to his interior mind is the denizen of a spiritual world, and in unconscious communion with eternal things.

But observe, these divine instincts do not give us the vision of truth; they only give us yearnings and determinations towards it. They are not an "inward eye," gazing on the truth and fronting its orb; they are inward drawings and urgencies that make us seek it, and enable us to recognize it when it comes. In a state perfectly sinless, in the absence of all acquired and hereditary evil, these intuitions might become open vision, the things of immortality unveiled, — as in those days of the primitive innocence, when angels crowned, star-like, the tops of the mountains, and "warbled, for heaven above and earth below, strains suitable for both." Not so with us who are to attain heaven through the path of regeneration. The instinct of God, if we are faithful to it, gives us yearnings towards him, or if sinful it gives us tremblings about him. But it does not unveil to us his countenance and show the King in his beauty. The instinct of a moral law lays on us a sense of duty and torments us with the Ought, but it does not give us the perfect morality. Lycurgus made infanticide a duty, and Plato recommends adultery in his model republic. The instinct of immortality makes us expect a future life, and the soul stretches towards it with unutterable longings. But do you think that mother who has laid her first-born in the grave, and yearns towards the old familiar faces, will shape its forms and prospects out of her yearnings alone? These divine instincts are imbreathings of God, running down into our hearts, and going up again in aspirations and reachings towards the great realities. But those grand realities themselves, in their own shape and substance,

and their own authentic certitude, they do not and cannot give. A man may think he grasps them in "the contents of consciousness," and spin his fancies about these things out of himself, and they will probably resemble the things themselves as the spider's gossamer, which he spins out of his body, resembles the great world of skies, woods, and clearings in which his little work is done. Hence, besides God's witness in the soul, he has always another witness to call and answer to it, — his all-revealing Word, which unveils the very form and substance of truth, and confronts the reason with its transcendent glories. Each complements the other and helps it on. God in the soul makes me yearn towards him as his child, and long to behold his face. God in his Word reveals the Divine Substance itself, the Divinely Human, clothed in personal attributes and reflecting all the Divine charms to fill up the measure of my love till it overflows. God in the soul makes me conscious of a moral law, lying hard down upon the conscience and tormenting me. God in his Word illumines this sense, clears it from the mixture of my own passions and false notions, and enforces it with its everlasting penalties. God in the soul makes me conscious of a nature which I believe will survive the body, which hungers for immortality and looks with scorn upon the claiming grave. God in his Word opens the avenues that lead into that mysterious Beyond, and its lawns and endless colonnades stretch out beneath the eye. God in the soul gives me promptings and upreachings after the truth, and works in me states of mind fit to receive it. God in his Word gives me its own bright and beautiful beholdings. And these two witnesses answer and call to each other in accents ever more loud and ever more clear. The instinct that turns me towards the Divine Word with prayers and heart-cries, makes that Word unveil its contents the more. And then as the Word opens its contents and gives me new revealings, the divine instinct within is clarified and made strong. And so He comes into the soul by intuitions that grow deeper and clearer, and meets them

from his Word with beholdings of himself that brighten to the perfect day. So all human progress proceeds. The Church is the descended Word, and the souls that are drawn towards it by the God that breathes through them both, and thus he reveals himself by these two witnesses as fast as the generations can receive him; for just so far as the instincts of humanity become purified, so far the Divine Word opens down to meet them, and its truths file out in endless array as the guide of the groping nations.

These are the two principles of individual, social, and humanitary regeneration. To leave out either of these two is like breaking one of the wheels of the steam-vessel in which we are all embarked, and then the ship, instead of going forward, whirls round and round. The churches make no progress without both these witnesses. God in his Word only, and not also in the soul, becomes a tradition and a sect and a lifeless authority, and it opens no more. God only as an instinct becomes a blind sentiment mixed up in perilous compound with man's self-love, and one is mistaken for the other. Out of his instincts a man may denounce sin; it is only from his own puny individualism, and the world will treat the denunciation as his private invective. He cannot open against the wrong the glittering armory of the Lord, and slay it, either in himself or in society. Not so when the Divine Instinct is joined to the Word, and there finds its sword and panoply; for then we have not our intuitions, but God openly revealed against all unrighteousness. Then we have not merely our instinct of the moral law, but the moral law ultimating itself in its own avenging retributions. Then we have not an intuition and a dream of immortality, with the clouds and the shadows shutting down upon the prospect, but the clouds and the shadows lift up, and away under their endless canopy guilt recoils upon itself and comes down on the wrong-doers like a storm. Hence the Word of God, even in the hands of simple men, has always been sharp and powerful, while the cobweb theologies

spun out of one's private brain shiver against man's evils as against marble.

Finally, Christ sums up the whole in one of those sentences through which we look as through oriel windows over a whole province of truth: "No man can come to me except the Father that hath sent me draw him." These two, — the Father, the Divine Love, drawing through all hearts, and seeking to bend and turn them, — the Son, the Eternal Word, meeting them there, with truth full fronting the reason, illuming and guiding our instinctive reachings and aspirings, giving sight to faith, and spreading out the endless landscapes before it.

We wanted to say a word upon Mr. Parker's relation to the Unitarians, and his alleged *persecution* by them. His complaints on this score seem to us the only thing really unmanly that appears in his whole life. He knew, or ought to have known, that the Liberal Congregational Churches have stood for two centuries on a foundation which he denounced and disowned, — the Bible the only creed, and Christ the only Master, — and he had no right to complain of discourtesy and exclusion because they would not suffer him to come in and knock the supports from beneath them, and turn their sanctuaries into lyceum halls. He was treated with tolerance, and even tenderness, and his bitter denunciations and gibes were never, to our knowledge, in a single instance returned. It would have been in perfect keeping with congregational usage and individual rights, if the Unitarians, when the crisis required it, had reaffirmed in the ordaining councils their two fundamental articles, all in fact that makes them a Christian denomination. We think they ought to have done it. Because they did not do it, they let in upon the churches a flood of Naturalism which has chilled some of them to death. It was from extreme sensitiveness to the rights of conscience, that the whole thing was left to individual responsibility. The notion

that a man is "persecuted" because a whole denomination at his word refuses to knock the planks from under its feet and go to pieces on a sea of godless speculation, floating anywhere, "some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship," is too absurd for criticism, and Mr. Parker's friends ought to be ashamed of such delirious nonsense. But we cannot go into these matters. Mr. Parker is at that judgment-seat where the discriminations are made not according to the creed and the understanding, but according to the ruling motive and the life; and, passed on through "the tall porches of eternity," may he find that divine treasury out of which his meagre half-truths may round into fulness and glory. We hope and trust that his faults and errors were primarily those of the understanding, and that a heart that throbbed so truly to the calls of mercy, and the rights of man, and the moral laws of God, is to be blessed with those higher visions of the Lord which make our pale earthly twilight brighten into day. The "opuscula" which he has left behind him will be useful to the world in showing two things,—the last logical results of the rationalistic theories of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the utter impotence of man when attempting to manufacture a religion out of himself.

S.

I AM sure and certain, (said Luther,) when I go up to the pulpit, or to the cathedral, to preach or read, that it is not my word which I speak, but my tongue is the pen of a ready writer, as the Psalmist saith. God speaketh in the prophets and men of God, as St. Peter in his Epistle saith: "The holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Therefore we must not separate nor part God and man according to our natural reason and understanding. In like manner every hearer must conclude and say, I hear not St. Paul, St. Peter, or a man speak; but I hear God himself speak, baptize, absolve, excommunicate, and administer the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

DR. KRAPF AND EAST AFRICAN MISSIONS.*

ONLY a few years ago the map of Africa was the delight of the school-boy, not for what it contained (the desire for useful knowledge is not by any means the strongest passion in the breast of youth), but for what it did not contain. That unexplored country in the large heart of the great continent was so much more welcome, as it was indicated by a surface of white paper, unbroken save by parallels of latitude and longitude, than the picture of the German states, for example, every inch of which was the chart of a principality, with larger and smaller towns that one would have thankfully characterized as "too numerous to be named." Now, alas for the beginner! Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Krapf are changing all this. He will no longer find his task as good as finished when Egypt and the Barbary States have been safely traversed, and, in the Desert of Sahara, bewildered by the Simoon, and absorbed by the touching picture of travellers about to be buried in the sand, with which the geographies were adorned, he has almost forgotten Guinea and the Hottentots and some slight remainders of coast-lands. Dr. Livingstone journeying from the south, and Dr. Krapf from the northeast, have found Africa to be anything but uninhabited, and to offer many encouragements to the pioneers of a Christian civilization. Dr. Krapf and his associates have been devoting themselves for almost a score of years to Eastern Africa, and have penetrated, partly by their own explorations, and partly by judicious questioning of natives, so far beyond the coast, that when Mr. Dickens again finds occasion to sat-

* Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa; together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Ukambani, Shoa, Abessinia, and Khartum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf, Secretary of the Chrishona Institute at Basel, &c., &c. With an Appendix, &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

irize a philanthropy which begins very far from home, and stops where it begins, he must not send us to Central Africa any more in search of Borribhoola-Gha.

Our missionary has prefaced his narrative with a bit of autobiography, — the story of his childhood, youth, and scholastic training, simple and uneventful, and yet not without interest, apart from the future fortunes of the boy, as a scrap of authentic human history in circumstances with which we of this Western world are not familiar. The good man was born in the village of Derendingen, near Tübingen, and was baptized, as he tells us with pardonable satisfaction, Ludwig, or the wrestler, by way of prophetic intimation of his destiny as a soldier of the cross. He seems to have been a spirited, venturesome boy, whose life was threatened continually by mill-streams and fire-arms and the force of gravity, the imperativeness of which young people are so slow to learn. We gather from his story of personal experience, that he was more afraid of hell than enamored of heaven, and yet he was by no means deficient in religious susceptibility. At the age of eleven, an indignant neighbor (the Derendingen-volk must be a very resolute generation) beat him, for a fault which he did not commit, severely enough to keep him out of the streets and orchards for six months; and the poor boy, as if conscious that, although he was innocent of the alleged transgression, he had sinned enough at other times to justify such terrible severity, instead of making complaints, betook himself to the Bible and books of devotion, and became especially interested in the Old Testament stories, which he delighted afterwards to recite to his father's reapers. This enforced vacation of six months had brought him to his first knowledge of the elements of the Latin language; and Providence at last directed his steps to the Anatolian School in Tübingen. An essay read by the rector to the whole school on missions to the heathen (why are not such essays read in our schools and colleges more frequently?) gave, under God, the direction to his life, and sent him at last to Blumhardt of Basel, with

an announcement of his willingness to serve as a missionary. The inspector wisely reminded him, that he who would make Christians of others must first be a Christian himself, and bade him seek and wait for the call from above. He returned to Tübingen, and in the society of believers strove to enter into the spirit of the Saviour's kingdom, according to the true word that "a Christian can only be formed amongst Christians." At the age of seventeen young Krapf was summoned to the Missionary College at Basel. The course of training in that institution must have been practical in the narrowest and shallowest sense of that much abused word, if we may judge from the way in which our student speaks of the "stealthy acquaintance" that he made with the "pernicious" writings of Madame Guyon and Jacob Behmen. He alludes to this mystic escapade much as a grave and reverend senior might refer to the time when he was occupied with sowing his wild oats. He seems to have contemplated the abandonment of the missionary enterprise, and a substitution instead of agricultural labor, as more conducive to piety and happiness. The remonstrances of his family prevailed to retain him for the study of theology, and he was ordained. Presently, untaught, we should say, by Madame Guyon, he maintained in a public discourse that our world is in the last quarter of its twelfth and final hour, and as the Consistory read the time of our world's life differently from the great dial-plate of their universe, the preacher thought it necessary for him to leave his pulpit and become a private tutor. In the progress of his mind and heart his spiritual condition became more healthy, and his exegesis of Scripture less startling, until at last his missionary purpose was again in the ascendant, and the month of February, 1837, found him on his way to Abessinia, with some small store of Æthiopic and Amharic vocables, and no small measure of zeal in the service of Him who said, "Go ye and teach all nations!"

If the reader will turn to a map of Egypt, Nubia, and Abessinia, he will find in the northeastern portion of the last

country, Adowa, the capital of Tigre. Here was the seat of the Abessinian mission, and this was the destination of Krapf. The voyage from Malta to Alexandria was disturbed by a fearful storm, during which our modern evangelist was much strengthened by the remembrance of the greatest of all missionaries, the Apostle Paul. He was much encouraged to find afterwards, in the year 1850, when he was on a visit to London, that his reading of the Word of God during that time of trial first revealed its unspeakable value to a fellow-passenger, only a doctor of laws at the time, but destined to become eventually a devoted and suffering confessor in the cause of pure Scripture teachings. So richly does the Spirit of the Lord bless even the wayside seed, when the sower gives it in good faith a firm God-speed! Adowa was reached, though not without difficulties arising from the inhabitants of the region, the savage Shohos, and abandoned after all, in the course of some two or three months, on account of the joint opposition of Abessinian and Romanist priests, the dissensions of those who are really brother Christians proving to be there, as almost everywhere else, a most formidable hinderance to the spread of the Gospel. The companions of Dr. Krapf having returned to Cairo to wait for orders, he resolved to visit Sahela Selassie, King of Shoa in Abessinia, and after many delays reached his capital on June 3, 1839. The Abessinians are in some sort Christians, though certainly their Christianity is of an exceedingly qualified description, as badly gone, not to seed, but rather to chaff, as can possibly be conceived of, and furnishing proof that, where the divine life does not find something akin to it, and is not faithfully cherished, it will inevitably ebb away, and leave no trace of religion,— no, not even of the final and absolute Religion, save in superstitions and disputes about trivialities. Things have reached a sad pass during these ages in Abessinia. Heretics so far forth as they are Monophysites (the word is applied to those who hold to but one nature in Christ), they seem to be pretty sound, as soundness is estimated, in other respects.

Krapf tells us that they are acquainted with the chief truths of the Bible, but hold them so blended with human notions that they are rendered almost inoperative. Besides the Scriptures, they have translations of some of the old Greek fathers; but they ask little or no preaching by the clergy, — instead thereof interminable readings of litanies. The priests are compelled to commit to memory all the psalms and the book of hymns; and certainly they might do worse, especially in a part of Christendom, if without offence this name may be applied at all to such an unchristian land, where the great controversy during the last sixty years has been about the question whether Christ was twice born or thrice born. There was the same deposition of priests by the victorious party in this strife as one continually meets with in the history of Latin Christianity. At present the doctrine of *two* births is orthodox in Abessinia. Fasting and immorality go hand in hand in this wretched country. They fast nine months out of the twelve from food, but never, it would seem, from sin. Priests and monks break the seventh commandment, concubinage is habitual, and the king has his five hundred wives. Sahela Selassie, King of Shoa, proposed to add an English princess to his vast company. The superstition of the people is unbounded. The Lebashi, or thief-catcher, takes the place of the European constable, and performs by magic art wonders that quite eclipse the marvels of the detective police.

Spite of these formidable obstacles, Dr. Krapf seems to have produced some impression in Ankober, the capital of Shoa, partly amongst the pupils of his small school, and partly amongst the priests. Availing himself, moreover, of the warlike expeditions of the king, he was enabled to make journeys amongst the neighboring Gallas, and, whilst the monarch exacted his tribute, busied himself with seeking for the remnants of old Christian churches in that rude Galla-land. He was able also to obtain some information, more or less authentic, of the unexplored countries south of Shoa, —

of the alleged Christianity of Susa, whose priests brought from Abessinian Gondar a bag which Cyril the patriarch had inflated with his breath, in order that they might be able to ordain clergy in their own country; of the Dokos, a race of men who never reach a stature of more than four feet, and live like beasts, yet have something like an idea of a higher being, whom they call Yer, and pray to in this wise: "Yer, if thou really dost exist, why dost thou allow us thus to be slain? We do not ask thee for food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us, why dost thou permit us to be trodden under foot?" The people of Kaffa, as Dr. Krapf learned, are partly Christian, that is, according to a wretched external way; but the most interesting by far of the East African tribes are the heathen Gallas, "the immigrants," or, as they call themselves, Orma, "strong men." Of noble stature, manly, teachable, many of them tillers of the soil, and possessed of an harmonious language, they invite the attention of the friends of Christian civilization. Their worship is carried forward under sacred trees, called Wodas, — the most sacred of all being one called Worka, by the river Hawash. They pray, "O Wak, give us children, tobacco, corn, cows, oxen, and sheep. Preserve us from sickness, and help us to slay our enemies who make war upon us, the Sidama (Christians) and the Islama (Mohammedans). O Wak, take us to thee, lead us into the garden, lead us not to Setani, and not into the fire." The religious ceremonies, as conducted by the Lubas, or priests, recall to remembrance the worship of Pagan Rome. The serpent is reckoned sacred. They have no visible idols; indeed, throughout Eastern Africa these are unknown. The Wollo-Gallas have exchanged their heathenism for a fanatical Mohammedanism.

Unfortunately for the interests of the mission, Dr. Krapf left Ankober on the 10th of March, 1842, after a residence of nearly three years. He was led to this step partly by the hope of facilitating the movements of some fellow-mission-

aries who were endeavoring to join him, and partly in pursuance of a plan of meeting his future wife; for although when he set out upon his work he had entertained no thought of marriage, he had come at last to the conclusion that an "unmarried missionary could not eventually prosper." His journey was interrupted, his person robbed, his life threatened by a lawless chief of one of the tribes, and he reached the coast in a truly forlorn condition. It is not unlikely that his presence at the court of the King of Shoa might have turned that prince from a decision, adopted, as Dr. Krapf thinks, under French influences, to exclude Protestant missionaries from the country; at all events, this was the royal decree, and a return to his post was impossible; and after some little time, spent in the distribution of Bibles along the frontiers of Abessinia, Zanzibar, on the southeastern coast, was selected for the destination of the bringers of good tidings.

By the 8th of June, 1844, Dr. Krapf was established at Mombaz, on the African coast a little above Zanzibar, and beginning the translation of the Book of Genesis into the native language. Here his wife was taken from him by death, and a stone placed at the head of her grave reminds the wandering African tribes of one who left father, mother, and home, to labor for their redemption into the light and joy of the Gospel. From Mombaz, Krapf made frequent excursions amongst the surrounding savages, and finally established himself in one of their villages, in conjunction with his colleague Rebmann. Whatever may be said of the luxuriousness and inefficiency of some who have gone out as missionaries, this African mission ought certainly to be acquitted of all charges of the sort. With their own hands — weakened, too, by burning fever — these evangelists built their mission-house, receiving but little assistance from the natives, who, though by no means deficient in intelligence, seem to have been of the earth, earthy, and were of course able to comprehend scarcely the smallest part of what was told them of the

Gospel. One after another of a very small audience slipped out whilst the missionaries were speaking, or the hearers asked the discouraging question, "What shall we have to eat if we come here every Siku Ku (great day, Sunday)?" and this on the very consecration day of their little church. Undaunted, they betook themselves to visiting from house to house through their very anomalous parish, and in the intervals of this parochial duty Dr. Krapf busied himself with his translation, — a profitable picture for dilettanti to study. We know of no better commendation of the work of the Christian missionary, — of no better proof that there is something in it all, and that something will come of it, — than is found in the fact that these sturdy laborers were only the more persuaded, as they toiled on, that they ought to extend their efforts from the coast towards Central Africa. Here, as everywhere else, there were those who were inclined to believe, and those who were utterly indifferent to spiritual things. Some said, "It was really true that God loved men, for he gave the Wanika rain, tembo, and clothes;" others, "There is no God, since he is not to be seen. The Wanika need trouble themselves about nothing, except tembo (cocoa-wine), corn, rice, Indian corn (mahindi), and clothes; these are their heaven. The Watsumba (Mohammedans) were fools, to pray and fast so much." These people are little better for the most part than naked savages, and their faith is mainly in rain-makers, who however are far from enjoying the confidence of the whole community. The *Illuminati* amongst the Wanika hold this mystery also to be mythical and traditional. At the end of the year, though as yet the first sign of the springing herb in their gospel spring-time was not to be detected, the good men find much to be grateful for. They write: "At the commencement of public worship to-day, there were some twenty persons present, who left us, however, as soon as we had finished the singing, which Rebmann accompanied on the flageolet. We will not despond, but trust to Him who can animate the dead." Would many of our

pastors write so, in case their congregation should retire at the close of the singing? Again, Dr. Krapf bears witness to a growing conviction that he had not preached sufficiently the love of the Redeemer for His lost sheep, but had been too indignant and denunciatory. One convert, a poor cripple, rewarded their devoted toil, was baptized and died, as they believed, in Christ, and another with his wife was found to take his place, — these three! — and the story of outward success is told.

In the spring of 1850, Dr. Krapf returned to Basel and thence again to Africa; but finding his health too much impaired for missionary duty, he closed his labors, and became a resident in Europe. The book of Travels, Explorations, and Missionary Service from which these few details have been derived, contains interesting accounts of journeys towards the interior for some hundred leagues by Krapf and Rebmann. One of the headings of Part III. is "Rebmann in Uniamesi," which must be a mistake for "Rebmann on Uniamesi," for although the missionary gained some interesting accounts of the people so called, it does not appear that he penetrated to their country. For the most part they were not much molested, and were permitted to explain to the various rulers, so far as they could be made to understand it, the entirely unselfish and purely spiritual purpose which had brought them to Africa, and in other ways set on foot the enterprise of recivilizing a land which seems to have passed through a disintegrating process, and to have declined from civilization into its present almost unrelieved paganism.

The Journals of Krapf and Rebmann contain a multitude of interesting details with reference to the customs and notions of the East Africans, and they will abundantly reward a reading. The reasonings upon the information received from the natives with reference to the interior, especially with regard to the great inland sea, or seas, are well deserving of attention; but it is with Krapf, the Christian missionary, that we are most concerned, and we are glad to

direct attention to him as a most striking and instructive example of genuine evangelical faith. Persuaded that the Gospel was given for man as man, that its compass is wide as humanity, that the Spirit of God is ever drawing men to the Son of God, he proclaimed the good Word, and left the results with Providence; nevertheless, there is in his view of the work, or in his methods with the heathen, no trace of fanaticism, no token of any contempt of accessories and merely human instrumentalities, but, on the contrary, a most judicious estimate of the power of the usages and the arts of social life which are found in connection with Christian faith and Christian living. The pages 411 – 417 are full of an earnest, devout, and practical wisdom, which every minister of the Gospel, at home or abroad, might most profitably ponder.

Here is a man who believes in God, and does not condition his serving God upon any measure of success, greater or less, and will not turn to the right hand or to the left to compass his high end, preferring the least real victory to never so much apparent success reached by compromise. Place no reliance upon changes in politics, — so he counsels; you may gain in this way, but you will lose also, — lose as much as you gain. Europeans in power will hinder quite as much as they will help you. Give to the savages as much as you can, in order to prove to them that you are not niggardly, but do not hope to fill up your chapels and halls by giving; — that would be to attempt to convert men by human means, and would only increase the number of hypocrites. Do not think it indispensable to begin, as it were, with a fair breeze, and upon a full sea, or try to settle down in a comfortable establishment, and be rather a student of languages and customs amongst heathens than a devoted missionary, and yet remember, on the other hand, that the Christian home, in which the life of the Gospel is embodied, and where the Truth may be every day seen and heard in familiar and sweet humanities, is the most efficient of instrumentalities for recovering pagans

from unbelief or superstitions. The heathen ask to see the thing done; they crave, as indeed do all of us, not theories, not evidences, not tales of wonders in the past, but miracles of love and patience this very day. There is a tone of sound sense in the counsels of Dr. Krapf to the young missionary which is exceedingly refreshing. If we felt at liberty to criticise in a matter of which we have not had the slightest experience, we should question the wisdom of translating the Scriptures at large into the dialects of heathen people. The Gospel was most effectively dispensed before a word of the New Testament was written, amongst hearers to whom the books of the Old Covenant were wholly unknown; and whilst we would yield to none in reverence for the Book, we cannot think an acquaintance with its contents beyond what can be gained from oral communications an *essential* condition of successful evangelizing. The Scriptures cannot be broken, and, in connection with His own spirit, are God's best gift to the Church; but when the Word has been written upon the heart, Gospel, Epistle, Prophecy, Psalm, Revelation, — when it is known and felt, and has been abundantly verified, and has entered into the soul's consciousness, — when it has carried men over seas and across deserts, — surely it can be *told* to those who providentially are denied the power of reading characters upon the paper leaf. When in this way they have been made Christians, one by one, two by two, they will become very eager to read the historic record of the Gospel which has already been inscribed upon their hearts, and to this end will ask, not, we should say, that the Scriptures may be translated into their own tongues, but that they may have an opportunity to learn the language of their teachers, and substitute it by and by in schools for their poor heathenish jargon.

But even from this slight questioning we would cease. What does it matter, after all, that a few months have been spent less profitably than perhaps might have been the case, in translating the Scriptures into foreign tongues, and that a

few thousand dollars have been appropriated, not according to the best judgment, in printing the translations? Is not this slight qualification the merest trifle, compared with the great fact that earnest, devoted men and women, with the Gospel in their souls, have been doing what they could, little or much, judiciously or with less judgment, for those that sit in darkness, and would be so uplifted and blessed by the Truth, could they only receive it? We wish that our liberal churches had scores of missionaries, this very year, in Africa and Asia, and amongst the Isles of the Sea. We should not do one whit less at home, but rather incalculably more, from sending out laborers into the distant vineyards of the Lord's heritage. We need not stand still any longer and argue about what the heathen are to be saved from. It is plain that in some way they need to be saved, that they are in a sore strait, and that we can do something for them, — that poor and cold and incomplete as our Christianity is, it is worth everything to us, and may be worth everything to them, — that it will be of great service to us to try to give such as we have, and that by giving we shall increase, and not lessen, our store. Why cannot the so-called Liberal Christians forget that they have ever had any controversy about the value of missions or the best methods of conducting them, and taking with them, not any denominational specialties, but the whole blessed Gospel of the grace of God as it lives in their hearts, go out into the wilderness, were it only to win Dr. Krapf's three souls, or even to find out what there is in the wilderness? There can be no better remedy proposed for our morbid introspection and narrow subjectivity. No matter now, let us say, about that curious problem, — what word have you for that naked savage, you, who are forever telling us that every man is a child of God? What sort of child is he? How shall he become a son indeed?

E.

REMARKS

MADE BY REV. MILTON P. BRAMAN, D.D., AT THE FUNERAL, AT DANVERS, OF MRS. LOUISE P. PUTNAM, WIFE OF REV. ALFRED P. PUTNAM, OF ROXBURY.

MRS. PUTNAM possessed naturally a very amiable and sweet disposition, and was capable of the strongest domestic and social attachments. The ardent affections which she cherished towards those who secured her regard awakened correspondent emotions in their hearts, and attracted towards herself their warmest friendships. She was endeared as few are to her parents, sisters, remoter connections, and all with whom she was in relations of intimacy. As a wife, she was eminently entitled to a place among those of whom it is beautifully said in the Scripture, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Her affectionate temper, her devoted assiduities, the disposition to sacrifice her own convenience to the comfort of others, and her quick and deep sympathy, exceedingly qualified her for the duties of such a relation. She was adapted, in a remarkable degree, to render home what it should be, — a place of repose, quiet, and harmonious intercourse, and for the exercise of pure and soothing emotions, to which the inmates gladly retire from the cares, perplexities, and even more exciting *pleasures* of life, as the scene of the truest and most satisfactory enjoyment. The home in which she spent her childhood was to her a home in the amplest sense of that term. There she lived amid the exercise of congenial sympathies, and contributed her full share to the delights of the family circle. The influence of her early life upon a heart so susceptible of everything that was gentle and kind, she carried with her to her new relations and home in another place. And her bereaved companion knows much better than can be described, how much her kind words and faithful attentions contributed to soothe and sustain his heart, when agitated with the solicitudes and

apprehensions of a public, responsible, and comparatively untried field of labor.

As was to be expected, when she removed to her new home, she secured to herself a cordial reception; and a large place in the regards of those with whom she had taken up her abode. She was universally and most sincerely beloved by the religious society with which she became connected; and in the remembrance of those with whom circumstances brought her into more close and confidential friendship, her name will be cherished with enthusiastic and undying regard.

All the natural qualities of her character were sanctified by the graces of piety. The serious views and impressions of childhood were ripened by divine influence into a supreme devotion of herself to her Heavenly Father. After deliberate inquiry and consideration, and a careful scrutiny into the state of her own feelings, she made a public consecration of herself to God. Everything in connection with the transaction, and all the manifestations of her subsequent life, afforded convincing evidence that the act was performed with the full consent of the heart.

Her piety was marked with an uncommon degree of *sincerity*. She expressed only what she felt, and acted no more than her feelings prompted. The interest which she exhibited in religious themes, the expressions of her faith, penitence, submission, love to God, and her wish and purpose to live in obedience to His will and for His glory, were the dictates of a correspondent inward experience and the outflowings of her inmost soul. Simplicity and artlessness characterized her Christian deportment. She was so free from anything pretentious and assuming in manner, that the strength of her emotions on religious subjects was concealed from general view, and exhibited only in the unreservedness of intimate disclosures.

Another characteristic of her piety was *the predominance of principle over emotion*, which operated with a strength and steadiness that showed how deeply it was radicated in

the heart. Although her feelings, like those of all others, were subject to more or less fluctuation, her piety was not that of impulses, elevations, and transports, alternating with seasons of languor and insensibility. It consisted in clear, discriminating views of truth and duty, combined with an unbending resolution to perform the will of God. Her religion was a reasonable service, uniting, in a happy measure, the dictates of the understanding and the emotions of the heart. It was in a remarkable degree of such a type as enabled her to fulfil the Apostolic requisition, demanding of Christians that they should be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

It was justly and strikingly said by the late Dr. Channing, that one surrender of the will to God is worth a thousand transports. Not that Dr. Channing intended by any means to exclude emotions from religious experience. He advocated them strongly, as subjected to right direction and control; but he intended that a hearty and unreserved yielding of the will to the Divine law, was a better evidence of genuine piety than many flights of religious ardor unregulated by the governing sentiment of Christian duty.

When her more matured reflective powers were applied with special earnestness to spiritual concerns, her mind was not penetrated with those very pungent and painful convictions that agitate the feelings of many at such a period. She was impressed with a sense of the Divine goodness, her relations and obligations to her Heavenly Benefactor, and the excellence and reasonableness of God's requirement. Her special consecration of herself to a religious life did not take on the form of a violent transition, but it was the result of a calm, rational survey of the great duties and purpose of existence, to which, in the exercise of sincere penitence, trust, and firm resolution, she yielded the feelings of her soul and the powers of her understanding. This feature continued to characterize her piety as it proceeded to develop itself and make progress to the end of life.

Her religion was marked by a peculiar degree of *self-distrust* and *humility*. She was careful in the scrutiny of her own heart, and fearful of mistaking the nature of the motives and feelings by which she was governed. She endeavored carefully to guard against confounding the dictates of natural inclinations and impulses, when coinciding with the line of rectitude, with the promptings of religious obligation. She earnestly desired not to think more highly of herself than she ought to think, and was cautious of overrating spiritual attainments. Only a few days since, she expressed herself with great feeling on this point. She was anxious lest the strong attachment which she cherished to friends should, unperceived by herself, hold too large a place and too controlling an influence in the heart; and affirmed that she could hardly divest herself of the impression that it was a species of egotism to think and avow herself a Christian; — when, at the same time, the testimony of her life, and the full consciousness of views and feelings which she *then*, and *had* for years, habitually entertained, and which she could not avoid expressing, afforded the most clear evidence of her being a true disciple of Jesus.

Nice *conscientiousness* was another distinguishing trait of her piety. She was actuated by a predominant desire and purpose to be ruled by right motives, and to do her duty in all circumstances, and at the expense of all necessary sacrifices. When the domestic connection which she formed was about to take her from the scenes to which she had been accustomed, to a new and wider sphere of action, she went with a resolution to devote all her energies to her new employments, and to render life as useful as possible. Those friends among whom she spent the last years of her life, and with whom she was united in such interesting relations, know full well how faithfully she executed her intentions. They can bear witness to her exemplary deportment, and the zeal and industry with which she prosecuted those objects which enlisted her judgment and benevolent sympathy. They will

hold in ever grateful remembrance one who, when she came among them a stranger, so quickly and so wisely appreciated the responsibilities of her position, whose heart was at once filled with the sincerest desires for their best welfare, and who made it her study and determination to render the opportunities of the relation which she sustained to them as subservient as possible to its promotion.

A fatal sickness arrested her at an early period of life, and, in the midst of useful engagements, she has fallen a victim to its power. The faith which had guided and consoled her life was not shaken. It grew stronger and brighter to the end. In the near view of the eternal world and in the retrospect of all that she had felt and acted, she had the peace which our Saviour bequeathed to his disciples when he said, "My peace I leave with you." Just before she ceased to articulate distinctly, she repeated the twenty-third Psalm. In the languor and feebleness of a wasting disease, in the dying struggles, she was able to say: "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

These exquisite words, whose utterance, we may not doubt, had often given language to her faith, were among the last beautiful expressions of her trust, her submission, and her blessed and triumphant assurance of the Divine protection, guidance, and favor. The rod and the staff upon which she relied for direction and support, *did* comfort her in the dark hour, *did* sustain and guide her through to a region of light and life. The goodness and mercy which she declared should

follow her all the days of her life, have given her a place in the house of the Lord forever.

She came to the home of her youth to die. In the arms of most affectionate and sorrowing, yet rejoicing parents, with the forms of familiar and beloved ones about her, and in view of the mild glories of a summer evening sky, she passed into the heavens beyond, to the society of other friends, and to those lovely scenes of which it is said, "There is no night there. And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

The following hymns were sung on the occasion, the one at the house, the other at the grave.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given:
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly, and still.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night."

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled:
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

Come forth! come on, with solemn song!
The road is short, the rest is long!
The Lord brought here, He calls away:
Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Now of a lasting home possest,
She goes to seek a deeper rest.
Good night! the day was sultry here,
In toil and fear;
Good night! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells! again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun,
Which Christ hath for his people won!

Now open to us, gates of peace!
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease.
Ye quiet slumberers, make room
In your still home
For the new stranger who has come!

How many graves around us lie!
How many homes are in the sky!
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
A place with care:
Thy home is waiting, sister, there.

Jesus, thou reignest, Lord alone,
Thou wilt return and claim thine own.
Come quickly, Lord! return again!
Amen! Amen!
Thine seal us ever, now and then.

THE SOUL'S DIARY OF EXPERIENCE.

A SERMON BY REV. GEO. E. ELLIS, D.D.

PSALM lxxvii. 6. — "I call to remembrance my song in the night; I commune with mine own heart; and my spirit made diligent search."

OUR text refers to one of the richest offices of piety, — which is not prayer, nor worship, nor devotion, in the strictest sense of that word, — but which is yet an eminently religious exercise of the human spirit. It is that office of self-communion, self-reckoning, and contemplation, by which from time to time we review our own religious experience, tracing its incidents and progress, comparing it at its different stages, and marking the heights and the depths of our spiritual variations. It is a religious office, because it is prompted by religious emotions, and because it engages all that is sincere within us; while there is, or ought to be, always connected with it a feeling that we are searching ourselves after the method in which God is searching us. To perform the office well, we need a good memory, and Providence has taken care that our memory shall always be strong and faithful — peculiarly so — as regards our religious experience and all that enters into it.

There was a very prevailing usage among religious persons, especially those of cultivated minds, in times gone by, of keeping what are called Religious Diaries, i. e. of making daily, or very frequent, records of their religious experience. The custom has greatly fallen into disuse, — though there are doubtless some persons who still pursue it, in part because the example of the dead has prompted them to it, in part from a natural impulse felt within their own hearts. The whole subject of such Religious Diaries, records of religious experience, daily journals of one's own spiritual state, is a topic of exceeding interest. It will repay all the attention we may give to it, and in whatever light we shall look at it we shall find edifying instruction in it.

The lovers of the old books that enrich our precious literature are well aware that one of the choicest classes of such books is composed of diaries, — private journals of various kinds that have found their way into print. As records of facts and events in times gone by, of the manners and incidents of ancient days, these are of the highest value to the historian, as they relate much of which there is no public record, — as they fix dates, and, by revealing to us the actual impressions made by circumstances as they transpired, revive the whole past, clothing it with a living interest. When private partialities and personal biases, which pervert fair truth, are judiciously allowed for, such diaries are the most authentic and reliable records of vanished years. Of this whole class of diaries, in general religious diaries form much the larger portion, and these constitute in a good library a series of books of priceless value, and of inexhaustible instruction. The series begins in our Christian era with the Confessions of St. Augustine, the famous Bishop of Northern Africa, and comes down through all the ages of the Christian Church, giving us records of the spiritual experience and heart revelations of men representing every form and phase of Christian faith and piety. Looked at in the mass, those spiritual diaries constitute an amazingly forcible expression of the reality and the power of the religious element of human nature: they bring us almost into actual intercourse with invisible souls and an invisible world; so vividly, so faithfully, so startlingly do they reveal the workings of an influence which the strongest have not been able to resist, and which has nerved the weakest with energies surpassing those that seem to move the world.

Let us define the sentiment, the purpose, the method, which prompted and guided this daily record of religious experience. Though the habit of keeping a religious diary, instead of being confined to Christians of any one sect, has prevailed among the disciples of every Christian creed and form of piety, yet there is one common sentiment that has prompted

all who have followed the custom. This sentiment has been a conscientious feeling that they were bound to record and study the inconstant emotions of their own hearts, that they might have, by referring at any time to their past experiences, a complete account of their religious condition and attainments. They believed that they must either advance or fall off every day, and day by day, in their spiritual interests, and that from year to year there would be marked evidence, one way or another, furnished in a course of faithfully written statements of their feelings and actions as to their religious condition. If on each day of their mature life they should enter upon a fair page how they had felt and acted in reference to the rule which they believed God to be holding over them, the comparison of the record year by year would show whether they were gaining or losing on the balance upon the great register above. This is presenting the purpose of the writer of such a soul-diary, from the fairest and highest point of view. It supposes the record to lie strictly between himself and God; to be open to no other eye; to have no side object, no posthumous value. It was not to be written for any end of self-justification to posterity. It was not to be made the medium for revealing the motives under which the writer had lived and acted in troubled times, or amid the collisions of common life. Still less was such a diary, under this religious view of it, to serve as a secret witness in behalf of the writer about disputed matters, on which other pens might have written differently before the hands that held them had lost their power. Nor was the record to be made the medium of malignant feelings, or even of truthful insinuations or disclosures against other persons. Diaries of each and every kind which I have thus excluded from coming under the description before us, have been written and published abroad. .But any side purpose will vitiate the main and the only devotional and pious purpose of a religious diary, — the purpose, namely, of recording the inner soul-history in its covenant with, or its experience under, God.

One very marked characteristic of a type of piety which prevailed among our own ancestors, some two hundred years ago, was a habit of very diligent and anxious self-study and self-reckoning every day, and by a review of every week, and every month, and every year. They practised a religious introspection, a looking into their own hearts; they applied a sort of scale, a spiritual thermometer, to their feelings, their consciences, their compunctions, their aspirations, their heats and chills of piety. Just as the farmers who live upon the valleys of our great rivers can tell us, by marks they have made on rocks and trees, the lowest point to which the streams have shrunk in droughts, and the highest point to which they have risen in freshets; so could multitudes of religious persons of a past age have told by their own written diaries on what day of all their lives they had felt most devout or most cold, most spiritual or most worldly in mind, most hopeful or most desponding; when they had loved God, and when they had despised him; and also when God was most gracious to them, and when he was most darkly withdrawn from them. It marks, by contrast, the scientific, or practical, or utilitarian character of our own age, that there are so many persons who keep diaries and records of a very different sort, such as chronicle external rather than internal experiences, — the degrees of heat and cold at morning, noon, and evening, for every day of the year, — the height of tides, the quantity of rain, and the scale of the markets. The spirit of ancient piety found a more serious and vital interest in chronicling the courses of the internal life. The birthday, the new year, deliverance from or subjection to calamity or trouble, recovery from sickness, the commencement of a new enterprise, or any event of similar private interest, was made the occasion of some religious vow, which, with the feelings and motives accompanying it, was put on record: it was dated from in time; it was measured by as a standard; it was applied as a test; and the spirit was periodically called before it as if it were seated in

judgment to give in its testimony, to confess to short-comings, or to triumph because of its fidelity if it were found faithful.

There have been some eminently faithful specimens and examples of this habit of recording a diary of spiritual experiences. From reading several of them we may learn many profoundly interesting and improving lessons of the work and growth of true religion in a human heart. In some of these diaries we see obvious traces of morbid and superstitious piety, — of sickly fancies, frights, and compunctions spent on vain subjects and enfeebling the energies of the heart for real religious work. In a few of these diaries there are manifest marks of hypocrisy, or a self-blinded spirit; boasts over some good actions; balancings of virtues against vices; self-justifications, put down to smother self-compunctions which are not entered on the record, but which are borne witness to by the evident attempt to get rid of them. But in other of these diaries, the best of them, we read faithful and precious histories of the life-long conflicts, the lofty purposes, the faltering hopes, and the steady progress of some heaven-guided souls. Precious memorials! — rich in their wisdom, instructive in all their details; encouraging to the worst of us, humbling to the best of us. These faithful records tell us of the whole course of God's dealings, and of the Holy Spirit's work, with souls that have lived in bodies on the earth during the last two thousand years, and which have now passed on, — souls that learned to study, and prove, and examine, and measure themselves by the searching tests and high demands of the Gospel of Christ. We see in them that each human soul has a religious history, and that, when this is revealed faithfully, it will help all other souls in their course of discipline. We see how God's earliest work may be traced in a very young heart, in the sweet visions, the wondering thoughts, the timid conscience of childhood. We see how all these spiritual elements of our being develop their strength as years pass on. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man open to me, I will enter in," —

is the sentence which the Spirit seems to utter as it asks the heart after its each day's record. We see how clear and glorious will be the power of faith; at some times how deep the joy and peace of believing, — and then again how despondency will cloud over the spirit and sink it occasionally almost into despair. We see that self-satisfaction and inward assurance are the strongest in presumptuous spirits, and the most subdued in conscientious spirits; as the scrupulous and the delicate in spiritual structure will mourn over shortcomings which never ruffle the peace of the robust and sturdy in self-conceit. We see how the righteous have been tried in affliction, and yet have come out like gold from the furnace. We see how the soul that starts by covenanting with God never finds Him to fail in the hour of need.

This custom of keeping written records of one's religious experience has fallen in our days almost into disuse, even among those who honor, and in the main hold to, the faith of such as practised the custom in a former age. Two principal reasons would seem to have induced this disuse. First, these diaries were for the most part written only for the perusal of those who in them revealed their inmost hearts, with all their humiliating confessions and self-reproaches. They wished to have the means of referring back from time to time to stages and incidents in their religious experience, to read in the calmness of after years what they had written in the fervors of an early zeal, and to trace the course of their impressions, the losses or the gains of their spiritual conflicts. They were sacred repositories, to be kept from every other eye, and to be committed to the flames when they had served such uses. But many of these diaries have been published to the world. Sometimes the writers of them have been harshly judged from them; — their self-accusations and confessions having been ridiculed, or taken as tokens of spiritual pride, of hypocrisy or weakness; while their fervors, or their unstable variations of feeling, have been viewed as evidence that piety is not a healthful, strengthening, moderating influence over

man. The dread of having the records of their own religious experience thus rudely revealed and treated, has induced many persons to abstain from committing to writing what they would have rejoiced to have for their own guidance, for communing with their own hearts, and making a diligent search of their spirits. This is one reason for the disuse of religious diaries. But another reason for it, perhaps a much more effective one, is this: many persons are persuaded that it is unwise, and dangerous to their sincerity, and injurious to their own real religious good, to make a daily or occasional record of their spiritual state. Many good reasons may be adduced to sustain this persuasion. The very intention of sitting down in order to record one's state of mind and feeling will naturally lead to assuming or putting on an artificial state of mind and feeling; just as a person, on sitting for a portrait, in the very effort of trying to look naturally, is sure to look unnaturally, — not like himself. So, it is said that the moment we propose to record our state of heart, or our emotions, or hopes, or fears, or faith, we are apt to be misled by a thousand little biases and misjudgments, and to set ourselves down more or less favorably and more or less unfairly. It is also said that it is unwise and unhealthful thus to *record*, and so to give a permanent impression to, our ever-changing moods of thought and emotion; to mark the incessant fluctuations of our spirits; the rising and falling billows of our inconstant breasts, which we call our fears and hopes, — our self-satisfactions and our mistrusts. The danger on the one hand is of hypocrisy, and on the other, of morbid and despondent feelings. Few, it is said, will deal in all honesty with themselves in these heart-searching processes, the results of which are committed to a written record. Few have calmness and balance of soul enough, or comprehensiveness and discretion of judgment enough, to allow for all the films which may gather on the mental vision, or to harmonize all the discordant tones which come from a poor, distracted human heart.

There certainly is great weight in this objection to a record of one's religious experience; it is liable to all these risks of sincerity, of wisdom, and of practical usefulness. Evidence might be abundantly quoted from numerous religious diaries to prove how the writers favored or wronged themselves; how they exaggerated or smoothed over their faults; how they called up sick fancies from their breasts, or deepened a natural despondency, or nourished a spiritual pride, or read erroneously the language of their hearts. Still there are not wanting other diaries which give proof throughout of a most faithful self-scrutiny, plain, honest self-dealing, pursued in a right spirit, and to the very best effects, in gradually moulding the character aright, and resulting in a most healthful tone of practical religion. One of the most frank and quaint of such diaries is that of a simple-hearted Quaker (John Rutty), dated nearly two hundred years ago, the truthfulness and homeliness of whose heart-register may be inferred from such a brief entry as this: "1 day of month. The day concluded badly, in inordinate passion on a sudden attack." A yet briefer record of the 8th day of the month is made in this one honestly written word, "Snappish." In the diary of one of the greatest and best among the philosophers and statesmen of England of the last generation (Sir James Mackintosh), we find the following record, made after reading the Sermon on the Mount: "For a moment, O Teacher Blessed! I taste the unspeakable delight of feeling myself to be better. I feel, as in the days of my youth, that hunger and thirst after righteousness, which long habits of infirmity and the low concerns of the world have contributed to extinguish." The man must have been wiser, and have felt better after writing that: nor does it harm his memory, that what he penned in some holy midnight hour, alone, searching his heart, should be published from his private papers to the world. It was a sacred throbbing of the heart, felt in Pagan India, as a reminiscence of a pious education in Scotland. And what an echo that silent throb of one heart awakens

in other hearts! And take another record from the same pen, — as candid a self-revealing as the human heart can make: "I am sure I should not esteem my own character in another person." The sentence is a whole volume of self-knowledge and of charity. For if we only learn by faithful self-scrutiny to know ourselves, we shall always discover traits which we should not like, and do not like, in others; and if, nevertheless, we can live in peace with ourselves, and think tolerably well of ourselves, should we not try to live more peaceably with others, and to think more charitably of them?

And now, whatever opinion we may entertain concerning the wisdom or the utility of making a permanent record for our own eyes, or to aid and cheer another, of our private religious experience, our heart-searchings, our communions with our own spirits, — the theme which we have been entertaining must at least have reminded us of the fact that each of us has the materials day by day for such a record. There is such a diary written in each of our hearts, whether we leave it in its original hieroglyphics there, or copy it on the paper page. Each of us has a religious history. There may be difficulties in the way of our writing it out fairly, or of our using it to edification should it be written: just as, when an invalid attempts to count his pulse, the very attempt to do it alters the beat of that sensitive register of the vital forces. But the heart has its diary. *There* are recorded faithfully, deeply, permanently, the histories of our spiritual experiences, — the suggestions, the appeals, the opportunities, the visions, the resolutions, the compunctions, the triumphs, the discomfitures, — which, with more than the variety and the inconstancy of the weather in one year, or in a score of years, as may be, have been entertained within the secret recesses of our being. There can be no question of this fact. Philosophy even accepts it and asserts it, as it compels our belief through force of the natural constitution of man. It may startle us to realize this fact; for it is saying a great deal more than if we affirmed that the sand on the sea-beach

preserves a trace of every impression from every beating wave, or that the well-worn highway of a city keeps a memorial of every foot that has trodden it. To say that a human heart preserves a record of every influence that makes up its religious history, is to assert a fact which we can credit only when we know how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. But the evidence of that fact appears in many marvellous tokens, revealed in dreams, in memories, in the returns in age of feelings left far back in youth, in the utterances of delirium, in the failing and yet renewing consciousness of the last bed and the last hours of life. Then the heart signifies that it has made a record of all that has religiously concerned it, and that it has committed to the Spirit the keeping, and the renewing, and the reperusal of that record.

For, again, if that record, that religious diary, is made, it is made to be used. We may call it to remembrance in the night: in the night of each day, or in the night of life. It is our history, our religious history. No eye but our own — no eye of man — may ever read it. We may lock it up in inviolable privacy. But it is all there within us, and we cannot alter a line in it. It began when our lives began, and before we began to think; for the spirit has the start of the mind. What the eyes first saw, and the thought first wondered over, and the heart first loved, was entered on its earlier pages, as the elements from which more distinct and intelligible impressions were next to be derived. And then every thought and feeling of ours which has taken its substance or tinge from religion — every serious emotion, every anxious questioning, every remonstrance of conscience, every echo to the knock at the door of the heart — has been entered on the soul's diary and left its record there. It has all been recorded, that it may be preserved. It is preserved that it may be read again. And this is the irresistible conclusion: that the whole religious or irreligious experience of every human being is on record, registered in the secret recesses of his soul. His retrospects and self-reckonings call it to remembrance.

When his spirit makes diligent search, its treasured repositories come forth to answer to his own questions, and they yield up their secrets to him, no matter whether they rejoice or grieve him.

Is there not something solemn and deeply penetrating in the thought that each one of us bears with him this register, which, while it contains the history of his soul, may be also the doom-book of retribution for him! Faithful beyond all other registers is that of the soul. Faithful and secret too. It has nothing on it to reproach us which we can refer to any other agency than our own. Our mere misfortunes, our pardonable infirmities, never find record there; and whatever is written there in tears is either too faint to be perused at any long time afterward, or the pain which it may cause is relieved by more tears. But all divine mercies too are there written, and the sum of all our obligations is made to stand in fair balance with our opportunities and means.

Let there be bright and grateful memorials on the soul's record; and let piety, with its regrets and its resolutions, dedicate the pages which belong alike to God and to ourselves.

THE Holy Ghost bringeth Christ home unto us; he must reveal him.

Where the Holy Ghost preacheth not, there is no church.

The works of the Holy Ghost are wrought continually.

FAITH must have before it some external thing.

The Word maketh a sacrament.

Christ in the sacrament is spiritual food for the soul.

As we hold of Christ, even so we have him.

The Church heareth none but Christ.

The Gospel is altogether joyful.

AT THE DOOR; OR, MEMOIRS OF A FLINT.

"THAT should be the title of my autobiography," said she.

"How do you mean? flinty-hearted? O, my! Why, don't you think benevolence, and charity, and all that, are duties?" said I.

"O, bah! excuse me; but you are not yet sixteen, and I — am sixty. It is astonishing what different notions one gets of life, duty, morality, as they go along, is n't it? Never mind, Pauline. You 'll never have one, not the least one, of my troubles. You will do, and give, and bless, and be blessed, to the end of your days, and all for the want of — Well! you have a well-balanced mind, as they call it, Polly," said the old lady, looking keenly at me, while her mouth curved and smiled with an archness which I saw and felt without at all understanding.

"Now, what are you laughing at me for?"

"Laughing at you? not a bit, Polly. It was myself I was laughing at. I laugh at myself continually; but somehow don't improve under it any."

The old lady was my aunt, and a great talker. Give her time enough and one auditor, and she would entertain herself and that one by the hour. I had found that out, in the day I had stayed there, and, as I was knitting a counterpane in a shell pattern, was only too glad to do up my visiting, my duty, and my counterpane together. As to myself, I am just like other people; neither better nor worse than any ten girls you will see up and down the next street. I give Miss Hughes all my old clothes to make over for anybody she thinks can use them; give always at the door; and go every Thursday morning to sew for the poor.

My aunt leaned forward, and poked the cannel coal into a pleasant flame. Then she took from the drawer of her worktable some loose sheets, scribbled and blotted; read a little to herself, and then laughed again with that half-mournful merriment which, I think, is peculiar to the old, — that mixture

of association and memory. A thousand ambushed thoughts and experiences crowd into her face, and the whole finally thrown impatiently aside with a sigh.

"Ah! dear, — I never think of that, or of him, or of her, without thinking of — " and then follow long stories, more or less entertaining to me; but I always love to look at the dreamy eyes, and see the faint color spread over the sweet "autumnal face."

At this moment, and while my aunt's whole attitude was one of pensive tenderness and composure, her maid put in her head only at the door, saying, "A man, ma'am: wants everything!"

My aunt hastily plunged her hand into her pocket, and drew forth a ticket. "Give him that, Milly. 24 Beach Street. Send him right away! Quick, before he steals anything!"

"The poor creature 'll steal nothing, unless with his feet, ma'am; his two arms is just off with a machine-shop falling on him."

"Can't help it, Milly! if he had lost his head, he must go to Beach Street. So send him."

The head withdrew, and my aunt heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Another one out of the way!"

"Why, auntie! you *are* flinty!" said I, surprised at the curtness of her speech.

"Perfectly, utterly stony!" said she, rummaging again at the papers.

"Pray, read aloud what you have there; I see it is your writing; — that is, if you please. I don't wish to be too curious."

"They are only some notes; I have n't written it out with any care," said my aunt, modestly; "but if you like to hear, I will run it over."

She settled herself in the rocking-chair, and glanced at the window, with a smile.

"It is snowing hard, and I am glad of it. Now we shall not be interrupted again. Rock away, Pauline, and be comfortable, and you have my free leave to go to sleep at any time, since I am reading more to myself than to you, after all."

(But why need she have told me so?)

"Yes,—it should be, as I said, 'Memoirs of a Flint.' Now then.

"I was born—we will say—half a century ago. Not but that, strictly speaking," added my aunt, "I ought to say nearly a lustre more. But why not stop at fifty? it is a good age, and takes in experience enough to satisfy anybody."

"I think if I were sixty, I should be very proud of it, auntie," said I, surprised at this weakness.

"We shall see," replied my aunt. And then she laughed heartily. "I am only thinking of old Mrs. Johnson's wrath at somebody's calling her ninety-three. 'Only ninety-*two!*' screamed she; 'you need n't make a person worse than they are!' You see how proud people are at ninety-two, Polly!" She looked at me again with the old look of half inquiry and half compassion. Then, as I did not reply, began reading.

"Half a century ago, the standard of morality, nay, I might perhaps say of Christianity, was very different from that of the present day. At that time I had the happiness to be born. I say the happiness, because all the world has agreed that the old times were the good times. I was born in those good times, with a tender, a most tender heart. Chicken is a faint comparison. Not only ready to melt at every application, and listen to every personal appeal, but going forth in an all-embracing, universal-brotherhood way, into the wide universe,—into a universe that needed me, and such as me, to right its wrongs, to soothe its sorrows, and by a cheerful agrarianism to put everybody up and nobody down. Easily enough done with a will.

"The echoes were in the air still, that had throbbed in France for liberty, fraternity, peace, ease, and plenty to all. They had crossed the ocean, and vibrated yet in the infant world's air above us. Yes, 'Peace and ease to all!' we said, one to another, as we heard the thunder of the distant struggle between a frantic people and a scarcely less frantic court. From abroad we heard the hoarse scream for liberty and bread. By the time it reached us, we listened to it as pleasant music, — under our own vines and fig-trees, with none to molest. Our struggle was over, the victory won, — our barns full, our hands open, plenty smiling everywhere. Everybody was a captain, or at least a corporal, and judges and justices adorned every other dwelling. Probably the events of the last quarter of the century, which, like the caldron in Macbeth, kept on

'Bubble, bubble, — toil and trouble,'

might have had an effect on all the mental constitutions of the time. They kept on bubbling, I know, in America, till after the war of 1812 settled rights on sea and land, and it was left to a later generation to descend to particulars and personalities, from the theoretical to the practical.

"However or why-ever it might be, here was I, with my tender heart before mentioned, ready to brood, halcyon fashion, over the stormy waves of a distressed humanity, if I could find the article. But where to find it?

"There was no Miss Dix, to tell us what a shame it was that our insane brethren were left to roam the streets and frighten the children, — no Provident Associations, — no societies for the relief of paupers, and none for the prevention of the same. We had very small drafts on our sympathies, and they were readily and cheerfully answered.

"Nobody warned us against 'giving at the door.' Nobody acted as police-officer to the children who played truant. The children played truant, and were well whipped at school the next day, and we gave 'at the door' because that was the

only place, and infrequent enough at that, so that a beggar was a frightful sight, rather, to my young eyes.

"As to a poor-house, there was no such thing to be seen. The pretty, nice beds, ranged in neat bed-rooms, and the paupers sitting about a stove in their 'Boston rocking-chairs,' which one may see now in a poor-house, were not in existence. We had a theory about 'almshouses,' and that people only died there in England in great destitution. To be sure, that was all one might expect from 'the British.'

"The 'town's poor,' as they were called, were 'bid off in New Hampshire.' The one who bid lowest got them to board. But don't imagine they did n't catch Tartars, every one. The three or four old women who were promoted to the situation of 'town's poor' were so petted by private kindness, so crammed with goodies and delicacies, that they were a perpetual plague to the *boardees*, who often declared in their wrath, that 'there wa'n't so stuck-up a set nowhere,' — and that 'for sass, the schoolmasters wa'n't nothing to 'em: they 'd rather board the schoolmasters a week than town's poor a day.' In those good times, schoolmasters 'boarded round,' a week at a time, sleeping with the family, and partaking often of the maternal cares. A good-natured schoolmaster would n't mind the rule of three to a couch; and it was policy, on the whole, not to seem to mind it.

"Meantime, we had an English literature, in a comical contradiction and inconsistence with our experience and customs. So that we never thought of applying our theories to our facts for a moment.

"I am trying to account for a mind, by showing under what influences it was formed. Do you ask, where was common sense? common shrewdness? intuitive perception of character? People who did not read had those. If they read, they were like me. All the pictures in the books, — from 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,' to the good children who

gave their odd guineas to make a starving family happy,—told one story. All the stories were of young ladies who wore old pelisses, that they might appropriate the ten guineas given by a doting father for a new one, to pay the rent of a distressed beggar. And well was it for them they so invested their guineas. For inevitably did not the concealed witness of virtue, Sir Harry, reward the young lady with his hand and pocket? so that, for her old pelisse, she might have twenty new ones, besides the happiness of relieving a destitute and large family, pursued by a red-nosed bailiff? Always.

"But, it may be objected, where were your eyes? did you not see, in your own town, the fat, sleek, well-cared-for paupers? could you not see that the books you read were pictures of a different society and condition from your own?

"First,—life is never to the young what is going on about themselves; but the unknown. There is either the remoteness of time or place. In youth, of time of course;—and all who have lived long look back with an amused eye on the exaggerated ideas they have had of life, society, and manners, with which they had come in contact only slightly, if at all.

"And next,—every year that does not give us this experience of life as it is, unfits us more and more for judging of it. Unconsciously we bring our experience up as much as possible to the standard of our reading. The facts are comparatively so few that they don't 'put us out,' as the artist said nature did him. The world of which we read, and know nothing, undoubtedly contains a vast amount of villany; but to us it is as theatrical as the green-room. Whenever we see it, it surprises us as much as if we had expected a heaven on earth. Villains we know there are; but not this man! Cheats and scoundrels of course, somewhere; but O Heaven! not this smooth-spoken individual! Burglars and assassins, to be sure, in plenty; but is it really necessary to lock the door?

"I shall never forget the fright from the first *real* crime in

our community. The reaction from confidence and safety was so great, that our suspiciousness became absolutely ridiculous. We began to look askance even on our old friends and neighbors, and it was only after considering that it was a foreigner, and not one of our own brethren, that we were able to go about our daily duties with any composure.

"Vague terrors seized me at sight of a stranger; most of all in a stage-coach, where they were often getting in to ride a mile, or five miles perhaps, — at all events, long enough for a great deal of mischief. The criminal probabilities contained in some unprepossessing faces were terrifying. As some persons learn to understand and notice the shapes of clouds and picturesque scenery, first from description and then from paintings, but last of all from looking with their own eyes, so did this inverted and unhealthy mental condition affect my whole nature. The tender love and abundant benevolence of which I have spoken sprouted very much as vegetables do in a cellar, where the want of common daylight gives them a crispy, straggling growth. The intense greenness of both is another likeness.

"However, as life wears on, we get somehow into the same channels as our fellows; and, by accident or purpose, I too came to be at the head of an establishment. And here it was that my loving, sincere, and generous nature fairly hardened into flint.

"While I had vegetated in a quiet home, lived in a library, dwelt in dreams, and revelled in poetry and the ideal in everything, presto! the world had changed hands, chasséed across, and new figures were formed on the floor. New States and Territories had been created, which left my geography limping far behind. The District of Maine had long ago become the State. The Ohio River rolled no longer through eternal solitudes, but smiled on civilized townships; the country had received a new impetus, and society a new organization, from foreign immigrants. The new elements in our population disintegrated the mass. We were no

longer a brotherhood, — an immense New England family, of whom every suffering member called the rest to suffer with it. Domestic service, most of all, changed the face of the family circle. In place of plain, hearty, humble friendship, there came the unintelligible jargon of sycophancy. In place of security, there came rascality, in-doors and out. The directions to lock your front-doors, and look sharp after your umbrellas, were types of the caution to which our simple community was called by its new position. But of all these changes I was as unconscious as Dominie Sampson, or a new-born baby.

"I pass over the various large families which I rescued from the highway and set up in housekeeping; over the clothes taken from the clothes-horse by my *protegées* after having been employed by me to iron them, and having received payment therefor, which made it doubly cruel. By the knives and forks stolen from the table spread by my bounty, — by the oaths of innocence taken on bended knees, and kissing the cookery book, — by the 'poor-house children' (for by this time I had come to live where there *was* a poor-house) whom I took to my heart to cheer, console, educate, and elevate, — and also by the greater and more great developments by ditto of villany and depravity, than any modern romance has power to create, — I pass by the laughing confessions of my last specimen of childish iniquity, who evidently considered there was no sport in 'selling' one who was so willing to purchase, — these experiences have come to all, alas! and yet through all may shine still, in some hearts, the lamp of Christian hope and courage.

"But I have extinguished mine. When I say that, I don't refuse oil to the wise virgins who know how to manage their lamps. Happy those whose sagacity and shrewdness are a warning to the rogue, and not a temptation! Of such is the kingdom of heaven on earth; they are doing good. They are wise as serpents. I am as harmless as a dove, and should sooner change into a goose than an eagle. Indeed, I never

saw the culprit for whom I did not blush too much to accuse him of his fault, and only desire that he might escape with his own respect, though he had lost mine.

"Now, I have put myself under bonds to give nothing, feeling a conviction that in so doing I refrain from a great wrong and folly, probably. And though it is a sacrifice to give up the indulgence of generosity, I make it."

Here my aunt stopped reading, and looked at the fire. I did not interrupt her by a word, and after some minutes she turned to me with her eyes full of tears.

"This is a long preamble, Polly, for I have not yet begun to write my story. But I mean to. I often think it would be as good as a novel. Some of the circumstances have so much the look of one, that it would hardly do to write them, without Miss Edgeworth's note, 'This is a fact.'"

"Then you were sometimes really interested in these wretches?" said I.

"Don't call them so, Polly; who knows, after all, but their angels stand before the face of the Father? Wretched, indeed, they may have been; but who knows what they resisted before they fell? We know nothing of their temptations, and therefore we are not their judges, thank Heaven!"

"My dear, good aunty, you never see evil!" said I, compassionately; "but tell me one case where you did good. I am sure you must have done much."

"No, Pauline, I don't remember one. I mean where I have really helped people. It has always been in the wrong way, or too much, or in some way injudicious. No, I have determined to leave these things all to the 'Ministry at large.' I pay my subscription to that with a full confidence that it will be properly expended."

My aunt shuffled the papers as she spoke, as if she had a nervous fear that she should somehow be persuaded out of her resolution. Her eye lighted on a loose sheet.

"Here are minutes of Caroline Harley. O, she might have deceived anybody! and yet, I never think of her with-

out a tender regret and sorrow. Such a sweet, innocent face! Surely such a stamp cannot be wholly effaced! Some time she must come back to the fold! — And here is Nora Crawley! This was my first experience of that sort. How many I have had since!"

"What was it, Aunty?"

"She came to the door begging. O, it is the old story. I asked her if she did not want to work instead of beg. She had a sweet, good face — I can't tell it to you. It is a real grief and pain to me to think of so many who are fairly crowded into evil by the force of what is about them. I wanted Nora to come and live with me, and she really did want to come, — to labor honestly, and to have the wages of righteousness instead of sin. But, following her to her home to get her mother's permission, I found the family plentifully supplied, and with a much better dinner on their table than I had ordered for myself. That was no matter; but the deceit, — and the inevitableness of the child's career! There was no help for it. No! The mother said she could n't spare Nora to anybody. But I did long to gather her under my wings, to protect her even from her own family."

"But surely, Aunty, you must do good, when you feel so deep and real a desire to do it, — I can't think you always fail: that would be to accuse Providence. He has not given these instincts of mercy without a purpose." I spoke heartily, for I saw that the tender heart of my aunt had been bruised and hurt, but that she had by no means arrived at the state of a flint. Also, it seemed to me that the world was not so crammed with benevolent individuals that it could afford to spare a sincere, even if mistaken, worker and giver.

"I have had too many reasons, Polly, not to hold fast to my convictions of right."

The maid put her head in once more to say, with a face of scarlet indignation, that "That critter without no arms, and pretending a mill fell on him, was lying drunk down to Norton's shop, and they say he 's fresh from State's prison. It 's too mean, anyhow!"

"Why, did you give him anything, Milly?" said I.

"Yes, I did; I gin him a dollar! 'n I wish he'd been sunk first!"

The head withdrew again, and my aunt's comical face of mixed distress and triumph made me laugh heartily. "If only she don't get hard-hearted, Polly! But you see it is dangerous to deliberate; we're lost if we do. I ought to have gone out and sent him away myself."

The next morning it had stopped snowing, and I was gazing out of the window at a clean-looking world, when my aunt entered the room, with a flushed cheek.

"I should n't think it was so very cold! but a man who has just been here trembled so from head to foot, that I could n't help giving him a coat, at least."

"O, flinty heart!" I laughed.

My aunt blushed again, without answering.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. T., whom I knew to be the Minister at large, asked if he might come in.

"To be sure! as if you, of all the world, were not the person I most wanted to see!" said my aunt, with a cordial and relieved air. "Come in! my conscience! not my second, but my first conscience; for after all, I shall refer to you."

"What now, my dear madam? What mischief is in the wind?" said Mr. T.

"None in the world. But I have just sent a man away to that dismal Beach Street, who in my heart I believe to need tender nursing and care. I told him, however, to return to me this evening, and let me know how all went with him."

"After giving him clothes and food 'at the door'!" said I.

"The case! the case! if you please," said Mr. T.

"Well, without any fine words or descriptions, imagine a delicate, slender-looking man, with large, soft, brown eyes, looking up at you beseechingly; at first without a word, and then only saying, 'My child is dead! two days! O ma'am, help me to bury her! I am a stranger in the place!'—and there he stopped."

"And you," said Mr. T.

My aunt's voice was choked with emotion, and her eyes full.

"O, I — I — gave him a ticket, forsooth! then, for I was ashamed to be saying, 'Be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding I gave him neither warmth nor food,' I asked him if he would not eat; he took eagerly the food Milly brought to him, saying that he would carry it to his wife. Meanwhile his deadly pale face and his trembling limbs — oh! you should have seen him! — seen his exhaustion and illness, and felt, as I did, the anxious love that would not let him take a morsel of food till he could share it with his family!"

"Is that all?" said Mr. T. coolly.

"Not quite," answered my aunt, with an indignant flush; "I ought to say that I felt intense self-reproach, as I sent him away to Beach Street and Mr. Todd. Who knows if Mr. Todd is at home? and if he has not gone out to visit ten others, who have been sent to him? and, in the mean time, this wretched family are weeping, shivering, and starving over their dead and unburied child? I declare, such things make me feel as if the Provident Association was all wrong, and that we ought to trust to our instincts, and relieve the suffering at once, which cannot wait the slow motions of a system. A system is an excellent thing to be sure, — and it is very desirable to prevent imposition, of course; but there are cases that cannot wait for cautious and cold inquiry, — bruised hearts —"

My aunt's voice ceased; but her earnest eyes still inquired of the calm face before her, if there was not a "more excellent way" than the one adopted in Boston, and called the Provident Association, and which had been tried for the last year in L.

"The cases are very rare that need to be instantly disposed of," said Mr. T. "I know the man who has been to you this morning. It is two months at least since his child has been in this unburied condition for two days, with which he has regaled your compassionate ears. He has no wife. And

if he did not eat, it was because, having been drunk all night, he had no ability to swallow wholesome food. He threw it under the hedge as he went out, and there Milly will find it. The man is incorrigible, I believe. At least, everything has been tried, to reform and encourage him."

"It is your safest way to be a flint, auntie," said I.

"I do believe so," she answered, "and I humbly beg your pardon, Conscience, for all the bad things I have thought of you."

"Pardon is freely granted, — not the less that I know you will continue to sin," — replied Mr. T., with a cordial smile.

"Why, what makes you say that? Don't you believe experience will do me any good?"

"Not the least. And it is the more meritorious in me to forgive, look you, when it is you, and such as you, who hinder more than any the success of my ministry."

"O, now you are cruel!" said I, looking at the demure and self-convicted air of my aunt, who sat in total silence.

"No, not cruel. It is the kindness of the thoughtless which is the greatest real cruelty. I need not explain to *you*, my dear madam, why; but" — turning a very pleasant bright pair of eyes on my face (on the other hand, he was a married man with five children) — "I am anxious to set you right about this 'giving at the door.'"

I listened politely, at the same time thinking it was best to give and be done with it, and better give to the unworthy, than possibly refuse the worthy applicant. But this was only the momentary thought. Mr. T. went on to say: —

"The object of giving to the poor is not merely present relief, but permanent help. Now, we must not prevent the last by the first; as we do, if we create in the poor a habit and a taste for dependence. The best and truest charity is that which puts people in a way to help themselves. And whoever bestows it directly bestows also a pain to a right mind. They either hurt the delicacy of the applicant, or they help to harden him: and either is bad.

"You will think me refining," said Mr. T., with a smile, "but I am talking now of Americans born, in whom the instinct of independence and equality has not been crushed by misfortune. They wish to be assisted to a means of self-support. And a true and enlightened view of charity should always lead us to do this if possible. It is not so easy as it is to take out a quarter of a dollar and then dismiss the subject. But we are talking now of what it is right to do."

"True!" murmured my aunt. "Go on, pray!"

"O, don't ask me to repeat one of my Reports!" said the minister, laughing. "I will send the whole argument to you."

"But, of the beggars at the door," said I, "how very few are Americans! — not one in a hundred!"

"That 's true, thank Heaven," answered he, "and that is the very reason that the Provident Association is established at all. It is, in effect, a check on imposition. At the same time, by the distribution of officers, whose duty it is, not only to see, but to relieve effectually and permanently, if necessary, no one is neglected who ought to be attended to. One of the first elements of success is, of course, to encourage this systematic and thorough relief, by refusing to give at the door; at the same time that you give the applicant a right to ask at the proper place, of the proper person, for the aid which you have placed at his command. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I do," said I; "but it will be a long time before you get people to see the benefit of the new way."

"There is already, however, a wonderful diminution of beggars," said Mr. T. "Impostors are tired of being sent to Beach Street. And the system meets with the most cordial encouragement from the wisest and most liberal of our citizens. Only some of our tender hearts," added he, archly, "will never cease, I am afraid, to do us a mischief. They are led away by soft, brown eyes, and tremors —"

"Don't you think I shall improve after all!" exclaimed my aunt, in dismay.

"Well—no, I don't. But you can try," said he, laughing.

"You could keep a dog to bark at beggars, aunty," said I.

"Yes, and have '24 Beach Street,' and 'Get out!' marked on his collar," said my aunt.

C. A. H.

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

I.

THE CAPTIVES.

THE KING OF BABYLON.

HAST thou yet found the princes, Ashpenaz,
Of whom I spake to thee? Princes by birth,
Of Israel's royal line? In grace of form,
And beauty, without blemish? Skilled
In art and science, understanding all
The wisdom and the knowledge of their race?
Whom we may teach the learning and the tongue
Of the Chaldeans? Of ability
To stand before our royal throne?

ASHPENAZ.

O king!
Among the children of the royal race
Of Judah, whom I found at thy command,
Are four young captive princes, in whom dwell
The graces and the gifts which thou dost seek;—
In Daniel, Belteshazzar whom I name—
In Hananiah, Shadrach,—Mishael,
Meshach,—and Azariah, in our tongue
Abednego. A rare and noble grace
Bespeaks their princely birth. Not less the glance
From out the starry darkness of their eyes
Betokeneth the skill in learning that

Exalteth them above their fellows. Thus,
O king! have I obeyed thy royal will.

THE KING.

Thou hast well done! I will appoint for them
A daily portion of the royal meat
And wine, until three years, when they may stand
Before our sovereign presence, Ashpenaz!

DANIEL.

O Ashpenaz! I pray thee not require
That we, thy servants, shall defile our lips
With the king's meat or wine, — the which to taste
Our Hebrew law forbiddeth! O, I pray,
Compassion have on our dark, painful lot!
Captives we dwell within the stranger's gates, —
And save us from our souls' abhorrence!

ASHPENAZ.

I
Should fear my lord, the king, who doth appoint
Your daily meat and wine, were I to give
That which should prove less nourishing, and thus
He might behold your faces not so fair
As other royal children of your race.
Then should my life endangered be, had I
So rashly disobeyed my lord the king.

DANIEL.

O, thou dost look on us so tenderly,
I know thou canst not have the power to speak
Denial! I will pray our God to touch
Thy heart with softer pity from on high
For Judah's heavy burden!
If He will,
Our faces shall be fair and ruddy as
The face of youthful David when he came
To Israel's throne, from watching by his flock.

And since our God hath willed captivity
For Judah's wandering, backsliding race,
And not the might of mortal monarch, we
Thy royal master, Babylon, will serve
Most faithfully!

ASHPENAZ.

A moving eloquence
Doth sit enthroned upon thy lip's proud curve,
And stir the depths of thy sad eyes! I would,
O Belteshazzar, that it were my power
To grant thy prayer!
Melzar shall come to thee!

DANIEL.

Prove, I beseech thee, for ten days, the food
We ask of thee! And to thy servants give
Water to drink and pulse to eat! And then
Our countenances shall be looked upon
Before thee, and the countenance of them
That eat the portion of the king's meat! As
Thou seest shalt thou deal with us!

MELZAR.

I will
Consent to prove thee and thy fellows, as
Thou sayest, in ten days!

DANIEL.

Thou shalt behold
Us fairer than the fairest of our race;
For He in whom we trust — the King of kings,
Jehovah is His name — hath power to bring
Light out of darkness, unto whom obey
His will!
My brethren, He hath heard our cry,
And turned the hearts of Melzar and his prince
To grant our prayer! Praise be to Him!

C. A. C.

RANDOM READINGS.

OLD TAGHKONIC AGAIN.

THE people who live under the Taghkonic range, and near its highest peak, protest against the new christening of their favorite mountain. They resist the innovation of "Mount Everett," and have remonstrated against it in the Berkshire papers. We should be very sorry to give any currency to the new name which so grates upon their old and cherished associations, and which we dislike and regard as a cockneyism as much as themselves. The truth of the matter we suppose to be, that this grand old peak was called by the Indians "Taghkonic," and has always been called so by the people who live near it. Naturally, and in the course of time, it gave its name to the whole range, and as such the Berkshire ridge is known in the geographies. It will not be possible now to bring back the name and keep it under its original limitations; and the monarch of the range will have to share it with all his brethren. But it belongs to him *par excellence*, and when necessary to prevent confusion we must say the TAGHKONIC PEAK, to distinguish him from the group out of which and over which he towers in his hoary majesty.

Professor Hitchcock first named the peak "Mount Everett," in his geological survey. The name has not yet obtained currency either in our local or general literature, and we have no wish to help give it any; not from disrespect to the name itself, which suggests so much of beauty and grace, but because we want nothing to do in any new christening of this ancient patriarch of the hills. We stick to the old Indian names, and vote against these innovations with both our hands, and we hope the old peak will look black from among the thunder-clouds upon everybody that calls him "Mount Everett."

S.

TO "A CONSTANT READER."

SOME difficulties have been very kindly suggested to us touching "the Subordination System," — a history of which was given in our July number. We must by no means be understood as implying

that the personality of Christ is only an "appearance," and evanished when the Logos "returned into the Divine Organism."

1. Touching "the double nature" of Christ, it seems to us that we confuse ourselves without any necessity for doing so. Practically, we all believe it in some form, who allow that Christ was supernaturally endowed above all other men, and yet had the nature of all other men. The Logos doctrine certainly implies a double nature in Christ, but involves no such difficulties as are connected with it in the Tritheistic theology. On this point we would refer "A Constant Reader" to the article on "The Divinely Human" in our May number.

2. Not only the personality of Christ does not vanish after his resurrection, but continues as the form of the Logos brought nearer to men and more tenderly adapted to all their states. This topic opens the whole subject of our Lord's glorification, ascension, and coming again in spirit. The process of his glorification was the gradual extrusion of the finite and suffering nature, and the coming down in its place of the indwelling Divinity, so that God, in consequence of the incarnation, can reach us as never before, and adapt Divine influences to us. Hence a new dispensation of the Spirit after the ascension of Christ. On this subject, if we remember rightly, the sermon of Rev. Wm. B. Hayden, in the last October number of the Magazine, had some very clear illustrations. S.

"CHILDREN'S PRATTLE."

We take the following from Hans Christian Andersen's Sand-Hills of Jutland, for the special instruction of our little readers.

At the merchant's house there was a large party of children, — rich people's children and great people's children. The merchant was a man of good standing in society, and a learned man. He had taken, in his youth, a college examination. He had been kept to his studies by his worthy father, who had not gone very deep into learning himself, but was honest and active. He had made money, and the merchant had increased the fortune left to him. He had intellect, and heart too; but less was said of these good qualities than of his money.

There visited at his house several distinguished persons, both peo-

ple of birth, as it is called, and people of talents, as it is called, — people who came under both of these heads, and people who came under neither of these heads. The meeting now in question was a children's party, where there was childish talk; and children generally speak like parrots.

There was one little girl so excessively proud. She had been flattered into her foolish pride by the servants, not by her parents, — they were too sensible too have done that. Her father was *Kammerjunker*,* and she thought this was monstrously grand.

"I am a court child," she said.

She might as well have been a cellar child, as far as she was herself concerned; and she informed the other children that she was "born" (*well born*, she meant); that when people were not "born," they could never be anybody; and that, however much they might read, however clever and industrious they might be, if they were not "born," they could never become great.

"And those whose names end in '*sen*,'" she continued, "are all low people, and can never be of any consequence in the world. Ladies and gentlemen would put their hands on their sides, and keep them at a distance, these 'sen — sens'!" And she threw herself into the attitude she had described, and stuck her pretty little arms akimbo, to show how people of her grade would carry themselves in the presence of such common creatures. She really looked very pretty.

But the merchant's little daughter became extremely angry. Her father was called "Madsen," and that name, she knew, ended in "sen;" so she said, as proudly as she could, —

"But my father can buy hundreds of rix-dollars' worth of sugarplums, and think nothing of it. Can your father do that?"

"That's all very well," said the little daughter of a popular journalist; "but my father can put both of your fathers and all 'fathers' into the newspaper. Every one is afraid of him, my mother says; for it is my father who rules everything through the newspaper." And the little girl tossed her head and strutted about as if she thought herself a princess.

But on the outside of the half-open door stood a poor little boy peeping in. It was, of course, out of the question that so poor a

* A title at court.

child should enter the drawing-room, but he had been turning the spit for the cook, and he had obtained permission to look in behind the door at the splendidly dressed children who were amusing themselves, and that was a treat to him.

He would have liked to have been one of them, he thought; but at that moment he heard what had been said, and it was enough to make him very sad. Not one shilling had his parents at home to spare. They were not able to set up a newspaper, to say nothing of writing for one. And the worse was yet to come; for his father's name, and of course also his own name, certainly ended in "sen." He, therefore, could never become anybody in this world. This was very disheartening. Though he felt assured that he was *born*, it was impossible to think otherwise.

This was what passed that evening.

Several years had elapsed, and during their course the children had grown up to be men and women.

There stood in the town a handsome house, which was filled with magnificent objects of art. Every one went to see it. Even people who lived at a distance came to town to see it. Which prodigy, among the children we have spoken of, could call that edifice his or hers? It is easy to tell that. No; it is not so easy, after all. That house belonged to the poor little boy, who became somebody, although his name *did* end in "sen," — THORWALDSEN!

And the three other children, — the children of high birth, money, and literary arrogance? Yes; there is nothing to be said about them. They are all alike. They grew up to be all respectable, comfortable, and commonplace. They were well-meaning people. What they had formerly said and thought was only — CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

THE first commandment driveth on all the rest.
As the faith is, so is also God.
God stayeth not quite away, though he stayeth long.
Idolatry is the imagination of the heart.
Unfaithfulness is also stealing.
Backbiting is meddling with God's judgment.
Despair maketh priests and friars.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Rock of Ages: or, Scripture Testimony to the one Eternal Godhead of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, with an Introduction by the REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. — This book and the Introduction are intended, by Dr. Huntington, as a rejoinder to the strictures upon his Sermon in defence of the Trinity. The book is a plea, not for the Tri-unity, but for Tritheism. The doctrine of one God is only preserved in words; the whole argument is for three persons, each of whom has separately and in himself the attributes of Supreme Divinity. The Introduction does not take up the argument at all, but abounds in disparagements — it strikes us rather ill-natured — of the communion which the writer has renounced, appeals to Church authority as an "obstinate fact," and claims for his own party the special gift of the Holy Ghost. We close the book with the reassured conviction that Tritheism is a thing of the past, fleeing for shelter to dogmatism and ghostly authority, with no hold upon the living future. Dr. Huntington ignores the truth that a Church may continue in unbroken line for ages, and grow corrupt in spirit and doctrine within, and in practice without, and so become apostate. The Jewish Church was whole and in regular succession when it rejected and crucified the Saviour. The same may be and will be at his second or spiritual coming. The Church, after the close of the fourth century, showed every sign of apostasy; and the ages of darkness and blood, inquisitions, burnings, Piedmontese slaughters, Te Deums for St. Bartholomew massacres, Puritan manglings, Lambeth dungeons and thumb-screws, Scotch hangings and drownings, are "facts" rather more "obstinate" than Dr. Huntington's rhetorical assumptions and claims to a church monopoly of the Holy Spirit. To go back to this ghastly ecclesiasticism were as if the saints in glory should come back to put on their grave-clothes. Dr. Huntington speaks of the Unitarian "isolation," not seeming to consider that he is still isolated himself, and that he is a heretic in Christendom till he goes over to Rome. S.

Introduction to the Study of International Law, designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1860. — President Woolsey has succeeded in preparing a book upon a subject of the first importance, which supplies within a small compass a very large amount of needful information and careful reasoning. It is not merely intended and fitted for use as a college manual, but will be serviceable and interesting to the general student and even reader. E.

Christ our Life: the Scriptural Argument for Immortality through Christ alone. By C. F. HUDSON, Author of "Debt and Grace related to the Doctrine of a Future Life." Boston: Published by John P. Jewett and Company. 1860. — The mind and heart of the Christian Church in Germany, England, and America are much occupied in these days with inquiries into the Gospel revelations concerning the retributions of the future state. Mr. Hudson is an enthusiastic student of the subject, and labors with most refreshing earnestness to explain, illustrate, and defend what he believes to be Scripture truth in the matter. Every sincere disciple will find great help from his books; in common with the writings of Olshausen, Tholuck, Maurice, Kingsley, they make it very plain that the popular doctrine of Retribution must be reconsidered and restated. We have not yet found time to read "Christ our Life" save in detached passages, but we intend to take the book in hand, and believe that we shall be largely rewarded for the study. E.

How to enjoy Life: or, Physical and Mental Hygiene. By WM. M. CORNELL, M. D. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1860. — "How to enjoy Life" is often least understood by those who make a business of enjoyment, whilst those who are only bent upon accomplishing some purpose, personal or impersonal, are very likely to neglect physical or moral laws in their haste, and so come to grief. Dr. Cornell has given in this sensible, though somewhat rambling and gossipy book, many hints which will be useful to all who desire to live well and happily in this world. E.

Home and College. A Public Address delivered in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, March 8, 1860. By F. D. HUNTINGTON, Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor

of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. — Professor Huntington is never so happy as when unfolding a concrete and practical topic; and this little book is in his best vein, — wise, Christian, direct, earnest, eloquent. When a man can so write and speak, we need not give ourselves much concern as to what branch of Christ's body he chooses to labor with; he is sowing good seed, and the Lord will provide good ground, and the harvest shall not fail. E.

Quaker Quiddities: or, Friends in Council. A Colloquy. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. — The Quakers too are on their way to join the great company of those who can build only on Christ, and can magnify no longer mere forms of truths or forms of forms. The movement is to be noticed in all denominations; it severs them all into Old School and New School, High and Low, Narrow and Broad. The "Quiddities" will help forward our gentle brethren and sisters very pleasantly, though not very vigorously or heroically, in the right direction, and contain much matter which the Friends may well ponder in their silent meetings. What they want, however, — indeed what we all want, — is not so much outward change as to be flooded with the Spirit; and as the Spirit never repeats himself, we shall not have the old forms, the "thee and thou," &c., in these days, but new bottles for the new wine. E.

The American Ecclesiastical Year-Book, containing, 1. *The Present Religious Statistics of the World.* 2. *A Brief Religious History of all Denominations in all Countries during the Past Year.* Vol. I. *The Religious Statistics and History of the Year* 1859. By ALEXANDER J. SCHEM, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College. New York: H. Dayton. 1860. — This is just one of those works which can be well prepared only at a great expense of careful research, and yet bring no reward in fame, falling, in this respect, even behind the Dictionary. We are all the more desirous to thank the compiler for a book to which we shall have frequent occasion to refer, and which seems to have been conscientiously and ably put together. E.

The Signet Ring, and other Gems. From the Dutch of REV. J. DE LIEFDE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — We have read the first two stories in this volume, and like very much their spirit

and aim. If the others are as good as these, the book deserves to be warmly commended to all who would find instruction blended with entertainment. E.

Remembered Words from the Sermons of Rev. I. Nichols, Late Pastor of the First Parish in Portland, Maine. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — A small volume, beautifully printed and bound, containing choice things as a remembrancer of a good man.

American National Lyrics and Sonnets. By O. PRESCOTT HILLER. Boston: Otis Clapp. — Very good patriotism, and very poor poetry.

Autobiographical Recollections of the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A., with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence. By TOM TAYLOR, ESQ. With Portrait. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a very interesting book, and abounds in pleasant anecdote and gossip respecting some of the distinguished contemporaries of Leslie, including Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Sidney Smith, Wordsworth, Rogers, Washington Irving, and Washington Allston. Mr. Leslie maintained a familiar correspondence with Irving, from which selections are made of Irving's letters, characterized by his quiet and genial humor. It will be a good book for the dog-days. S.

The Sand-Hills of Jutland. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Here are eighteen of Andersen's stories, — wild, fantastic, droll, lively, and always with a good purpose, and always illustrative of some important practical truth. "Something," "Children's Prattle," and "The Child in the Grave," are admirable. It is a book mightily to take the fancy of young readers, and is calculated to make any readers better and more hopeful for the perusal. S.

"*Memoirs of a Saintly Friend.*" — It having been intimated in some quarters that our Memoir of a Saintly Friend was too much spun out, and knowing that it is to be published in a volume, we drop the further publication of it in our periodical; although the West India Journal is full of interesting matter of the same nature as Mrs. Child's late publication, "The Right Way and the Safe Way," which we hereby commend to the earnest perusal of every

one who doubts the feasibility of immediate emancipation. The ultimate development of Mr. Jackson's own mind and opinions as he pursued his Christian career, together with a review of his historical work upon "The Christian Ministry," was to have closed this series of papers; but we think enough has been published to insure the perusal of the entire volume when it shall appear.

PAMPHLETS.

A Memorial of the Federal Street Meeting-House. A Discourse preached on Sunday Morning, March 13, 1859. By Rev. Ezra S. Gannett; and Addresses delivered in the Afternoon of that Day, by Rev. S. B. Cruft, Rev. F. W. Holland, Rev. A. Smith, Rev. R. P. Rogers, Rev. R. C. Waterston. With an Appendix. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. — The Soul's Salvation through Faith in Christ. A Sermon preached at the Ordination of John C. Kimball, as Pastor of the First Parish, Beverley, Mass., Thursday, December 29, 1859. By Ezra S. Gannett. With the Charge, Right Hand of Fellowship, and Address to the People. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son. 1860. — Profitable both of them for those who would reverently and gratefully recall the past, or wisely improve the present. The Appendix to the Memorial contains, besides interesting engravings of the houses of worship which have been successively occupied by the Society, much valuable historic matter. E.

A Discourse preached in the West Church on Theodore Parker. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — A Discourse delivered in the Church of the Unity after the Death of Theodore Parker. By George H. Hepworth. Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — Theodore Parker. A Sermon preached in New York, June 10, 1860. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — The Constitution changed, and Slavery naturalized by the Usurpations of the Supreme Court. Speech of Hon. James Ashley, of Ohio, in the United States House of Representatives, May 29, 1860.

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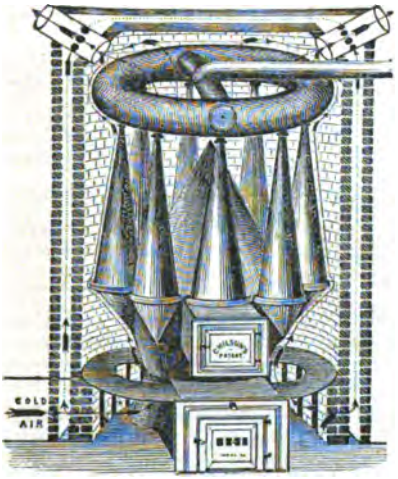

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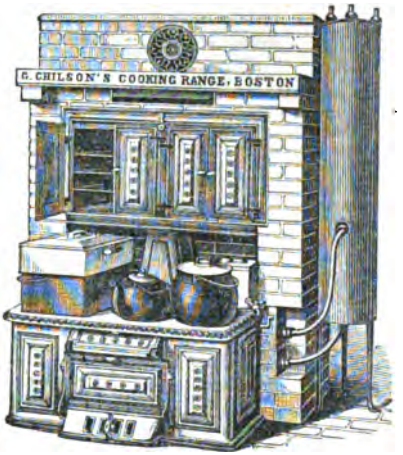

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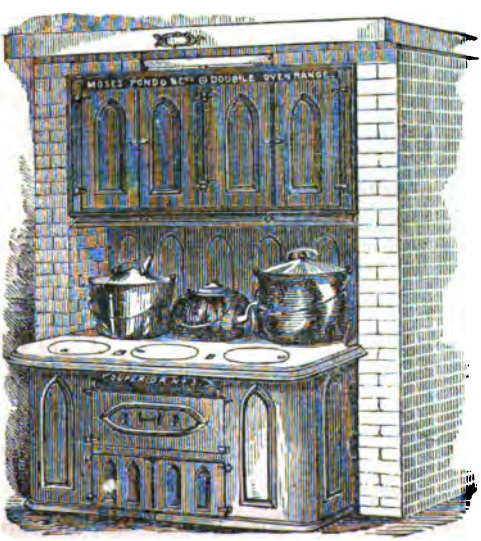

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THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

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VOL. XXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1860. No. 3.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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PROSPECTUS

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Monthly Religious Magazine

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

Edited by Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS and Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

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NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Monthly Religious Magazine. — This journal, from its general excellence and truly catholic tone, demands some particular notice at our hands, as it justifies a warm recommendation before the reading public. In an age of sectarian activity, it has peculiar claims on the large-minded of all classes of Christians. It speaks emphatically of the great truths of our religion, and betrays no scepticism, but is always in the genial temper of the Master. In these important respects the present Editors, as regards a positive faith and profound reverence for the divine Lord, are equally decided, and we are particularly gratified, from number to number, with their frequent and always acceptable contributions. We express a very general sentiment, when we say that the "Religious Monthly" is the best journal of its kind among us; best to go into our homes, and best to nurture reverence and faith in the heart. May it bless still more homes and hearts! — *Christian Register.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal is, as its name would indicate, not the organ of a denomination, but aims to be original and religious, without being sectarian, and it is certainly gratifying to observe, that as the heat of controversy between the different sections of the Church of Christ declines, there is found to be a much stronger substantiality of agreement than was before supposed to exist. — *Zion's Herald.*

The editors of this valuable Religious Magazine continue to maintain its high reputation, and, assisted by able contributors, present monthly a series of instructive and interesting articles on topics of prominent interest in the religious world. It is always handsomely printed on clear white paper, and with a typography that is agreeable to even the weakest and dimmest eyes, and luxurious to those that are severely taxed by the perusal of the solid, closely wedged, and formidable columns of the daily papers. — *Salem Register.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal is filled with a great variety of articles, on subjects of general interest. Gifted and cultivated as are the correspondents of this monthly, none of them write so well, in our opinion, as the editors, whose articles are models worthy the study of those who write for religious periodicals. — *Boston Transcript.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal. Volume XXIV. We have already on a former occasion spoken of this Magazine as being one of the most ably conducted religious periodicals in America. The July number commences a new volume; and judging from the tone and character of the copy before us, as compared with former numbers, most gallantly does it maintain its position as a liberal and independent expositor of vital and practical Christianity. The articles are generally of that character which must commend them with especial directness to the minds and hearts of almost every class of readers. — *Atlantic Messenger.*

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

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INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1860. No. 3.

CHRIST THE REVEALER.

THESE significant words are inscribed upon the back of a little book, the title-page of which is given below.* Mr. Thom is already favorably known to the liberal Christians of this country. We recall with especial satisfaction the volume upon the Epistles to the Corinthians which found an American publisher, and a little pamphlet, — "The Preacher and the Church, Three Sermons," — which was not so fortunate, but richly deserved a wider circulation than it could have gained in its English dress. Mr. Thom is original in the only sense in which it is good to be original. He gives us Truth which he has made his own by verifying it in his own experience. There is nothing in his writings which is merely traditional, mechanical, and perfunctory. He strives honestly to meet real difficulties, to answer the questions which earnest, clear-sighted thinkers — himself included — are asking to-day, not setting up men of straw, constructed like the corn-stalk witches that amuse children, on purpose to be top-

* The Revelation of God and Man in the Son of God and the Son of Man. Six Sermons, preached in Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool. By JOHN HAMILTON THOM. London: Edward T. Whitfield, 178 Strand. 1859.

pled over; and where too many are yielding to the temptation to substitute what promises to edify for what is true, he seems to be determined to rejoice only in the Truth, and to follow her, though with "the little flock." The Church has more to hope from those who, like Thom, are outside of the visible fold, and are living nevertheless in loyalty to God and Christ, — too loyal, indeed, to accept for the Gospel the traditions of men, — than from a whole army of orthodox sermonizers and commentators, who, without any appreciation of the intellectual difficulties in the way of the student of religion, go on quoting the old texts, and repeating the old interpretations, using the letter to quench the spirit. God has committed the kingdom of his dear Son to those who can "do nothing against the Truth but for the Truth;" — sound or unsound now, they will be found at last in the right way.

This little volume will be found eminently helpful and suggestive by all who would build upon the one foundation "that is laid," which is Christ. Even those who would call its Christology in some respects incomplete, will find valuable assistance from the writer, so long as he accompanies them in their way; and this because Mr. Thom has reached definite and strong convictions upon certain cardinal points at which the naturalist and the supernaturalist must forever join issue. He everywhere deals with the Gospel, not as an achievement of man, but as the gift of God through One who is willing to receive and transmit it, to *be* it, and live it, and so to manifest it. It is the Father seeking his children. Jesus Christ, moreover, is seen to be the consummate flower of humanity, exhausting the possibilities of our nature, — Son of Man, because Son of God. There are no traces of the scepticism which pauses before the great mysteries of miracle and inspiration, and declines receiving them as objects and illustrations of faith, because some extremists have forgotten that outward signs alone can never work conviction, and that only those who are taught of God can recognize the Spirit in the speech or the writings of others. Within and without, the

Gospel is for him the wonder of the ages, the light of heaven on earth, the tabernacle of God with men. And we should not know where to look, this side of St. Augustine and Tauler, for a more real and joyous faith in the present Spirit, the Life of God in the soul of man, the persuasion that we are compassed about by the Father, and that at any moment we may hear the whisperings of his love to our hearts, and feel the support of the unseen arm. We are sure that no one can rise from reading this little book, and say that he has not been brought near to the Source of all truth and goodness, that he has found nothing to feed the soul that would trust and aspire and walk by faith in things unseen. We believe that we cannot render a better service to our readers than by placing before them some extracts from pages which we have found so suggestive. We shall be thankful if the selections that we may be able to present shall create a demand for a republication in our own country of a volume which would be eagerly read by thousands. First, of the Light of the glorious knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

"Man has no experience of any other spiritual nature but the Spirit of God; if, therefore, God would give an image of Himself on that which alone, within our experience, is like Himself, He must give it to us on the soul of a Man. It is impossible for us to conceive of any other way in which God could perfectly unveil His moral Nature. He might, indeed, inspire us with the faith that it was perfect, as He did inspire many noble souls with that faith before the coming of Christ; but in no other way could he show *how* it was perfect. It would be impossible for us to harmonize the moral attributes of God until we saw them harmonized in the spirit of a man. A perfect Son was necessary before the world could know the Father. Therefore in Jesus Christ was manifested a Son of God, — a Spirit that was the Image of His Spirit, a Will that was the absolute reflection of the Will of the Father, — a living spiritual Nature that in all its moral aspects of holiness and compassion was a perfect unveiling of the Character of God."

But this revelation, being intended for men, must be made

under human conditions. It is a point of orthodoxy, of which the so-called Orthodox often need to be reminded, that the humanity of our Lord was as real as his divinity, and that, if He in whom God dwelt was not truly and properly *man*, as truly and properly so as any one of us, in no wise phantasmal or phenomenal, we have yet to look for our Gospel, and must try to explain away the plainest statements of Scripture. It may be, it is, perhaps, utterly impossible for us to understand how this can be, but if we have resolved to make the understanding the lord of faith, we may as well pause first as last in our efforts to learn the Truth. The fact remains, whether we comprehend it or not, that God and man were at one in Christ, and that in him a true humanity was gathered up into the Celestial Glory. Equally positive is Mr. Thom in affirming the reality of the Saviour's temptations and the reality of his sinlessness, — that he was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin. The Life was manifested under earthly conditions. There was the will of a man as well as the will of God. This is orthodoxy, though orthodoxy often leaves it out of sight, not being able to see how it could have been the will of a man to have no will, and the glory of a man to seek not his own glory, and how, by dwelling in Christ, God did not destroy the human nature and make it a nullity, but simply exhausted the possibilities of this nature, so that nothing more perfect can come out of it, world without end. The struggle between the divine and the human, between the heavenly and the earthly, is most strikingly and touchingly depicted in the first of the six sermons which make up this volume. There was first the Temptation of temptations to quench the Spirit of God. The Spirit is ever calling us from a lower world into a higher. How fearful the summons in the case of the Christ, the son of Jewish Mary called to be Son of God, to show forth his divinity in his humanity!

"It was natural, so to speak, that the one great spiritual question which has to be put to every man, Will he suffer

himself to be born again? should be put with a signal emphasis to the Representative Man, so that never again we should be able to mistake the character of our trial, the method of our victory. Never was the difference between the moral condition in which a man is born and the moral condition to which he is called by the Spirit of God speaking in him, so markedly apparent as between the type of character natural to a Jew of the age of King Herod, and the soul and life of Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh and dwelling amongst us. . . . . And the pressure must have been constant, though only at critical times it had such intensity that it broke into utterance, and to our great blessing left permanent witness of itself to aid our insight into the spiritual history of the Son of God. The anguished cries, 'Father, save me from this hour!' 'My God! let this cup pass from me!' will indicate to every soul that has any understanding of our Lord the state of sustained aspiration in which his whole life was passed. When a noble sufferer for one moment permits a cry of pain to escape him, we then learn what had previously, during all the other moments, been borne without a sign, and that the same pain, only a degree less, had been constantly present when the sufferer was silent. And if you require further or more positive evidence, I have only to refer you to that symbolic scene, at the opening of the History, in which, as in a dramatic vision, all our Lord's temptations are expressly foreshown. . . . . I need not tell you that the perfect filial Will by which these temptations were subdued, is no proof that they did not exist, — or that liability to temptation does not imply a state of sin."

On the other hand, the peril of self-assertion and self-glorification to which the hero is exposed was to be encountered by the Christ as by no other; the noblest, the holiest, the mightiest, he must yet hide himself and withhold his hand even when his own pressing necessities seemed to demand a miracle, and refuse to imperil his life even when the angels must needs interpose to save. Who does not know that pride is forever on earth and amongst men the grave of truth? Who has not heard, on the contrary, the word of Jesus: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God!" Then, again, there was the temptation to resent injuries, — and such injuries! — met so perfectly

by one who "forgave, *not because he did not abhor the evil he forgave, nor because he remembered that he himself had been touched by the same evils and needed forgiveness;* he forgave perfectly because he was righteous perfectly, and had no evil passions to gratify." Think, too, of the trial from his associates: —

"Men to whom the Kingdom of God on earth could convey no other meaning, could assume no other form, than a world-wide extension of David's throne, — men who wrangled about their own claim to precedence in a Kingdom of which the first condition is that no man seeks his own, but each another's welfare, — men who could give no response to any deep utterance of his spirit, to any forecasting in him of the Mind of God, — who by no plainness of words could be taught to believe that the Messiah could be subject to death, or that the glory of God could be revealed in the form of a Servant, — men who denied him when he suffered, and lost faith in him when he died, — must have been the constant occasions of trials of Faith, and trials of Hope, and trials of Patience, and even trials of Love. That he had moments of despondency from this cause, of sharp sorrow and agitated trusts, is again and again recorded. And that he sinned not through these temptations is manifest in this, that he never lost confidence that God would mould these men to His purposes, — that all his intercourse with them to the latest moment, when he prepared a way for the Truth afterwards to reach them through the symbols of Self-sacrifice, was employed in disposing them to receive the spiritual import of the coming facts of his History, of his Death, his Resurrection and Ascension, — and that, knowing he was no isolated being, but linked to his race, and his race linked to *him*, the glorious Destiny of Man was already clear in God's relation to himself, and in the hour of visible failure he saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied."

Against self-depreciation also, and the weakness of asceticism, which really "evades one half the problem of Human Perfectness," the Lord was protected, as the preacher truly and powerfully shows, and all that He might open a way, — the way for God into the nature of man.

In his anxiety to witness for the perfect humanity of the

Christ, and so to secure for man the benefits of the mediation, Mr. Thom, needlessly as it seems to us, warns us against supposing that an Archangel or an Eternal Son wrought out our salvation. If, indeed, we make two terms, God and the Son of God, or God and the chief of the angels, we lose our Mediator, because we have lost our humanity. "He took upon him the seed of Abraham." God in *man* alone can redeem man; but we do not understand that those who accept the Eternal Sonship of the Christ deny the perfect humanity of the Redeemer, or how it alters the mysterious process for the worse to believe that the Son, who can do nothing of himself, who owes all his power and glory to the indwelling Father, and who was with him before the world was, dwelt in the Man of Nazareth. Certainly when we lift ourselves out of the limitations of time and space, out of a world of birth and growth and decay and death, out of the visible and the temporal into the absolute and invisible and eternal, we believe in a perfect Creator and a perfect creation, a Completeness which has known no beginning and shall know no end, of which we do not say, "It was," or, "It shall be"; but, "It is," "It is from all eternity." Certainly we believe in the Father Everlasting, and the Father Everlasting supposes as a correlative the Son Everlasting, the archetype of the universe, — not nominally, but really, — who is before all imperfect worlds, the Image of invisible Glories, Light of Light. Certainly we believe that God was perfectly imaged in his universe before the birth on this little planet of the Son of Mary. He is evermore perfectly imaged, before Jesus, before Abraham, before Adam. Now when we find our ideal of the Son of the Highest fully realized under human conditions in the life of Jesus, when we can conceive of no more perfect and absolute Child of God than we find in the historic Christ, we must needs say of him, It is he who is from everlasting in whom we have believed, whom we have prophesied. He came out of the heavens, out from the bosom of God, out from the depths of Eternity. He has emptied himself of his glory, he

counts not his likeness to God a thing to be eagerly insisted upon, he becomes obedient to death, even the death of the Cross, not of necessity, but of his own free-will; therefore by the grace of the Father he has ascended up where he was before, and the Humanity that was willing even through tears and agony of blood to be redeemed, has been exalted with him to dwell forever at the right hand of God, to be the First-born amongst many brethren, the beginning of the new Spiritual Creation of God. The Scriptures, indeed, are mainly occupied with the gradual assumption of Humanity by Deity, with the story of the Divine-human in this world and in the world to come, into which the Saviour vanished from the sight of human eyes. The term "Son of God" is confined in Scripture to the historic Christ, or the Word *made flesh*, — to the Word *after*, not before, the Incarnation, — and the exaltation and glorification of the man Jesus are expressly attributed to his willing humiliation and self-renunciation; and since these things are what it specially concerns us to know, they make up the chief matters of Revelation. Nevertheless, when we go beyond this world, and seek for absolute realities, the heavenly things which are the same yesterday, to-day, forever, what is the story of the Christ but the record of the manifestation in time and space of the Eternal Sonship, the Gospel of the assumption of our poor humanity, made in the image of God and yet so mysteriously estranged from Him, into the heavenly places where by Christ God is all in all. In Christ the Eternal Son, all things are complete and beautiful, without spot or wrinkle or any blemish whatsoever; and when the history of man rises into the well-authenticated story of such a Christ, — a story every line and letter of which is divine, we can only thankfully say that the Son of God has come down from heaven to lead all, who are willing to follow him, back to the Father's mansion. We are the more earnest to press these qualifications, because they may help others, as they have helped us, to lay the foundations of our faith, not on this changing earth, but in those heavens which cannot be shaken.

In the second discourse, entitled, "Christ leading the Tempted to the Mighty Help of God," the doctrine of the Humanity of Christ is beautifully unfolded as follows: —

"First, That obedience and not sin, that faith and not distrust, are according to the law of our Nature, according to the working of God's Spirit in Man; secondly, That the Father did once, for the purposes of His grace to us men, so communicate Himself to a Human Soul, and that Human Soul was so led to consent to the Father's purpose, to surrender itself to the Father's Will, that in that human being the law of his Nature was kept, and the development of his Father's Spirit in him unbroken by disobedience; and, thirdly, That the Character which then was manifested is the perfection of Human Nature, the fulness of spiritual symmetry, the will and spirit of God reflected in the will and spirit of Man, — the ante-dating for our spiritual education and stimulus, by special Providence, in the Man Christ Jesus, all of Beauty and of sinless Life that ever can be unfolded out of Man to the last progressions of the earthly ages."

"In the face of these revealed Things," says Mr. Thom, "which I believe will not be rejected by any Church, I confess myself appalled that the world can talk as it does, — that so many of *us* can talk as we do, — about the Gospel of the Kingdom. In the nineteenth century of Christ, the world is still unfitted with a Religion. Is not a Religion the intercourse of God with a Human Soul? Tell me, would there be any difficulty but the difficulty of obedience, — would not the difficulty be transferred from the cobwebs, the fine-spinning, of the brain to the devotion of the spirit and the surrender of the will, if we took it for our Religion to have Christ formed within us, to stand more and more in his relations to the Father, receptive and submissive, — to weave into the inmost frame of our being those lineaments of God, — to have for our central life, the germinal parts of us, the roots of Love from which that Image grows?"

Again, it is sometimes urged as a criticism upon a liberal Christianity, that it is too indefinite to meet the wants of the human soul, — that we must have at least Articles, if not a Creed, or fall short of the possible measure of Christian attainment. And it is undoubtedly true, that, if we think of

other subjects, we ought to and must think of Religion, and shall of necessity draw out our thoughts into some connected propositions. An earnest individual experience will express itself in strong intellectual utterances, like those of St. Paul in his great Epistles, speaking "wisdom to those who are perfect." But these individual experiences cannot be formulated into a Creed, every article of which shall be accepted by each and every believer. We find no such Creed in Scripture. To impose such a Creed upon the Church, divides Christ. It seems to be an unanswerable objection to the imposition of Creeds, that they are not to be gathered from the Scriptures save in the way of inference or development, — that the allegation of indefiniteness attaches to the Bible just as strongly as to the statements of the liberal Christian. Truth is large and must not be sacrificed to definiteness. The great doctrines of Revelation are written out upon every page of the New Testament. Only let there be Christian Liberty, — Liberty not to disown but to follow Christ, — and all who are drawn to him will be substantially at one with each other as with him, but their speech will be from heart to heart, not from head to head, and their phrases will be broad and somewhat indefinite, like those of the Book. "To define in Religion, thank God, is difficult! a soul in communion with the Infinite can draw around itself no boundary lines. Wherever we can fix a limit, we have ceased to be spiritual, and are satisfied with being intellectual or scientific."

"Our Christian Profession, then, the end and aim of our faith in Christ, is to grow in the likeness of God, through the aid and attraction of that Son of His, in whom, by the gift of His grace, we have the fulness of His Image in Human Nature. According to the Scriptures, to look on Christ as 'the Image of the invisible God,' and to look upon Humanity as 'complete in Christ,' — this is our Christian Doctrine. . . . . I shall be told that this is the end and aim of all Christian Churches. . . . . *This is so.* Christ is *not* divided. . . . . What then *is* our peculiarity? This simply, — that we take this, this ground on which we do *not* differ

from the rest of Christendom, *for the whole of the Christian peculiarity*, — that we suffer nothing more than this to enter into the definition of Christianity, or into the constitution of a Christian Church."

For ourselves, we are more and more persuaded that the difficulties of independent churches and believers have proceeded, not from their resolution to demand no more than this, but from the overwrought temper of liberality, or the fear of being criticised as illiberal, which have persuaded or compelled some to accept less than a believer in Christ for a Christian. But we need not sell ourselves into slavery in order to escape the evils of unregulated freedom. We need not make Articles of Religion, and demand subscription to them, because some who do not accept Christ for their Lord and Master have found their way into Christian pulpits. We have simply to ask and insist that such shall no longer be suffered to turn the church into the lecture-room of Inquiry or of Scepticism, and, without forswearing Christian freedom, we may guard against non-Christian license.

Protestants, it is sometimes said, are less devout than Catholics, and the Protestants of Protestants are the least devout of any. What is to be the remedy?

"Certain I am that Devotion never will be kindled by our applying to it the irritant stimulants of our own discontent with its condition, — that never will it warm and grow under the eye of our criticism and inspection, — but only by turning its own eye outwards in self-oblivion upon its glorious Object. If we have any reason, or suspect we have any reason, to be dissatisfied with our Piety, we must neither fret at it nor scold it, but simply hold our souls to receive the blessed Image of Him who alone can feed it from Himself. . . . . Is our Piety really cold, or does it only appear so to others because we do not use their media of expression? When the Roman Catholic falls down before his symbol on the pavement of a church, apparently absorbed in the midst of careless and shifting crowds, — be it the Real Presence on the Altar, or the Virgin Mother within her shrine, or the reflection of God from some sainted face whose flesh the spirit has worn away, — is there more of real feeling, reserv-

ing for the present the quality of the feeling, because there is more of the intense and passionate sign? We naturally think that there is more, because we see more of its expression. What is the reason of that peculiarity which must have struck all observers with astonishment in Catholic countries, — the utter absence of reserve in giving open expression to the secret worship of the soul, in going through all the attitudes even of a rapt Devotion, in the presence of those who are only idle spectators? Does it not go along with habitual symbolism, with consecrated media of expression, with formulated worship? Is not the soul casting itself upon the recognized vehicle, rather than carried face to face with the living God? If spirit was meeting Spirit, could there be this intense engagement with the outward sign? . . . . . Are we to have less direct communion with God, that through symbols and litanies we may speak more freely of Him? It may seem a strange fact, that Christianity should not yet have moulded itself into a perfect form of worship, universally accepted; but the fact that it has not, may indicate that it was not intended to do so, — that in every Church, as in every Soul, and in every fresh act of the Soul, the Spirit must be newly born."

Quite timely, as it seems to us, is the suggestion that we give too much prominence to preaching, valuable as it is, subordinating the devotion of the heart to human oratory. Prayers, psalms, hymns, are quite as important as discourse; indeed, they are far more effectual than the wisest and most earnest instructions in quickening and guiding the spirit of a church. And most heartily do we accord with all that is said of the too common practice of following the multitude, merely because it is the multitude, into houses of Christian worship and instruction which are consecrated to forms of faith that for us have grown obsolete. Is it manly or womanly? Ought we not to have more respect for our own convictions? Shall our church-going be treated as a matter of mere convenience? Is that old solemn feeling of responsibility to the Truth — the old sense of obligation to witness for God as He reveals himself to *us* — to pass away utterly? Shall I habitually listen to what I do not believe, because a daughter or a wife is edified therewith?

"Whatever may be just judgment on those who so act, for though judges of conduct we are not judges of persons, — to their own Master they stand or fall, — yet this I hold for certain, that nothing in his religious life can more effectually cut a man off from the real power of Religion, than the habitual submission of himself to a form of Religion towards which he feels, or thinks he feels, his own superiority. It is very dangerous trifling with God and his own soul. A man must have extraordinary confidence in himself who dare venture upon it, knowing what he is doing. Religion is a Power above us, in all its aspects and influences, or it is worse than nothing to us. . . . . If any one is so false-sighted as to refer in justification of these practices to the noble men and Christian heroes whom all Churches have borne, we have only to say that these noble men and Christian heroes were both inwardly and outwardly true, their profession was their confession, a vital faith to them. I attribute no powerlessness or corruption to what men really believe, — but to what they do not believe, and yet prefer to act as if they believed. . . . . It is on this account that members of other churches who show, not a large spiritual sympathy with us, for that is most Christian, but that their fundamental convictions are estranged from their nominal profession, always afflict me with a deep melancholy."

And let us set down, in conclusion, these sweet and faithful and encouraging words: —

"Mighty and prevailing we cannot make ourselves, though the faith we profess is our highest thought, and we speak because we believe, — but honest and long-suffering, showing no false signal to the world, we can all be, — sitting patiently by what the spirit and the word commend to us as the Wells of Truth, though they seem cold as Death, till God Himself comes down to stir the waters with no simulated Life, and to quicken all that is latent of their healing power. Let us, on the one side, have no cowardice, and no concealment, and no holding back of the hand from what it finds to do; and on the other, no eager and wasting restlessness, and no infidel despair. I hear and read much about our not fulfilling our Mission with which I have no kind of sympathy, — which seems to me to partake more of human ambition than of divine obedience. If any man can do better let him do it; if he can speak better, let him speak it; — but let him not

waste his breath or time in idle moanings about what he calls success, — unless he means success in saving sinners, — nor canker his own freshness and naturalness by judgment of his brethren. To all such I would say, Show us the way if you know it, give out the Light if you have it, let all men hear the word of Truth that is in you, let them gaze upon the face of a diviner Beneficence if it has dawned upon you, show us that you really have what is fair and good, and we will follow you with blessings; but if you have none of these things, we will not regard your restlessness and discontent as a divine sign. . . . . Let us beware lest when we are wearying ourselves with what we call our want of success, we be impatient only that God has not given greater glory to ourselves."

E.

THE DEATHLESS SMILE.

[From Mackelar's "Droppings from the Heart."]

I saw one in her maidenhood,
From whom the life had fled,
And yet so lovely was her face
It seemed she was not dead!

Her eyelids as in sleep were closed,
Her brow was white like snow;
A smile still lingered on her cheeks,
As if 't was loath to go.

And it may be a smile so sweet,
So quiet and serene,
Was never on the healthy brow
Of living maiden seen.

Perchance the wondrous bliss which burst
Upon her raptured mind,
When first she woke in Glory's courts,
Had left its trace behind.

NEW CHURCH VIEWS.

A FRIEND and correspondent is desirous, through the pages of the Magazine, to unfold the Pneumatology of the New Church. We believe him equal to his theme, and we accord to him the same freedom that we do to writers of any class or sect, who, in the spirit of Christ, seek the discussion of subjects which pertain to the highest welfare of man. We must say for ourselves, most emphatically, that we make a very broad distinction between what we believe to be the genuine New Jerusalem, the true Church of the future, and ecclesiastical Swedenborgianism. We can see nothing in the latter, either in spirit or in practice, that rises above the level of the other sects, whereas the Church for which we would work and pray, and whose light and love we believe to be descending already into the minds of the good and the true in all the denominations, will occupy a higher plane than any of them, will be genial, catholic, free from Jewish assumptions, and so much concerned in doing good, and so joined to the Lord in a warm-hearted devotion, that it will not be divided on questions of church order, or hair-splittings about dogmatic theology. With this statement we make room for our correspondent to utter his whole thought on a subject in which we suppose all our readers take an interest. — EDS.

PNEUMATOLOGY.

No. I.

THAT the pages of the Bible are liberally bestrewn with accounts of visions and supernatural appearances, will not be denied by any who are familiar with the Sacred Volume.

Yet, strange to say, many who profess to receive the Christian Scriptures as a revelation from God, doubt, and some even deny, the existence of angels and spirits as real entities. And among those who admit the reality and presence of a spiritual world, there is very little positive faith in the arrangements, laws, and conditions of that world, or in the nature and manner of its connection with the grosser world of matter. Ask the ministers of almost any of our parishes

about the spiritual world and the state of man after death. Ask them to tell you something as to the condition of our existence in the great Hereafter. Ask them whether we shall still retain the human form, having eyes, ears, hands, feet, and other bodily organs, — whether we shall continue to possess the capacity of thinking, reasoning, remembering, and loving. Ask whether the spirits of our departed friends still think of us and love us in the sphere where they now dwell, — whether they are near us, and exert upon us any influence, and if so, how, in what manner, or according to what law. Ask whether, when we leave the body, we shall join our dear departed ones in conscious, visible association, — be recognized and embraced by them, and recognize and embrace them in return. Ask whether the spirits of the departed associate together, and if so, what are the laws that govern their intercourse or determine their associations. Ask what is the nature of Heaven and Hell, — what are the employments and delights of good and evil spirits, — what constitutes the happiness of the one, and what the misery of the other; and whether there be any connection between spirits in the other world and people in this world. Ask ministers of the Gospel any such questions concerning the state of man after death, and what will you receive in answer? Silence, — absolute silence, or — mere conjecture. They do not profess to know anything about these matters; therefore they can teach nothing with confidence respecting them. They can at best give only their own or other men's crude speculations.

And is it to be presumed that this state of confessed ignorance in regard to the spiritual world is always to continue? Are the ministers of Christ never to have anything more or better than mere conjecture, wherewith to meet inquiry upon these solemn and momentous themes? If there *be* a spiritual world, is it reasonable to suppose that its great arcana will never be revealed? Does such a supposition accord with what we know of the Divine goodness and mercy, of the wants

of the human soul, or of the progress of the race in knowledge upon all other subjects? For the last century the human mind has been advancing with more than railroad speed in knowledge of the physical sciences, and of the means of satisfying the wants and increasing the comforts of our physical life. The secrets of universal nature — of the heavens above and of the earth beneath — have been gradually and providentially unfolding as men needed the knowledge and were prepared to use it profitably. And new discoveries are still succeeding each other, almost with the rapidity of thought. And it is impossible to fix a limit to this progress in knowledge concerning the outward material universe. There *is no* limit. To suppose a limit were to suppose that the Infinite may be exhausted, or to deny the indefinite receptivity of the human mind. And when we see that the Divine Being is perpetually unfolding more and more of the hidden laws and operations of nature for the benefit of His creatures, and that the liveliest imagination can set no bounds to the accumulation of knowledge concerning this world of matter, is it reasonable to suppose that all knowledge of the spiritual world, and of man's state after death, is to be forever denied us? Will God vouchsafe to His intelligent offspring an unimaginable amount of truth concerning the world in which they are to live but a brief hour, and keep them forever in ignorance of all things in that other world which is to be their eternal dwelling-place? Such a supposition seems most unreasonable.

Besides, we find in Scripture prophetic intimations of higher and fuller unfoldings of the truth; and why may not some disclosures concerning that realm of human existence which has hitherto been shrouded in darkness — some revelation of the great facts and laws of the spiritual world — be included in these unfoldings? Our Saviour, eighteen hundred years ago, declared that he had many things to tell his disciples, which they were not then able to bear. But he more than intimates that a time would come, in the pro-

gress of humanity, when, without injury to men's moral or spiritual states, the "many things" referred to might be revealed. He tells his disciples of a "Comforter," which, after his visible, earthly presence had ceased, he would send unto them; and this Comforter, which he says is the Spirit of Truth, was to show them all things when he came, and guide them into all needed truth. He foretold a second and more glorious manifestation of himself to the children of men,—a coming upon the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he who makes this announcement elsewhere declares himself "the Life," "the Truth," "the Light of the World." Therefore we should expect a spiritual coming in fulfilment of this prophecy. We should expect a coming of clearer spiritual light to enlighten the understandings of men upon subjects of profoundest interest and deepest solemnity. We should expect an unfolding of higher and purer truth, which, bursting through the clouds of ignorance and error, should usher in a new day for humanity,—should be, indeed, a new and more glorious manifestation of the Lord to the minds of men. And should we not expect, as a means or part of such higher spiritual enlightenment, a revelation of new truth, instructing us more fully in regard to our spiritual nature and final destiny, and the great facts and laws of that unseen world which is to be our future and eternal home?

Admitting, therefore, that a spiritual world really exists, it is not to be expected that its grand realities would remain forever shrouded in darkness to the dwellers in this lower sphere. Both reason and revelation forbid such a conclusion. Both warrant the belief that the thousand questions which so often arise in humble and pious minds in regard to the life beyond the grave, will not always remain unanswered. And if the answer ever comes, *how* is it to come? Can it come without the aid or instrumentality of some human agent? And if a human instrument is needed, we should expect that such instrument, after being duly qualified, would be intro-

mitted into the spiritual world, and thus be made acquainted with its great realities, so that he could report from actual observation and experience. We can conceive, perhaps, of a disclosure of the great arcana of the unseen world made in some other way; but is there any other that seems so reasonable or probable as this, — any other so accordant with what we know of the laws of divine order? If not, then the truth of the following declaration of the great Swedish Seer may be admitted as possible, and even probable.

"That there is a spiritual world inhabited by spirits and angels, distinct from the natural world inhabited by men, is a fact which, because no angel has descended and declared it, and no man has ascended and seen it, has been hitherto unknown even in the Christian world; lest, therefore, from ignorance of the existence of such a world, and the doubts respecting the reality of heaven and hell which result from such ignorance, men should be infatuated to such a degree as to become naturalists and atheists, it has pleased the Lord to open my spiritual sight, and, as to my spirit, to elevate me into heaven, and to let me down into hell, and to exhibit to my view the nature of both. It has thus been made evident to me that there are two worlds completely distinct from each other; one, all the objects of which are spiritual, whence it is called the spiritual world; and another, all the objects of which are natural, whence it is called the natural world; as also, that spirits and angels live in their own world, and men in theirs; and further, that every man passes by death from his world into the other, in which he lives to eternity."*

An extraordinary claim, indeed, is here put forth, but in language at once bold and simple. Is the Seer to be believed upon his own statement merely? By no means. However honest and truthful he may be shown to have been, and however worthy to be believed in declarations pertaining to any ordinary mundane affairs, we hold that a statement so extraordinary as the above should not be accepted merely upon

* Swedenborg's Treatise on Influx, n. 3.

his own or any other man's *ipse dixit*. It is every man's duty, as well as privilege, to refuse his assent to such a statement until he is convinced of its truth by evidence quite independent of the character of the Seer. Are his disclosures in regard to the spiritual world in themselves reasonable? Are they in harmony with the teachings of Holy Scripture, sound reason, historical facts, human experience, and the known laws of the human mind, as well as with the most enlightened conceptions of the wisdom, love, and mercy of God? These are the questions which it is every one's duty to ask in reference to whatever claims to be an unfolding of the realities of the spiritual world, let it come through whatsoever channel it may; and not until these are satisfactorily answered in the affirmative, should we think of yielding our assent to the *dicta* of any, even of the wisest Seer.

Objections I know are urged by many sensible and Christian people, and among them this: There is no need of further knowledge of the spiritual world; consequently no use of a revelation of its mysteries or its laws. Such a revelation, it is urged, would serve no valuable purpose. If truthful, it would only gratify a love of the marvellous, or an idle curiosity, which it were better not to indulge.

I think this objection is made without sufficient consideration. Suppose yourself a youth of eighteen or twenty, and that you were intending by and by to emigrate to a foreign land, there to reside for the remainder of your life. Would you not naturally desire some information about your future home, and the character of the people among whom you expected to live? Would you not wish to know something of their manners and customs, their institutions and laws, their language and literature, their occupations and modes of life? Might not such knowledge be very useful, by enabling you the better to prepare yourself for the honorable discharge of your duties as a citizen of that country? And if the country had been previously visited by some distinguished traveller, who had written and published a full account of his travels

and of the people whom he saw, would you reckon the time occupied in reading his book among your misspent hours? Would you think you had been merely gratifying an idle curiosity?

Well, then, I ask, Is some information concerning that country whither we are all going, sooner or later, — going, there to abide forever, — is some information respecting its inhabitants, constitution, government, and laws, a thing less desirable to a serious and rational mind? And can we conceive of no higher *use* which it may subserve, than the mere gratification of one's love of the marvellous? Who knows but such information may be of the first importance in fitting us to be more useful and happy in our future home? Who knows but a graphic picture of life in heaven and life in hell might kindle in human breasts a deeper love of the former, and a more intense loathing of the latter, — might quicken men's zeal and diligence in the attainment of the one and the avoidance of the other? Most Christians believe that our future and eternal state is somehow dependent on our earthly life. Who, then, shall say that the knowledge of *how* our life hereafter depends upon, or is connected with, our life here, can be of no practical importance?

Again: Most parents have some regard, in the education of their children, to the part they are expected to act when they shall have attained their majority. And it will not be denied that a knowledge of their future duties as wives and mothers, husbands and fathers, as members of society and citizens of the state, enables parents to direct their children's education more wisely and profitably than they otherwise could. Why, then, may not we give a wiser direction to *our* education in this the infancy or childhood of our being — our sojourn here on earth — by a knowledge of the duties which will devolve upon us in our more mature state, — a knowledge of the circumstances, laws, occupations, and enjoyments of the future life?

No need of a revelation concerning the spiritual world, do

you say! Read the history of the Christian Church prior to the memorable year 1757. Infidelity had well-nigh palsied her right arm, and a cold, cheerless, withering materialism had long pressed like an incubus upon her very vitals. Questions had been asked about man's future state, which the most learned among the clergy could not answer; and multitudes had come to doubt and deny even the soul's immortality. To arrest this materialistic and infidel tendency of Christendom, there was needed a full disclosure of the great facts and laws of the spiritual world, — supported, too, by an abundance of that rational kind of evidence, which alone could satisfy the demands of a reasoning and reflecting age.

No use, say you, of clear and definite knowledge respecting the great Hereafter! No need of a disclosure of the realities of the other world! Ask the thousands who already, in times of sore bereavement, have experienced the comforting and sustaining power of that abundant knowledge of the life after death, which was mercifully vouchsafed to the world a hundred years ago, — those who once looked on death with dismay and horror, but who are now able to contemplate it with a sweet serenity, — ask them, and they will tell you the use of such knowledge, for they can speak from experience. They will tell you that not the wealth of kingdoms, nor the honor of thrones, nor all mere earthly knowledge, can compare in value with the truths concerning the spiritual world which they have received through the writings of the New Church.

Sadly do our churches need a rational Pneumatology. Deeply is this want felt by clergy and laity. And "modern Spiritualism," with all its follies and fantasies, has done some good, if it has served to develop the sad dearth in all the old theologies of this kind of knowledge, and the deep sense of a need here which is felt by the multitude. Yet "modern Spiritualism" cannot supply the want which its own existence has so clearly revealed. But there *is* a doctrine concerning spirits and the spiritual world, which we think is capable of

satisfying the deepest want of our churches on this subject. In the hope, therefore, of doing something towards awakening and facilitating inquiry in this direction, we propose to exhibit, in a series of papers, a brief outline of the Pneumatology of the New Church, trusting that the views we may present will receive a candid consideration, but be accepted only so far as they are seen to have the testimony of reason and Scripture in their support.

B. F. B.

MUSIC OF THE DESERT.

THEY sang the song of Moses, the prophet of the Lord,
Lo! Israel, saved from bondage by God's almighty word:
The silence of the wilderness, unbroken, deep, and still,
Listened, and sent its echoes back, with clear, responsive thrill.

Far back among the mountains resounds the strain sublime;
Far forward through the ages, to the dim verge of time,
Rings forth that peal of music, so holy and so high,
Rising aloft in worship beyond yon starry sky.

And woman, with her timbrel, inspired with prophet power,
Goes forth with all her kindred in that exultant hour,
To sing the song of jubilee for freedom and for God;
"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, and the oppressor's rod

The Eternal One hath broken, and the enslaved are free!—
Glory to God, Jehovah, now and eternally!"
Full swelled the solemn chorus, on swept that graceful train,
As woman's glowing nature seemed rapt in one sweet strain.

So from the sea they journeyed, and when the desert land
Yielded no stream of water in all that sterile sand,
Save from the springs of Marah,—so bitter to the taste
That man refused to drink it, though fainting in the waste,—

Then did the hand of mercy stretch forth the potent rod,
And turn the bitter fountain to sweetness where they trod;
So did the cooling waters revive the fainting head,
As onward through the desert wilds their mazy path they thread.

How beautiful before them the lofty palm-trees raise
Their fair and waving branches, where the cool west-wind plays!
Those groves with tempting freshness invite the pilgrim hosts,
As they approach to Elim from the dark Red Sea coasts.

They come, and from their wanderings 't is blessed to dwell awhile,
Encamped beneath the watching skies, within the Father's smile,
Among those wells of water, beneath those soft, green shades,
Where the spoiler dares not enter, nor hostile foe invades.

O, how sublime before them the cloudy pillar rose!
How glorious in the darkness the fire on Sinai glows!
The cloud, the smoke, the trumpet, so awful and so clear,
The trembling nations felt and owned that God indeed was here.

But we forget the Mighty One, that leads us on our way,
Whose tender love doth shield us, and when, alas! we stray,
So gently leads us forward, and all our need supplies,
Though we kneel not to worship the Great, the Good, the Wise.

O that we felt thy presence as did those men of old!
Could we sit down in dulness? ay, could our hearts grow cold?
Give us one boon, O Father! to *feel thee ever near:*
So shall the shadow of thy wing drive off each idle fear.

So shall our lives be holy, our spirits calm and brave,
Thy piercing eye upon us, thy hand outstretched to save.
'T is ever thus, O Father! we know thou art the same
As when thy chosen people once called upon thy name:

Thy love is ever with us, thy glory shines around,
As beautiful, as holy, as radiant, as profound,
As in those early ages, when Thou, revealed, wast seen
Without a veil, or shadow, or doubt to intervene.

Great God, we bow before Thee,—our souls would feel Thee here!
Give us that faith so lofty, give us the vision clear,
As through life's desert wanderings we seek our upward way,
Hoping, believing, trusting in Thee, our Staff and Stay.

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THE PROBLEM OF EVIL RESOLVED BY THE BELIEVER.

A SERMON BY REV. CAZNEAU PALFREY, D. D.

ISAIAH xlv. 7. — "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things."

ROMANS v. 3, 4. — "We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."

WHEN the fatherly love of God is asserted, his perfect and unqualified love, his constant readiness to bless with all good every one of his children, the thought naturally arises, how much there is in the world of what men call evil; how much bodily pain; how much suffering from the privations of poverty; how much of life is consumed by the greater part of men in low drudgery and grinding toil; how much sorrow is caused by disappointed hopes and wounded affections. These facts are not to be kept out of sight. We must give them a fair and careful consideration before our faith in God's parental love can rest upon a sure foundation.

The existence of evil under the government of a perfectly good being has ever been a mystery; and no progress seems to have been made towards a solution of it. There is no probability that we shall ever be able, in this life, to answer all the questions about it that an inquisitive mind can raise. But though it cannot be satisfactorily solved to our understanding, I think it may be to our faith. I believe that every child of God may learn to look upon it from such a point of view that it shall not disturb his trust in his Father's love.

With the hope of being able to present such a view of it, and for the purpose of offering some practical reflections on the subject, I have selected the two texts; one taken from the record of the old dispensation, the other from that of the new. The former is a remarkable passage. It directly asserts that God is the author of evil; that is, as the connection implies, of physical evil, and all the sorrow and suffering that result from it; — not of sin, which is an abuse of the moral

freedom God has bestowed upon man, — a high gift, which, while it renders him capable of the lowest degradation, also qualifies him for the highest attainments in excellence. The passage is thus opposed to a notion which long prevailed extensively in the East, that evil was the work of a malignant spirit, equal in power to the Author of good, holding with him a divided empire over the universe, often waging successful war with him, defeating his designs, and marring his works. From this disheartening view the Hebrew was saved by the better theology with which revelation furnished him. He was taught that God is one, supreme, and almighty; that he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? He, then, appoints sorrow, adversity, and suffering, as well as prosperity, joy, and peace; and the inference is, that he appoints them for wise and good ends; that under his rule these things cannot be final evils.

The passage from Paul is also a striking one. It boldly asserts the blessedness of affliction. Under the old dispensation, the rewards and penalties of the law were principally external. The chosen people were rewarded for their fidelity and obedience by the continued possession of their land, and by prosperity and peace in it. For disobedience they were punished with exile, captivity, and national ruin. Hence the Jew naturally fell into the habit of regarding outward prosperity and adversity as marks of Divine approbation and displeasure; and when he saw the Christian community everywhere reviled and persecuted, he asked how a religion whose followers were found in such a condition could be, as it claimed to be, a religion from God. Paul meets the objection, not in a tone of apology, but by declaring that Christians gloried in their tribulations, because by means of them was wrought in their hearts a most blessed experience, well worth all the sufferings that were the price of it; that in the midst of their afflictions they possessed within their souls a

deep peace and joy, that were richer tokens of the Divine favor than the most splendid of earthly conditions. This assertion of the Apostle furnishes the key-note by which all our thoughts and feelings on this subject should be modulated.

Indeed, the very idea that the government of God is parental, furnishes at once an explanation of much of the evil that is suffered under it. It is analogous to the discipline which the parent exercises over the child. How ignorant is the child of many things that most intimately concern his own welfare! How little does he know of himself, and of the world into which he has entered! What conception can he form of the duties that will devolve upon him in life, or of the training by which he is to be prepared for them? How very imperfect a notion has he even of his present, immediate good! The gratification of the passing moment seems to him the most desirable of all things. If he could have his own way, he would be free from every restraint; and would choose to have each wish and whim indulged as soon as it arises. It belongs to the parent to take care of this ignorant and erring being; to direct his steps in paths he would not have chosen for himself; to restrain him from many things that he desires to do; to deprive him of hurtful gratifications on which his desires are strongly set; to hold him back with a strong hand from dangers into which he would thoughtlessly rush; and to compel him to take the bitter draught by which his maladies are to be healed. All these contradictions and checks upon his self-will appear to him at first in the guise of evils. They are to him so many deductions from the completeness of his parent's love. But do they not seem so only on account of the shortness of his sight? Are they not, in fact, varied proofs of that love? Would not the parent be deficient in wise affection if he did not so treat his child?

This condition of the young child is no more than a fair illustration of our condition in relation to our Heavenly

Father, and to the endless life upon which we have entered. Are we any better able to penetrate the mystery of our own nature, or to comprehend the infinity of our immortal destiny? We do not know the extent of our capacity of thought, emotion, and action; or what heights of excellence and power we may hereafter reach; and how can we judge what should be the first steps of their development here? We cannot conceive to what glorious ministries in God's service we may be hereafter called; what vast spheres of activity will be opened to us; what new energies will be unfolded within us; what degrees of glory and blessedness we may attain; and how can we tell what would be the most fitting preparation for that unimagined future? Let us rejoice that He who made us, who unerringly knows our true interest, who comprehends our whole destiny, has entirely at his disposal our present lot, and that he will order all things for our highest good, if we will co-operate with his gracious purposes, by our submission and obedience. Is it not reasonable to expect, that, in the process by which we are fitted for everlasting life, some things should seem strange to us? — that the discipline by which we are trained for the greatness of that state should sometimes wear the semblance of severity? And may not everything that we call evil be thus sufficiently explained? May not all our difficulties, straits, privations, pains, and sorrows be made the means of calling forth our energies, promoting the growth of our souls, and leading us up to a higher spiritual level? And shall we any longer call them evils, if they are thus instrumental to a higher than any temporal good?

The question may be asked, indeed, Why was not the benefit conferred without the use of the painful means? and it may perhaps be sufficiently answered by saying, that it was impossible in the nature of things; and that the question in fact asks, why Divine Wisdom could not do what involves an absurdity? But I care not to answer the question, because I am dealing with the subject practically; and should

be satisfied with showing, that, under the existing constitution of the universe, evil may become instrumental in producing good that could not otherwise be attained.

Although much of the parent's treatment may appear to the child at first under the aspect of evil, it may soon be transformed by the influence of filial love and trust. The child learns to submit his own will to his parent's, not with the reluctant submission that is rendered to an inevitable necessity, but with the cheerful affection which makes the sacrifice a pleasure; — he readily receives what he would else shrink from, because it is his parent that offers it; and he finds satisfaction in the victory he thus gains over himself, and in the increased approbation of his parent; and his filial affection is strengthened, as all affections are for the sake of which sacrifices and efforts are made. If we entertain a filial piety towards God, may we not expect from it a similar effect, in changing the aspect of the evils of life? If a burden of sorrow have been laid upon us, and we have been enabled to bear it with meek resignation, and, whilst our souls have been wrung with agony, still to say, Not my will, but Thine, be done! has not that affliction been the means of bringing us nearer to God than we could have been brought without it? And if so, must we not call it a blessing?

But when we are disposed to complain of the proportion of evil that is mingled with the course of our life, let us ask ourselves, what we would have. Do we desire that our wills should never be crossed? — that every wish should be gratified as it arises? — that every rough place in our path should grow smooth as we approach it? — that every obstacle should yield to our slightest touch, or vanish before we reach it? Are we unwilling that our energy should ever be tasked to grapple with a single difficulty? No. A reflecting man could not for a moment desire such a condition. Its insipidity would be intolerable. The soul would languish and sicken in so enervating an atmosphere. This total absence of evil would be the greatest evil that could befall us.

What then would we have? Just so much evil as we could easily overcome? — as would afford a pleasant exercise to our powers of resistance and endurance? — as would give an agreeable variety to life? Such a condition would be little different from that just described. It would amount, indeed, to precisely the same thing in the end. Such evil would be no trial. We should not improve by it. We should indeed grow weaker under it. It is evident that, if evil be a blessed messenger of God, charged with a beneficent ministry to our souls, it must first be felt as evil, it must be something more than we should voluntarily choose for ourselves, something from which we should naturally shrink. Our spiritual power can be increased only by conflict with evil which at first sight looks invincible. Resignation implies suffering, and cannot be exercised except under a sense of suffering. The willingness of the spirit is measured by the weakness of the flesh. The natural wish, — "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," — must precede the expression of submission, — "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Looking at this world and at our own souls as they are actually constituted, I see not how all the strength of our nature, all its capacities of action and endurance, all its various sensibilities, all its deep affections, could be called forth and exercised, without being subjected to some such course of events as we call evil. The harp that receives only the impulses of the passing winds, gives forth, indeed, a wild and pleasing melody; but never such strains as reveal its full power, and most deeply touch the heart of the listener. In order that it should yield its richest music, it must be not merely breathed on by the gentle airs of summer, but *struck* by the hand of a master who perfectly understands its capability, and knows how to evoke the soul of harmony that lies hidden in its chords.

The mystery of evil is practically solved to every patient and submissive spirit. The Apostle describes in the text the successive steps by which this result is effected. Tribula-

tion, he says, worketh patience. This should be its first fruits. Patience is an essential prerequisite to reaping the benefits of affliction. So long as we repine or rebel at the appointments of God, they must seem to us unqualified evils. When we meekly accept them, and make the Divine will ours, we see affliction as God sees it, and know it to be a blessing in disguise, — a varied expression of Divine love; and there flows into the resigned heart a peace that the world can neither give nor take away, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. Thus patience works a most blessed experience. We feel and know that affliction is no proof that our Father hath forsaken us, or ceased to love us; we find, on the contrary, that it brings us nearer to him. And this experience worketh hope. It robs evil of its worst power. If this evil, so dreaded in its approach, is found by its presence to reveal the Divine more clearly to us, then we will not inordinately fear any evil; we will look forward into the unknown future with cheerful hope, knowing that, when the darkest passages of life open before us, our Father is still with us; that we have only to grasp his hand more firmly, and press forward with assured though trembling steps, trusting that he will uphold and bless us.

It is not when we are surrounded by all the outward blessings of life, when we are wholly at ease in our present condition, and the morrow seems likely to be as this day and more abundant, that we most deeply feel God's perfect love. Even though the enjoyment of his gifts may not hide the Giver from our view, it may lead us to dwell on these outward tokens of his goodness, which by their very nature are incapable of so fully revealing his infinite love as the inward experiences of the soul. But when these things are removed, when the soul is left more alone with God, when by the disappointment of earthly hope and affection it is made to feel the need of him, and experiences in the depth of suffering the all-sufficiency of his arm to support it, it seems to enjoy a new revelation of Divine love. I believe that the medita-

tions of all your hearts will teach you, if you have never been taught it by experience, that such things may be. It is attested by the experience of multitudes of afflicted and resigned disciples of Christ.

I do not forget that physical evil by no means invariably results in spiritual good; that much sorrow is endured by which the heart is not made better; that some spirits are overwhelmed and crushed, and some made cold and selfish, by suffering. This is owing to our imperfection and weakness. We are obliged to rest satisfied with the fact, that evil is capable of being used for the highest spiritual purposes. But it does not necessarily produce those effects. It depends upon ourselves whether its ministry of good shall be accomplished or not. Instead, therefore, of vainly seeking to solve the problem of the universe, let us humbly seek, each one for himself, that spirit which shall enable us rightly to use the portion of evil that falls to our share. Let us also do what we can to lighten the burden of suffering that is laid upon our fellow-man, and to enable him by our sympathy and help to bear that which is inevitable.

Only in the life of the Lord Jesus do we see a perfect illustration of the power of a pure, loving, godlike spirit to transmute into good whatever evil touches it. We see him rejected and persecuted by his countrymen; betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, deserted by all; buffeted and spit upon; clothed with mock ensigns of royalty; exposed to the derisive homage of the soldiers; crowned with thorns; bowed beneath the Roman scourge; nailed to the bitter cross. But how perfectly were his meekness, patience, self-possession, and trust in God maintained! How deep the fountains of that love which, amidst these multiplied and aggravated wrongs, overflowed in sympathy with the women of Jerusalem, in his thoughtful affection for his mother and his friend, in his words of encouragement to his penitent fellow-sufferer, in his prayer for his cruel executioners! How should we have known the beauty and the power of his

heavenly character, but for the evil that gathered around him? His perfection is revealed to us through his suffering. All that the rage and malice of his foes could do only served the more signally to illustrate his spiritual glory. The cross to which they consigned him, which had ever been another name for shame and ignominy, has become the symbol of all that is most dear and sacred to our hearts. That exaltation of the cross is a type of the change that Jesus has wrought in all the forms of outward evil. He has glorified and sanctified them all, by showing how they may be made steps of the soul's ascent to higher degrees of excellence. "In the world," said our Lord, "ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." That victory has made a similar victory possible to us. In his spirit we too may overcome the evil that is in the world. In proportion as we possess his spirit, evil ceases to be evil to us.

Although the short continuance of all mortal evil does not alter its nature, a consideration of it may help us to patient endurance. To the faithful and devoted child of God it is incidental to the present life alone. And what is the present life, compared with the endless life of the soul? Though suffering is necessary for the complete development and training of the spirit in this its infant stage of being, yet when, through meek endurance and faithful conflict, it shall have been strengthened and purified by earthly trial, it will rise into a higher state of existence, where the ministry of evil will be no longer needed for the production of good, but the soul's progress will be achieved by steps which are themselves happiness. Then God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. The light affliction which is but for a moment will have wrought out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

THE CROSS.

RAISED on high, above the city,
Oft I see the sacred cross,
Telling of the Saviour's sufferings,
Making all things else but dross!

When amidst its streets I wander,
And its tempting pleasures seek,
From the cross a strength there cometh,
And no longer I am weak.

When I covet others' honors,
Wish their wealth or homes were mine,
Then the cross uplifts my spirit,
And no longer I repine.

When I murmur, faint and weary,
Grow impatient at my lot,
Then I look upon the symbol,
And my sufferings are forgot.

When for good of men I labor,
Yet for this I suffer wrong,
Then the cross its lesson teaches,
Then, though weak, I yet am strong.

Then the outward cross doth vanish
From my eye, and from my thought,
And all-glorified the Saviour
To my mind again is brought!

And another life I enter,
With its peace before unknown;
And, with countless tribes and nations,
Stand confessed before the throne.

J. V.

THE SOUL AND ITS WORLD.*

PERHAPS no term in the English language is so *indeterminate* as the term *soul*. From the want of a true doctrine of the soul, men have the most vague and irrational ideas of its nature. The materialist tauntingly asks, What is the soul? describe it, exhibit it, or cease to use a word for which you have no *thing* as a relative. In the old faiths it is counted as a name, not as a thing, — at least, not as a substantial organic thing. To some the term *spirit* presents the idea of an abstract thinking principle; to others, of a merely formless ether; to others, of a kind of "vital spark." Others, again, think that the soul is a mere expression of the activities of the cerebral and nervous system, having no life in and of itself. Whereas the truth is that the soul is an immortal entity, which no chemistry can dissolve, and no change can annihilate. The soul is the very man himself, a perfectly organized body of spiritual substance, "clothed upon" with matter as our hand is clothed with a glove, and passing, when uncased by death, into its proper world as a real human being, perfect in personality, feature, and shape, and seen as such whenever seen at all. We are all duplicated, like the good old double watches of former days; so when the outward material case crumbles away, and what is called "death" happens, the spiritual man stands erect, and not a little relieved by thus shaking off its old man of the mountain; especially if this sheathing chance to be blind, limbless, deformed, diseased, and the like. "For the spiritual man gets up as whole as did Peter's cripple."

As the body of flesh is not a mere simple substance, but a collection of innumerable parts and organs, so the soul, as the governor and director of the body, cannot be a simple entity, nor an abstract nothingness. It exists within the

* Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena. By LEO. H. GRINDON, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. London: Whittaker & Co. Manchester: Dunnill and Palmer. 1859.

outward body, not as a chaos, but in form, — in the human form. The eyes of the soul exist within the natural eyes. A full complement of spiritual senses reside within their natural vessels or media. Seeing, hearing, and the like, are dual. Nor does the soul become at death a formless inconceivability, — a disembodied, dumb, deaf, blind, and insensate thing. Death does not touch the soul. It shreds from the real man no part or atom of his organism. The man who seems to die is living still, with faculties all complete. Though the eyes of flesh close in death, his bodily being remains unbroken, and unbreakable, through the eternal years. By perspiration and other change, while in this world of matter, the man casts off six, seven, or a dozen bodies; death is but the casting off the *last*, the poorest, and the feeblest of them all.

When Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth, he proclaimed this truth. The churches taught then, as many of the churches teach now, that after death the soul is a formless and bodiless ghost, without positive, personal, human life, living nowhere and nohow till the day of judgment permit it to reassume its mortal dust. But he teaches that bodily life is never suspended, and that the dissolution of the flesh is but the rising up of the spirit into freer, fuller life. He calls the soul the *real inner man*, emerging at death from the shell of clay to return to it no more. Again and again, in precept and parable, he showed his disciples that those who pass through the gates of death, and drop the covering of matter, still hold their *bodily organism* unmarred, still wield the various mechanism of sight, and hearing, and touch, and the higher powers of reasoning, and thought, and memory, and love, and thus are real living men.

Paul of Tarsus taught the same truth as a primal law of Christian philosophy. Said he, "There is a natural body and there *is*" — not there will be, but there *is now* — "a spiritual body." He speaks of them both in the present tense, of both as then existing together, and of the spiritual

body as being as much a present reality as the material body. The material body dies; you see no more of that. The spiritual form comes out of it, like the rose from its bursting calyx, or the stalk of grain from the decaying seed. As within the seed is found the germ, so within the body is found the soul, — a perfect organic structure, ready to start forth at the touch of death. As the decaying grain is riven by the swelling life within, so the atoms of the outward form fall away from us, when the *spiritual body* expands its powers, winged and plumed for flight. As the body of the seed drops off and perishes, while the germ within expands itself and clothed in a new body rises into air and life; so, when the natural form fails to perform its duties, it drops off from the soul, and the man rises, in complete human form, into newness of life.

Such is Paul's exact and beautiful analogy between the growth of grain and the resurrection of the spirit of man. The best of the old philosophers also bore witness to this truth, that the spirit, whether in or out of the earthly form, is the full and entire man. Socrates believed it. "How shall we bury you?" said Crito to him, as he drank the hemlock. "Just as you please, if you can only catch me," replied the dying teacher. Said he, "I am never tired of telling Crito that the body is not Socrates;" and he advises those who believe that the soul becomes, at death, an indefinite vagueness, without parts, shape, outline, or definite relation to other things, "not to live, after death, in any bleak, windy land, or their souls will be blown away."

There can be no human life, in any world, without a human body. "Think, if you can, of earnest affection without the glance of the eye; or love of authority without the look and gesture of command; or eagerness and haste without legs; or the intelligence of a being without a brain; or his joy without a face, his tenderness without a heart; or fancy the repose of a man who has no seat, and nothing to sit upon;" — and when you have thus sliced away every part

of the human organism, *what is left* answers to the popular idea of the soul; it also answers to the popular idea of *nothing*. Let it pass.

Of course the spirit, when it has cast off its old suit of clothes, and has dwelt, perhaps for immemorial ages, in its own world of eternity, never returns to the body which it left here. The dissolving carcass is never rebuilded. Old worn-out forms are never renewed. New objects grow from seeds, not from dead old trunks.

When the teeth of the child drop from its little gums, they do not return and take the place of the teeth of manhood. Does the child, radiant with the great joy of free, conscious life, come back to the body of the mother, and become a blind, smothered embryo once more? Does the great war-eagle who sweeps the heaven "with thunderous clang of brazen wings," ever shrivel himself together, and re-enter the egg of his infancy? Does the insect, glittering in the morning light, come back to find the scales of the larva it had lost, and "the loss of which gave freedom to its wings"? No more does man, when he has done with the world of matter, return to its heavy coverings. Neither man nor the universe ever turns back, nor are the primal laws of God so easily reversed.

Everything is covered on the earth, — that is the law. No nut is grown without its shell housing the kernel till it is ripe. No grain but has its covering, sheltering it till it is ready to come forth; then the shell falls away, and the covering withers into chaff, and the perfect seed comes out. It is just so with man. Underneath the material rind that covers him round in this world of coverings, is his true self in complete human form, the spiritual man.

When one puts on a glove, it assumes the shape and outline of the hand, and seems to move and act of itself; yet only *seems*, for within is the real hand. So within the natural body is the real man; within the natural brain, a real brain; within the natural heart and lungs, a real heart and

lungs; within the natural limbs, real limbs; within the natural organs of voice, and sound, and sight, spiritual organs corresponding thereto. Those spiritual eyes were opened for Stephen, when, looking up from the agonies of his martyrdom, he saw the heavy sky-curtains melt, fold by fold, from his kindling gaze. Now what is there to prevent any of us from seeing just what Stephen saw? What prevents the bursting splendor of this universal vision from flashing in one sunrise of glory over the whole world? Nothing but the closing of the spiritual eye, which death opened for Stephen, and which death will also open for us.

We are all conscious of this inner self, manifesting itself through the outward organs. This constitutes the *I* or the *Me*. When we speak of seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, we refer to a being who possesses all these senses, and who lives *behind* their outward organs. Not so properly do I say my eye sees, my hand feels, my brain thinks, as I see *through* my eye, I feel *with* my hand, I think *with* my brain. A little further. It is the being within the flesh who thinks, and wills, and acts, — the being who loves, and hates, and meditates. We cannot affirm that *flesh* can think, will, love, and purpose. We know that the flesh, when the spirit hath gone out, hath nothing, — no senses, no motion, no life. All such action we refer inevitably to the interior being, or man, — to that deep and wondrous spiritual life which the reason serves, and for which the senses are but organs.

The soul gives shape to the features, and stamps itself upon the body. Anger is seen in the dilated nostril, the curling lip, the kindling eye, the flushed or pallid cheek. Intense delight reveals itself in the exulting glance and upraised face. The heart throbs in time and tune with every new impulse of the soul. The lungs breathe feebly, or pant in passion in strict unison with the inner voice and life. The whole body is the stamped expression of the spirit within. Could our eyes pierce through the thick veil of fleshly covering, we would see the stamp which makes the impression; that is, the man himself.

As a seal stamps itself upon the wax, and moulds its image; so does the soul upon the yielding atoms of its animated clay, shaping it to expression, as the human hand shapes the pen.

You may singe the eye-lashes of a sleepwalker with a candle, and he will see neither you nor the light. His eyes are closed, or have no expression; they are like those of a corpse. Yet he will walk out in the dense gloom of midnight, avoiding chairs, tables, and all other obstructions; he will tread the steep ridgepole of a roof far more securely than he can at midday in his natural state. He will harness horses, split wood, make shoes, &c., all in the darkness of midnight. Can you tell me, O Materialist, with what *eyes* he sees to do these things? and what supersolar light directs him?

You go to a clairvoyant, of whom there are dozens in every large city, who shall be so blindfolded as to be unable, in the least degree, to use his sight; yet he will look directly through the bandages, and describe to you persons and objects at all points. How is this? Our best science says, that the man sees with the "inner eye"; but eyes are never produced by themselves, they exist always as parts of an organism. If the spirit hath an eye, it must have the other organs corresponding to the eye; that is, it must be a *body*. Even our body of flesh is no unit. It is made up of a series of bodies fitting one within another. "First, there is the body of bones, which, viewed by itself alone, is distinctly *human* in form. Next comes the muscular system, clothing the bones; here we have a form more nearly resembling the body of man. Then take the system of arteries and veins, and we shall find the human image approaching yet nearer to completeness. But now take the brain and nerves, this form is perfect, the image is complete, and we might suppose the entire man stood before us. Thus we see, that as we pass from the gross and earthly parts to those more vital and refined,—that is, the higher we ascend *towards the*

soul, — the more do we approach the perfect shape of man. The only reason for this is, that the soul itself is in the human form. The soul, which is next above the body of the brain and nerves, is human throughout in form and function, and, with all the covering of matter laid aside, still presents the perfect body of man." The man is still there, with organs and faculties complete; but not visible to the eye of sense, for he is now a "spiritual body."

It seems to us that a just definition of spirit, a true conception of the soul, could rectify many religious errors. The first step is to rid ourselves of the illusions of the senses, and to banish the idea that, because we cannot see or hear or touch a thing, therefore it does not exist, or has no substance or shape. That is, we must not think that spirit is not *real*, simply because it is not *matter*. That would be an error indeed. For God is not matter; he cannot be handled or touched or seen by organs of flesh; yet surely he is something very solidly real. If, then, God is substantial, spirit must be substantial; for "God is spirit."

The vague general belief that we do and can know nothing of spirit is untrue. We can know as much of spirit as of matter, and in the same way. About the *nature* or *essence* of either we know absolutely nothing. The substratum of matter, eludes our analysis. Only through certain external properties and laws do we perceive it at all. Matter is the manifestation of the qualities of extension, form, hardness, attraction, &c., under the *laws of nature*. The same qualities taken out from under natural law, and existing under spiritual, would at once cease to be matter, and would become spiritual substance. Yet this latter manifestation would be as real and substantial as matter, and even more so, as being nearer in degree to the Creative Spirit. Substance is *something*, in distinction from *nothing*. It includes whatever exists. It takes in all that *is*. Matter and spirit are both included in substance. But matter takes in only that lowest kind of substance which exists and combines under natural

law; while above it is that higher degree of being called *spiritual substance*. Now both these grades of being may be wholly distinct, so that one cannot see nor feel nor touch the other, and yet both be real; and each in its own sphere be visible, audible, and tangible. To deny this is to deny that there is any grade of being other than matter; which denial *does away with God*. There are spiritual substances, then, as well as material ones; and the former are none the less real because out of the reach of chemistry or edge-tools, or because the senses cannot measure them.

Indeed, it is only the grosser kinds of matter that the senses can apprehend. "Heat and electricity are as truly material as flint and granite, yet man can neither cut nor weigh nor measure them"; while the familiar air we breathe can neither be seen nor felt till put in motion. "As for invisibility, which, to the vulgar, is proof of non-existence, no warning is so incessantly addressed to us, from every sphere of creation, as not to disbelieve simply because we cannot see." Each class of substances is real in relation to its own world,—the objects of matter in the material world, the things of the spirit in the spiritual world. In a word, to say that spirit is not a reality, and so a substance, is to say that it is nothing; and, as "God is Spirit," it is virtually to say that God is nothing. What moves nature? Matter cannot move itself. Think of the millions of human forms,—a thousand millions on this earth alone, now being moved about by spirit! They would all stop were the spirit to go out. Can the power which lifts and carries this immense weight and bulk of matter, be itself unsubstantial? Look at those round, rushing orbs in the huge vault of space; the unimaginable host of suns, each the centre of a lesser host, and all flying with tireless speed. Who moves it all? An abstraction? No; the reality of spirit,—Spirit Infinite and Pure.

Behold how the flowers of the spring come forth in tender grace, shedding fragrant breath over hill and vale. They cannot create or evolve themselves. They are but uncon-

scious bloom-pictures on the dusty canvas, and their loveliness reveals everywhere the silent activity of spirit. And the same power that moves those mighty astronomic orbs, also moves those great thoughts within us, the vast ideas of truth and love and virtue and immortality that in the deep, dim midnight of our being rise above the plane of consciousness, "as with the flame of Sirius and the starry cohorts of Orion." Can that be an unreal and substanceless thing that can thus roll those sun-like thoughts in all their constellations through the sky of the soul? How often it occurs in sleep that two friends sacredly united, though as to the body separated by the breadth of oceans and continents, yet meet in visions of the night, and commune together face to face. There are those everywhere who have tasted this cup, for it is common to loving hearts in all ages and throughout the whole world. Spiritually we are with those we love. Thought brings presence. Soul meets soul and telegraphs its hope, its tenderness, its joy, "through all the fibres of the spirit, through all its leaping chords, its quivering, burning bars." Can that force which thus pulses along the silent boundless chords of love and sympathy, conquering all space, and making its presence felt half round the globe, be aught else than a substantial thing? But all substance must have *shape*. A formless thing is a thing without parts, which again is a no-thing. And a formless soul is surely a no-body. Now what shape shall we give to the soul of man? Is it round or square, or polygonal, or in any other form than the human? No; the human form is the image of God, and there can be no more eminent form. Nor does history, traced backward even to the solemn twilight of the early mythologies, ever reveal to us a higher personal form. Nor can the most exalted imagination body forth a form more grand. The angels of our highest dreams, of our transfigured sight, — the angels of Raphael and Milton, of Isaiah and Daniel, of Jesus and St. John, — are always *men*.

The "Word of the Lord," then, has come unto this age,

saying, "The spirit is an immortal human body. Thy soul and thyself are one. Man ceases not to be man when the flesh falls off; yea, rather his manhood becomes more plenary and complete." As we rise to the conception that there are other bodies than natural ones governed by natural laws, the spiritual world also rises on our sight, a world of substances and forms, more pure, perfect, and lifelike, "because free of the death-robes of earth and matter."

The natural world is not the real world, any more than the body is the real self. The world of sense bears the same relation to the world of soul, that the body bears to the spirit, the shell to the kernel, the image to its reflecting substance. Nature, from her lowest pebble up to the perfected form of man, is but a *mirror* of the true creation, but the *echo* of the spirit, but the covering or outside of the world of souls, just as the skin is the covering or outside of the body. The spiritual world surrounds nature as the waters surround earth, bathing both its poles. It is filled with substances fashioned into distinct forms, as real as wood and marble. It is not a vapory indefiniteness, nor yet an amphitheatre with circular rows of benches for psalm-singing saints; but a world with mountain and sea, landscapes and flowers, with its mineral basis, its flora, its animal tribes, its human races; with differing social institutions, forms of government, modes of worship, in all respects fitted to the new condition of the soul, as the world of nature is to the man in the flesh. Here we see only the shows of things. This show of far-reaching field, and undulating vale, and sweeping hill, and tree, and wood,—what is it but a "hiding of power,"—the temporary setting forth of the things that are eternal and forever?

We fancy ourselves shut up in matter, but the truth is, we are walking now in the spiritual world. The soul dwells not in time and space; it absolutely lives now in its own world. Thus we dwell in two states of being, related to the one through the senses of the body, and to the other by the powers of the soul.

We are living now in the spiritual world, all of us, as persons blind from birth live in the world of nature, — *in* it, but not seeing it, till death couches the spiritual eye. Poetry and philosophy alike rest on the sublime fact that nature is a grand, rich book of symbols, that the visible world is only one side of the actual universe, and that the things we see around us are no more than the outside dress of something *within*, more than we can see. A few years ago the chemist paid exclusive attention to the solid substances which lay precipitated in the bottom of his crucible; now he has learned that the subtile gases which floated off unseen, and of which he knew nothing, are no less real, and in fact more important. Let us not commit a similar mistake in the study of man.

Said Agassiz: "All forms in the creation are the direct result of the thought of God." Each object in nature is a divine thought, flung down upon the world from a higher plane.

Matter was created, not "out of nothing," but out of mind, out of spirit, out of God. "Nothing" has neither properties, nor parts, nor capacity for being moulded into shape. Nothing does not exist. Only things exist. If, previous to the creation of *things*, nothing existed, who created that "nothing," and out of what was it created?

Profoundly true is the teaching of the Brahmins, who say, "The Creator, out of himself, spun the web of the universe." Creation is primarily spiritual, and only natural by derivation. The universe, with all its train, is an emanation, not from "nothing," but from God. Matter was created out of spirit. Mind or soul is the only *something* of such quality that it can produce other somethings without lessening itself. It can act forever without depletion. It stands behind all else with its exhaustless potency, consuming no part of itself in its constructions. Everything that is created must, therefore, have first existed in the spiritual world before it can exist as *matter*. Whatever *is*, existed

first as a thought. *God thought all things*, and then sent them forth, first as spiritual substances, and lastly clothed in matter. All creation, human or divine, follows this law. Before the work of the artist, the author, the sculptor, the architect, takes a physical form in the outer world, it is created and matured as a mental thing, — it is constructed in the realm of spirit. This realm of spirit, this universe of the souls of all things, is the SPIRITUAL WORLD. It is full of the works of God in their youngest, highest, and most perfect state. It is infinite in extent, and it can never end. None, even of its slightest forms, can ever die. While to the population of that world, consisting of our forefathers, parents, relatives, and soon to include ourselves, every object appears with all the beauty of form and color and motion and outline that material things present to men on the earth; yea, with infinitely more, for *there* things are viewed as they really are, while *here* we see only their surface and their shell.

To those who dream of the spiritual world as of a realm remote and unknown to us, we say that it is within the realm of nature, as the soul is within the body. The material world is the spiritual world wrapped in a shell of materiality. Every object that we see in the wide landscape of the world is but the physical outside of a spiritual form. Material substances mould themselves universally upon pre-existent spiritual forms, as upon a model, and wait upon them as servants. Life cannot work without a pattern.

"Why does the acorn always produce an oak, and never an elm? Why does the bulb of the hyacinth always develop its fragrant cluster, and never a cowslip or a lily?" Simply because in the acorn the spiritual form of the oak already exists; and in the bulb the spiritual form of the flower.

When we look upon a beautiful landscape, we see trees, hills, rivers, real and substantial indeed, yet only the temporary images of forms existing in a world we do *not* see. That world is the *spiritual*, — the same old, beautiful world

of God, in fact, with which we are familiar, only on a higher plane of creation. As the soul is the true human body, so is that grand spiritual realm the true human world, the world we shall all inhabit at death.

Our introduction in this life to mineral, vegetable, and animal, to air and sky and sun, is the beginning of a friendship that will never be dissolved; only that hereafter we shall view things as they really are, instead of their mere circumference and outside. The man who heartily welcomes this truth, can never be thoroughly unhappy. For he brings the material and spiritual worlds into *one*, stripping the former of its vestures, and identifying it with the regalities of his own inner life. Now there is as much proof of the spiritual world and its laws, as of the material world and its physical laws; but the proofs are not of the same kind. You cannot demonstrate an angel as you would an angle. The spiritual world, like the soul which is a dweller in it, must be thought of purely from the soul.

Visible, sensuous evidence belongs to inferior subjects of thought. The greatest truths must be *felt*. The highest truth of all, the existence of God, we can neither mathematically prove to another, nor have proved to ourselves; and the same holds good of the soul, the life to come, and the spiritual world. To enter the spiritual world is merely to become *conscious* of it. It requires no journey. Wherever there are material substances and material worlds, there likewise is the spiritual universe. Could we reach the most distant star that the telescope can descry, we should not be a hair's breadth nearer to it than we are here and now, nor should we be a hair's breadth more distant from it. It circumferences us like the air we breathe.

"All the things we call *new* — as spring flowers, and autumn fruits, and beautiful poems, and lofty thoughts — are not new, but old; just as the morning and the moonlight are new as often as they appear, and yet are as old as the lilies of Eden." The summer rose seems to wither, its petals

scatter, and its loveliness fades out of sight; but the *real* rose can never perish. The real rose abides where it always was, — in the spiritual world. And when we cast off our own "leaves," we shall find it in deathless beauty, along with all the loved and lost. Then, too, we shall behold the spiritual sea, and islands, and rivers, and cities, and sun and stars, and trees, just as aged John beheld them on the Isle of Patmos, when God "opened his eyes" that he might tell us of them.

"Thousands, in the hour of the spirit's transit, have seen a light, not of our sun, and more radiant than its utmost beam. It comes to the dying, all soft and tender, and floods with rare sunrise into the brain, and makes the dying chamber glow with an effulgence like that which flashed at broad noon on Hebrew Saul. Then, as the earth vapors roll away, and the great time-curtain parts, Eternity stands unveiled; while on its far empurpled coasts are seen the shining multitudes, numerous as the sea-drops."

And no dreamer's heaven and hell are here; — far otherwise. Heaven is no confectionery-shop, or fancy fair, or lazy summer garden, or voluptuous lounging-place, fitted up with superfine luxuries for superfine saints. Nor is hell what the pitchfork and poker literature has taught so long, a smoking furnace, lurid with ghastly fire, and horrible with brimstone, into which are indiscriminately flung murderers, Infidels, Heathen, Unitarians, and unbaptized babies, — all one weltering heap.

No. Founded in infinite justice, and settled by the eternal law of fitness, they lie before us, neither to terrify nor to bribe, but as the homes of our choice, and the destinies of our own willing; places for the reaping of what we here have sown, and for the ongoing of what we here begin.

Nature is the dial-plate of both heaven and hell. We are in the spiritual world now, — the veilings of sense only hide it. We put on heaven or hell according to the daily habits

of the soul, and death but lifts up the curtain to show us the society we have chosen. To the good, heaven is already entered, and death only takes the concealments of the flesh away. To those who love and do evil, death, when the flesh falls off, but draws them to their like, — which is hell. While through all spheres, and all ranks of life, from the crystal to the soul, runs one sweet and shining law, "that each shall go to his own place."

A HYMN.

DARK hung the shadows of the night
O'er Him who knelt alone;
While the deep, silent wilderness
Watched o'er the Suffering One.

O Holy Jesus! what within
That spotless breast of thine
Lay deepest, in thy solitude,
Before thy Father's shrine!

The mystic springs of thy pure life
Lay open to his sight;
The motive power that wrought in thee, —
The secret of thy might.

Man may not penetrate the depths
Of thought intense as thine:
He only standeth at the door
Of that which is divine.

Man in his sin can never know
That which was life to thee,
He ne'er can sound thy blessedness —
Nor taste thine agony.

But he may follow thee in love,
And lie upon thy breast,
And ask thee, Lord, what he shall do,
To be by thee confessed.

Like thee his heart may rest on God;
Like thee in secret pray;
Watch o'er the sorrowing, lead the blind,
Nor let the tempted stray.

Looking on thee, he may endure,
And meekly suffer wrong;
Looking on thee, he may go forth, —
Through faith in thee, be strong.

Dear Saviour, let us follow thee;
Humble, sustained, serene;
Through darkness, through the wilderness,
Thy star will still be seen.

Clear as the light of heavenly hope
Thy guiding star will shine;
And cheer us through earth's pilgrimage
To life undimmed, divine.

THE "LONG PRAYER."

MUCH has been said of late about improvements in our congregational form of worship; and the interest with which the various propositions to that end have been received, implies a general desire for such improvement, and a belief in its possibility. Upon the discussion of these proposed changes we do not intend to enter; they are extensive and important, and require a corresponding examination and consideration. But in the mean time one simple change might easily be made, from which it seems that most important results would follow; the gain seems so sure and so great, the process of

bringing it about so simple and obvious, that one wonders it is still among the things to be done.

The part of our Sunday religious services which best deserves the name of "Public Worship" should be the "long prayer," if there be anything truly descriptive in its name. The sermon may range wide of any devout mark, the singing may be anything but the utterance of the praise or the longing of the assembled souls, but that part of the services which professes to engage the entire congregation in prayer ought not to disappoint those who have come up to worship GOD. May it not be said with truth, that, if this prayer fails to fulfil its purpose, the service is on the whole a failure? it being taken for granted that the purpose of the service is worship. Or, on the assumption that religious instruction is as important a part of our public services as union in worship, it would still be true that the failure of the long prayer to bring the congregation into a devout mood, and there maintain them during its duration, involves the failure of one of the two most important ends proposed in our Sunday services.

We may well be interested, then, in raising and answering the question, Does the "long prayer" fulfil its avowed purpose?

Let us in the first place consider the state of mind of a well-disposed person during this prayer; let each reader answer for himself. Do you, *can* you, fix your attention throughout the whole prayer? or is your attention so nearly uninterrupted as to give you the feeling, when Amen is said, that you have really joined hearts with the minister in an act of satisfactory worship? Satisfactory on your part, I mean. Is it not the case with you, as with me, that, in spite of a strong desire and disposition to join in this public prayer, your thoughts run to and fro, "to the ends of the earth"? and when forced back, do they not again and again refuse to follow the lead of the voice that rises from the pulpit?

I have asked many persons, honest and devout, whether they follow this prayer with satisfaction, and in but one case have I received an affirmative answer. Such questions need not be put with regard to the mass of the congregation; a glance about the church will satisfy the most charitable person that he in his disappointment is not one of the minority, but that the prayer fails to rouse devout feelings in the majority of his fellow-worshippers. Listlessness and restlessness are evidently the prevalent moods, and as the prayer advances, they spread over many who at its commencement seemed attentive, till at last there is no mistaking the general relief with which the Amen is received. In fact, it not only fails to rouse the indifferent and to satisfy the desire of the serious, but it mars the devoutness of many a worshipping heart, and leaves it less in harmony with the place and the time than it found it. This is not only to fail of its purpose, but to *defeat* it.

The cause to which these unhappy results may most often be attributed, is the undue *length* of the prayer; here, rather than in any fault of feeling or expression on the minister's part, the defect lies.

It is not in the power of the human mind to continue for many minutes the mood which is essential to social prayer. For the intellect has but a very small share in the act of true prayer, which is indeed almost purely the expression of feeling, and when private prayer is most earnest, when it becomes intense and absorbing, it generally fails to find expression, and cannot shape itself wholly into thought, much less clothe its thought in words. And this not because of vagueness in devotion, but rather on account of intensity and rapidity. Now words are essential in social prayer, (unless it be that silent prayer whose impressiveness must have been felt by all who have been invited to join in it,) and in this fact we at once find an important distinction between it and private devotion. Only by words can the congregation know the mind of him who is to lead their prayer; only

through words can they join with him and each other; but as soon as we begin to listen for words, we begin of necessity an intellectual process, which, though it be neither very active nor very profound, is not *long* consistent with the devotional process.

Many ministers say that the long prayer is the hardest part of their service, and that when ill-health makes them anxious as to whether they shall properly finish the half-day's services, the completion of the prayer takes a load of apprehension off their minds, the sermon being an easy labor in comparison.

Is it to be supposed that a congregation does not see this? Is not a prayer over which the minister "labors" hard for them? Do not they feel repetitions which slip in unawares to the speaker? Does the introduction of certain "commonplaces" bear up their souls, as it bears on the current of the prayer, till it may appropriately be concluded?

If these questions must be answered as we should answer them, it follows that ministers and people ought at once to abandon the idea that any prayer should be prolonged one instant in order to approximate to a canonical standard. It follows that we should all shrink from lengthening by one sentence a prayer which the heart has already finished, lest it become an abomination to the Hearer of prayer. And if it be true that observation of others, and experience of our own condition, combine with the testimony of ministers and congregations to prove that prayers of the usual length are too long for the spiritual good of most parties concerned, then it surely is advisable to shorten them, not to speak of considerations more imperative and sacred. The clergyman whose prayers are more impressive and appropriate than any others to which we have listened, and who is most welcome as the mouthpiece of the devotion of large assemblies on great public occasions, is always brief, and we believe that, as a general rule, a prayer of five minutes' duration bears with it many and many a heart, which would stray from or be

alienated by one of thrice its length. Especially is this true in the case of little children and youth, to whom everything that has been said of adults in this connection applies with double force, and whom it is hard to rouse to an interest in Sunday services, if once they form habits of inattention and indifference. Of the practice and the precept of Him who knew what was in man, who knew the Father as no other son has ever known him, no one need be reminded; it rises at once to the mind that is considering this subject, as the most weighty confirmation of the correctness of our views.

HOLY THINGS.

WHAT God hath sanctified, that call thou not
Unclean or common. Oft the stranger's foot
Treads heedless o'er the spot, that, like a shrine
Of holy memories, bows some heart in prayer.
God's temples are not those alone which man
Has reared, and hallowed by the outward forms
Of praise and prayer. *His* various messengers
Of joy or grief have laid the corner-stone
In many a lowly home, on which the years
Build up the structure of pure thoughts and deeds,—
Those high communings of the soul with Heaven,
That spring from life's intense realities.

The mysteries of holy love invest
With their own holiness the humblest things.
Sayest thou, "It is a withered flower, a weed
Plucked by the wayside"? Dost thou fling it by
As worthless? Nay, my brother, but to me
Those withered leaves may tell a tale of hours,
Shrined in the deep heart's blessed memories,
And love — O sacred love! — now passed from earth away.
I charge thee, brother, walk with reverent tread
Upon thy Maker's earth. Thou knowest not when
Thy sandalled foot intrudes on holy ground.

Press not with harshness on the thousand strings
That form that wondrous harp, the human soul.
O gently touch them, that thou call not forth
The voice of discord, where thou shouldst awake
The heart's sweet music. Is thy brother void
Of outward graces? Still beneath the shell
Of rustic manners there may lie a soul
Of finest texture, which thy careless hand
Might rudely shatter, and deface the work
By God made fair. What He hath sanctified,
Beware lest thou call common or unclean.

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THE ANTIQUARIAN YEARLY DINNER AT BREMEN.

One of the most interesting occasions which I have met during a rather careful course of travel through Northern Europe, is a yearly antiquarian dinner at Bremen, established about the year 1650, by the founders of an institution for the benefit of poor captains and sailors and their families, and given every year in the manner of our remote forefathers. We travel through Europe and see the shells of old castles, their mouldering and ivy-covered towers, and as we wander through them, and creep through their low doors, and tread their stone pavements, and wonder at their huge fireplaces, we try to conjecture what kind of a people once lived in them, and to imagine to ourselves how they lived, what kind of food they ate, and how it was served, but our imagination is not equal to the weighty task, and all the appliances of modern luxury come in to color the picture, till we give up in vain trying to shape a true conception of the simple manner of "ye olden times." But to-day in Bremen I have been enabled to see how our fathers lived and were served, and I will write it down, if haply it may entertain my distant countrymen.

At two o'clock all of the Bremen ship-owners, and such

strangers as enjoyed the privilege, (and here let me thank the United States Consul in Bremen, and the Vice-Consuls, Messrs. Diller and Benton, for their great courtesy in my behalf,) met at the old house of this Navigators' Aid Company, to partake of this memorial dinner. A fine company, of course, — mostly very substantial men, hardly to be called German in appearance, — far more American than German. There were two hundred in all, and they stood from two to three o'clock in friendly converse in one of the old halls of the building, with the names and the coats of arms of past benefactors painted on the dark wood-work of the walls. At just three the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and a loud voice called the company to dinner in the same words with which German ship-captains call their hands to dinner. I did not catch every word, but, translated, it was something like this, "All hands above and below, hallo! Come to dinner." So we pressed into the long dining-room, richly canopied with all the flags of leading commercial countries, the star-spangled banner being singularly conspicuous. Every side of the room was hidden with the multitude of flags, and interspersed among them were portraits of old benefactors of this excellent institution. Over the door hung the portrait of a signally liberal donor at the time of the founding of the Navigators' Aid Society; his name has been lost, but the rec ord of what he did has survived. Originally his picture was painted in very small size, about a foot square; but since then, as other benefactors have been painted life-size, the directors, fearing lest the credit of this old friend should be outshone by more modern men, have enlarged the picture, and after a most singular fashion! The old bit of dark brown canvas now stands pasted upon a large square field of common portrait size, tinged "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" and to fill up this monstrously absurd vacuum, an angel has been put in on each side of the head, and a quantity of shipping underneath!

Glance a moment at the tables. The plates you will see

are marked 1789, and during seventy-one years they have been brought out, year by year, to grace the board. Notice the huge silver spoons, each one of which would make a dozen of these small efforts of our days. Along the tables you see great silver tankards, each of which will hold nearly a gallon, filled with a dark, sweet, thick beer, such as Luther used to drink, the first draught of which is pleasant, and the second nauseating. Notice the knives and forks, — old, steel ones, you see: our forefathers did not flourish silver forks. See the wooden fish-knives, simple and practical. Notice the little paper of pepper on one side of each plate, and the little paper of salt on the other side: our ancestors did not know the use of castors. Notice the piece of brown paper which lies under each plate: our fathers did not have their knife and fork changed with every course, but wiped them themselves on a bit of brown paper, — and so shall we.

Well, we have looked at the tables, and rather impatiently await the first course. "But softly," our next neighbor, the Vice-Consul, whispers, "no impatience: our ancestors did not do their eating in haste, — no more shall we; we have got to sit here from five to six hours." So we patiently wait, and in due time soup appears, — most substantial soup, and most evidently distinguished from modern German soup in that it has a palpable flavor of meat. This we eat not alone, but with chicken, boiled till it is ready to fall apart, and a kind of black bread, which has been cooked in the soup till it has acquired great richness, and has then been taken out, the soup expressed, and the dry bread then served to be immersed in the soup again. With this we eat the most delicious of bakers' rolls, — so delicious, in fact, that I am almost forced to think that the making of bread has become one of the "lost arts." With the exception of the chicken served with the soup, there appears no more poultry. I must not forget to state, that before every plate stands a large bottle of wine, white, alternating with red, and though all drank, yet there was not, so far as my eye reached, a particle of drinking to excess.

After an immoderate pause, filled up of course with abundance of talk, the second course appears, — plain boiled fish, served with potatoes and gravy, such as our American people are very well accustomed to, and very good withal, as I trust some thousands of my readers will testify. While the fish was finding a quick disposal in a ready market, a little bell rang, and a gentleman, strikingly American in his air and in his look, rose at the end of one of the tables. At each side stood two other weather-beaten men, looking like ship-captains, and such they proved to be. The gentleman in the middle was a merchant, and his duty was to thank the Company for their presence, and to bid them to do what we express in our excellent way, "make themselves at home." The Vice-Consul informed me that this dinner is given by three merchants and six captains of Bremen, the number elected as directors every year, and, being elected, they give a dinner, which, however, occurs three years from the date of their election. The three merchants and six captains who were elected directors of the Navigators' Aid Company this year will give the dinner in 1863. They sit at the head of the three tables, and whenever one of the merchants rises to give a toast or make a speech, the two captains rise and stand dumb by.

The time passes, and at length the third course comes, and to describe it surpasses my power. And this for two reasons, of which one is that my memory could not retain the multitude of dishes, and the other is that there were many things whose names and whose nature I do not know. I know that huge old-fashioned dishes were passed round, containing sausage, cutlets, sauer-kraut, boiled beets treated in some way by me indescribable, boiled beef, boiled veal (supposed), boiled ham, all following each other in immediate succession, and all of which I took, of some because I wanted it, of other some because I wanted to know what it was. One thing there was wanting, that is, good mealy potatoes; these had been served with the fish, but afterwards

they did not appear. Still these dishes were not very different from genuine German fare now-a-days; but now-a-days they are not so forced upon you as they were in the old times. I had no less than five different kinds of meat on my plate at once. While this great king of all the courses was being despatched, the two ship-captains who sat at the end of each table rose, and each took one of the huge silver tankards of old, thick, strong beer of which I have spoken, and, striking the tankards three times against each other, bowed and drank a draught. They handed it to the next two, who in turn took it and did the same, and thus it passed the entire length of the table. During the third course, toasts were given, local of course, such as to the Free City of Bremen, to the Navigators' Aid Company; but of these I will not at any length speak, merely remarking that they continued through the entire dinner.

At length the fourth appeared, — roast beef and roast veal, with delicious plums and stewed apple, and a salad at whose ingredients I dare not guess. It was most distasteful, however.

The fifth was bread, with butter and cheese, just as we have it now in all German dinners; then coffee and cigars. The only difference that I noticed in this, as compared with ancient times, was that the coffee had been sweetened with molasses before it had been brought on.

But though in all these later courses the viands were in the main not unlike what one meets now-a-days in Germany, yet the manner in which everything was served, — the old plates, the unchanged knives and forks which we had to keep clean with our brown paper, the old-fashioned jollity, the speeches in Platt German, the old dialect, most unintelligible to foreigners, the ladies in a secret gallery, where they peeped from behind the banners, they known to be there, yet themselves not visible, ladies having no part in the feast, — all this gave it a novelty and an ancient air which I could hardly believe possible. And then, too, the dinner was in one of the

old Hanseatic towns, and these were all rich Bremen burghers, — judge whether that did not lend its aid. And when the book of old familiar songs was brought in, and they all joined in singing the patriotic airs which men of former days composed and sang, and men worth their half-score of ships rose and gave their own, while the whole company shouted bravo, and half a dozen started in different parts of the hall half a dozen different songs, and the fumes of the two hundred cigars filled the room, and all was mirth and life, you may judge whether or not I could imagine how baronial halls used to appear when the same substantial viands graced the board, and the same songs ran round, and the same Platt German was spoken. It has taken a great journey, almost four hundred miles, to be present at this feast; but it is a real satisfaction to be there, and I will close by saying, that if we could have something of the same sort with us, on Forefathers' day, kept in the primitive style, it would be hardly less interesting in America.

W.

TO A SUN-DIAL.

THOU silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight!
Say, couldst thou speak, what warning voice were thine?
Shade who canst only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!
In day's broad glare, and when the noontide bright
Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us, — but decline
The clouds of memory and the gloom of night,
Yet are thy counsels faithful, just, and wise.
They bid us seize the moments as they pass, —
Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,
Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass, —
Aspiring still, with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds to give ETERNITY TO TIME.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

RANDOM READINGS.

LESSONS FOR A DOG-DAY.

"Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and withered every bay."

LESSON FIRST. — Keep cool. That is to say, keep cool within. This will very much modify the sufferings of the outward man. It is an excellent time to begin the control of bad tempers and humors, for when the thermometer is at 94°, the smallest abnormal excitement in the soul has an astonishing influence in throwing the outward man into a fever. People of cool heads suffer the least in dog-day weather. That easy, good-natured, fat man carries about his huge overgrowth of flesh, and looks the picture of comfort, his blood never rising into fever heat; while that lean fellow, who goes into a rage with every mosquito, turns red in the face, makes horrible contortions, and will draw some epidemic into him before long.

LESSON SECOND. — Keep clean. The sun's rays glance off from clean people and are absorbed by those who contract earthliness. That man who just passed, with his face streaked with brooklets of perspiration, will probably be sun-struck before night. It is not so much heat from without that will kill him, as the heat generated from within. It keeps accumulating, and cannot work off through the pores, because they are stopped up; and so he perishes not so much by sun-strokes as by internal liquefaction.

LESSON THIRD. — Be short. It is a good time to learn brevity and compression of thought, and to put the monosyllables into working order. Do not procrastinate anything, but put it off. Do not prevaricate, but lie. That is to say, use the monosyllable in preference. That is all we mean, of course. A contributor on another page recommends making the long prayer into a short one. This is a good time to begin. Apply the rule to long sermons, long letters, long articles, long speeches. Here is a model for us. Some one of his brethren in the ministry thought Dr. Emmons heretical, and wrote to him thus: —

"DEAR DOCTOR: —

"I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it. Yours,

"_____ _____."

To which the Doctor replied: —

"DEAR SIR: —

"I have read your letter, and laughed over it.

"Yours,

"N. EMMONS."

How much much better than half a dozen reams of controversy, which would have left the combatants farther apart than when they began, probably with the loss of Christian temper and charity. Be short, is another lesson of dog-days, and when they are over, the habit will not have been formed in vain. S.

ON BABIES.

IT is said that they bring into the household the highest sphere of angelic influence, drawing it round the little being "as bees around a rose," making all human love more delicate and tender wherever they come. Does this explain the mystery that nearly one half the race die in infancy? If they are so important to this world, touching everybody in the house with a magical tenderness, why not to the other, and why may it not be that so many go up into the heavens because they are needed there to keep the love of heaven in its utmost sweetness and purity?

Baby literature is inimitable, and only women can write it, showing, as we suppose, that their genius is of a more interior caste than that of us men, who can only admire babies at a distance, fearing to touch them lest they break in pieces. Here is something to match Mrs. Clapp's "Baby Carl." We do not know who wrote it, nor whence it comes, as we found it afloat, but we would rather have written it than the best Ode to Apollo.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair and soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies, —
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise! —
Your hands, like a fairy's so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air, —
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise! —
Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
"I love you, Baby Louise."

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praise for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And you 've gone to sleep like a weary flower!
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

After all, however, Mrs. Browning excels everybody else in genuine baby-inspiration. She divines the deepest mysteries of infancy, as if she had open vision of their "angels, who always behold the face of the Father." "A Child Asleep" is an echo from the inmost shrine; and "A Child's Grave at Florence" is an inspiration from the realm where infancy is glorified. And no pencil but hers could have drawn such a picture as this: —

"She threw her bonnet off;
Then sighing, as 't were sighing the last time,
Approached the bed and drew a shawl away:
You could not feel a fruit you fear to bruise
More calmly and more carefully than so, —
Nor would you find within a rosier flushed
Pomegranate.
There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples, — to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered overmuch
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot, and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in he pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close, as if for dreaming that it sucked;

The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender, — to the little hold-fast hands,
Which closing on a finger into sleep
Had kept the mould of't.

S.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

No one can tell who the heroes are and who the cowards, until some crisis comes to put us to the test. And no crisis puts us to the test, that does not bring us up alone and single-handed to face danger. It is nothing to make a rush with the multitude even into the jaws of destruction. Sheep will do that. Armies might be picked from the gutter and marched up to be made food for powder. But when some crisis singles one out from the multitude, pointing at him the particular finger of fate, and telling him "stand or run," and he faces about with steady nerve, with nobody else to get behind, we may be sure the hero stuff is in him. When such a crisis comes, the true courage is just as likely to be found in people of shrinking nerves, or in weak and timid women, as in great burly people. It is a moral, not a physical trait. Its seat is not in the temperament, but in the will. How courageous Peter was, and all those other square-built fishermen of the Sea of Galilee, at the Last Supper, and in the garden of Gethsemane, where Peter drew his sword and smote the officer! But when Christ looked down from his cross, whom did he see standing in that focus of Jewish rage? None of those stout fishermen, but a young man and a tender-hearted woman, — John and Mary.

S.

"GOD LOVES ADVERBS BETTER THAN NOUNS."

A FRIEND has sent us the following morsel picked up by Southey from an old Scotch writer: —

"Deum magis amave adverbia quam nomina: quia in actionibus magis ei placent BENE et LEGITIME quam *bonum* et *legitimum*. Ita ut nullum *bonum* liceat facere nisi BENE et LEGITIME fieri possit."

In English thus: "God loves adverbs more than nouns; for, in actions, RIGHTLY and LAWFULLY are more pleasing to him than

the *right* and the *lawful*. So that we must not do good unless we can do it *rightly* and *lawfully*." A sound and comprehending principle, and how often, and sometimes how madly violated! S.

CHRIST "PURE INTELLECT."

"The God we worship is one who embraces in his nature, not only goodness, but power and wisdom; and the Saviour we reverence is not pure intellect, — strange supposition respecting the holy Jesus! — but the perfect image of the Deity with every holy attribute combined; for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

The above is from an article in the Christian Register. We wonder who has broached the strange doctrine that Christ is "pure intellect." We do not remember to have met with it in the history of ancient or modern heresies. For ourselves, we spent thirteen pages in proving just the contrary, — that Christ, as the Divine Logos, is born of the DIVINE LOVE, filled with it, always the perfect medium of it, and that through it "the Comforter descends on our souls as the showerings of perpetual grace." Hence that the Logos is where the whole Divine nature comes down into personality, — not one attribute alone, but "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," — as in a good man intellect is in perfect union with goodness, and is none other than goodness most perfectly manifested, that love may "flow into it, and run down into moulds of beauty and beneficence."

S.

DR. GAY OF HINGHAM.

THE mischief of sects is, that they get one-sided, hold only partial truths, and run into extremes, and so lose all comprehensiveness. This would not be if the denominations, instead of splitting and getting isolated, had kept together and interacted, and so preserved a wise balance without breaking into *isms*. The Congregational churches never should have divided into Unitarian and Trinitarian, but worked out the problem in harmony of the Divine Unity and Threeness, of human ability and depravity. Then they would have been saved from bald Tritheism on the one hand, and from confounding and losing sight of the Divine hypostases on the other, — from demonizing man on one side, and from deifying him on the other.

The old Arminian and Calvinistic clergy, ere the bitter controversy broke out, used to meet and criticise, in a friendly way, each other's theology. In the same association met Dr. Gay and Dr. Dunbar,— the former representing Arminianism, the latter Calvinism. It fell to the lot of Dr. Dunbar to preach before the association. He felt moved to be very positive, and make a very distinct enunciation of Calvinism. With each of the five points he would bring down his fist upon the desk, with the exclamation, "This is the Gospel!" First, total depravity was depicted, with the emphatic indorsement, "This is the Gospel!" Then election and reprobation, then irresistible grace, then effectual calling, and so to the end, and under each a tremendous sledge-blow on the pulpit, with "This is the Gospel." After service the ministers met, and each in turn was asked by the moderator to give his views of the sermon. Dr. Gay had a sly, genial humor which diffused good-nature through the clerical body he belonged to, and kept out of it the theological odium. His turn came to criticise the sermon, and he delivered himself in this way:—

"The sermon reminded me of the earliest efforts at painting. When the art was in its infancy and the first rude drawings were made, they wrote the name of the animal under the figure which was drawn, so that people could be sure to identify it. Under one rude figure you would see written, 'This is a horse;' under another, 'This is an ox;' and so on. When the art is perfected a little, this becomes unnecessary, and the animal is recognized without the under-script. I am greatly obliged to my brother Dunbar in this infancy of the art, that he helped me in this way to identify the Gospel. As I followed him through the five figures which he sketched for us, I must confess that, unless he had written under each one of them in large letters, 'This is the Gospel,' I never should have known it."

S.

"HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERMON?"

Nobody ought to object to the practice of criticising sermons. Sermons are not worth much unless they stir up thought, and give it an airing, and set people to judging and comparing. But I hate to have a person turn to me as soon as I have left the pew, and say, "How did you like the sermon?" How do I know how I like it, till

I have had time inwardly to digest it. The practice, however, sometimes reveals very strange crossings of denominational lines. A minister once preached a sermon to a "Union Congregation." They got together of a summer's day, no matter whence or how, — Unitarians, Orthodox, Swedenborgians, Methodists, Churchmen. The preacher was on one of the fundamental doctrines, and went thoroughly into the heart of his subject, ignoring technical phrases.

"How did you like the sermon?" was asked the High-Churchman.

"Very sound doctrine, only the man is sailing under false colors."

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Calvinist.

"O, very good orthodoxy."

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Unitarian.

"Very well, very well; very good Unitarianism, though, perhaps, under another set of phrases."

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Swedenborgian.

"O, he 's read 'the writings'" (looking wise).

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Methodist.

"Very much. It is just my religious experience."

The real Church of the Lord is comprehending, and includes all who look obediently to him. Like the ocean, it is vast, and only when its waters of truth run into little creeks, and bays, and canals, does it take on denominational titles and local names. In heaven we shall have sailed out of the creeks and estuaries, and have joined the great fleets and navies on the open sea. S.

CONTROVERSY.

I LIKE controversy when it is thoroughly honest. I do admire to see two large and generous minds approach a subject from opposite quarters, and then to watch the new lights that flash over it and show it in a thousand relations that were not obvious before. It lifts us out of the ruts of our sect and party, in whose treadmill we had been grinding all our lives, and mistaking it for the universe. But controversy with small minds is the smallest business that is done in this world. It slides inevitably into word-catching, and ends in personalities. The moment I saw a man consciously trying to put my language to a different use from what I had put it myself, I would stop

short with him, and say: "I am glad to compare ideas with you, but I have no time for word-catching." To say, as Dr. Johnson did, "I can't furnish meaning and brains too," is not courteous. The only controversy that ever convinces the controvertists is a friendly comparison of beliefs, each turning the other's round, and viewing it under all the angles of reflection. It is not this sort of controversy, but fighting with word-mousers, that Dr. Holmes must have in mind. "You know that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe-stem, and another big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it." S.

CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRY A FORM OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE last "Westminster" contains an article upon "Strikes — their Tendencies and Remedies," which is conceived in an admirable spirit, and wrought out with wisdom and prudence. We hope that some of the periodicals which are circulated in our large manufacturing towns and villages will place it before their readers, employers and the employed. Our laboring class, male and female, includes many who are capable of recognizing the meaning and force of the writer's arguments and suggestions, and it is of the utmost importance that there should be a better understanding than exists at present between labor and capital. The essayist writes more than most who have handled the subject in the interest of the laborer, and yet he is no violent, thoughtless radical, dealing only in declamation and abuse. The law which must regulate a strike, and under which alone it can be of service to the operative, is very clearly pointed out, and the good which has been effected by these combinations is distinctly made out and asserted against the assumption that they have wrought only mischief. But what has interested us most in the article is the encouragement which it affords, by the array of instances of authentic experience, to those who desire and propose a co-operation of labor and capital in carrying forward the various mechanical and commercial enterprises of the day. Socialism supplies no preventive of selfishness; it has not even any effectual remedy for it; but it does afford some hints towards removing the occasions for the eye-service and

self-seeking. Without being agrarians, we can, if we are employers, give our *employés* a percentage upon the profits of their industry and fidelity, and this will wonderfully second our homilies upon honesty and Christian diligence, and will prove to the young men and young women of our establishments that we are large-minded, perhaps large-hearted, perhaps Christian in something besides church-going and the repetition of the creeds. How much a simple arrangement of this kind would effect towards removing that most wretched and most uncomfortable antagonism which so often prevails between those who supply the skill and strength, and those who furnish the capital and pay the wages, in our land of workshops! M. Leclaire, a house-decorator of Paris, found this plan eminently successful in the management of some two hundred workmen. He and they with him earned more, and were better and happier and more manly. Christianity can be fully realized in our world only where there are wisdom and earnestness to devise and promote some such practical arrangements as have been hinted at. We believe that the time is not far distant when an enlightened laboring population, without any tirades or violence, will learn how to make ten hours' labor yield them something besides a meagre support, and by skilful co-operation will be able to supply their families with the necessaries of life at rates not higher, to say the least, than those at which the tables of the rich are now supplied. Is it not cruel that the honest and faithful laborer must pay more for a poorer quality of almost everything which is needed by his household, than is demanded of his wealthy neighbor who buys by the wholesale? How large a part of the craftsman's pittance is thrown away in some miserable grocery, where every other article is adulterated, and where a large part of what he buys sticks to the measure. Next to model houses we must have model shops, and without going counter to the stern laws of trade they can be had. God bless every friend of the hard-handed laborer! These dog-days should make every one's heart tender towards them!

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Harvard Collection of Sacred Music. By FRANKLIN FISKE HEARD. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1860. — This volume, which is inscribed to the Harvard Musical Association, is elegantly printed from engraved plates. It is a fine specimen of musical science and typography. The materials of which it is composed have been drawn from the best sources. Beside the original compositions, there are excellent selections from Handel, Beethoven, Spohr, and the greatest of all modern composers, Mendelssohn. From the vocal and instrumental compositions of this master, the author has made twenty-one judicious selections and arrangements. Of the twelve select pieces which the book contains, nine are from Mendelssohn. From "St. Paul," there is an arrangement for four voices of that magnificent air for an alto voice, "But the Lord is mindful of His own;" from "Elijah," the exquisitely beautiful quartette, "O come every one that thirsteth;" from "Athalie," the chorus, "Heaven and the Earth display;" from "Christus," the choral for male voices, "He leaves His heavenly portals;" and from "Laudu Sion," the soprano solo and chorus, "Sing of judgment, sing of mercies."

In harmonizing the vocal score the parts have been set high; not, however, higher than have ever been set by the standard composers. The author has written a separate accompaniment for the organ, instead of arranging the tunes with a "figured" bass. The practice of arranging tunes with a figured bass is common with editors in this part of the country, but it is one which cannot be too strongly reprehended. By this method the organist confines himself only to the text of the composer, so far as to perform the leading melody and the bass as the author has written them; the subordinate parts he supplies as caprice or fancy dictates. When confined to a written accompaniment, he *disperses* the harmony as the author has written it.

The hymns have been principally selected from Mr. Longfellow's collection. The author is deserving of praise, for the taste and judgment he has evinced in selecting and arranging the contents of the book. We would recommend it to the attention of choristers and choirs generally.

Memorials of Thomas Hood. Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — A large part of the correspondence which is preserved in these volumes must fail to interest the reader, and a much smaller collection of letters would have sufficed to illustrate the genial and truly human spirit of one, who, under the almost constant pressure of physical weakness and suffering, and often carrying in his own breast a very sad heart, faithfully exercised the gift that was in him to amuse his generation, and found time and strength besides to quicken the conscience and the sympathies of a careless, selfish world far beyond the professed and professional philanthropist. One volume would have been better than two. When will compilers of "memorials" learn and practise the duty of omission? Many of these letters are just what good-natured and tolerably well-educated persons write to each other every day; — hundreds of them are crossing the Atlantic in the Royal Mail Steamships continually, — serve their purpose to amuse and bring tidings of the absent, and are laid away in drawers to be preserved for a time, — perhaps to be read in after-years by the children and grandchildren of the household, — perhaps to be swept into the fire in the day of removal. Such things ought to be written, but they ought not to be printed. Hood put his best, not into his letters, but into his books. We find in the correspondence no rich vein of humor, but are rather wearied by it, as by one who forever persists in trying to be funny. What is there amusing in the Dialogue on the 203d page of the first volume, — "'Tim!' says he; 'Sir!' says he;" &c., &c.? What necessity for preserving the "Song for the Nineteenth," on the 195th? Nevertheless, the "Memorials" are on the whole valuable, as the picture of a much enduring and true-hearted man, who in laboring for others was mindful of his own, and whose exquisite lyrics of humanity and charity might excuse the publication by near kindred and loving friends of almost any amount of trivialities. E.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly-Bear Hunter of California. By THEODORE H. HITTELL. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — A narrative of bold adventures, terrible conflicts, narrow escapes, and wonderful achievements among grizzly bears, elks, wolves, buffaloes, with de-

scriptions of camp life, and the wild, grand, and picturesque scenery of the Sierra Nevada and its slopes. It is a book which the boys are eager for devouring, and it has been snatched from us several times since we have taken it in hand. It imparts incidentally knowledge of the nature and habits of the animals of the forest, of hunting and trapping, of life in the woods, and of mountain and forest scenery, while the series of strange incidents keeps up the interest of the narrative. S.

A Book of Hymns and Tunes for the Sunday School, the Congregation, and the Home. Second Edition. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This book was prepared by Rev. S. Longfellow for the service of his Chapel, and is now published for the purpose of supplying a want generally felt. We should protest strongly against the alteration for the worse of some of the hymns. S.

Midday Thoughts for the Weary. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1860. — This is one of those little books that carry strength and consolation, by the blessing of God, to multitudes of poor invalids who are utterly unable to read long and labored treatises. These selections are from the best writers, and are admirably adapted to advance the purpose for which they have been put together. E.

History, Theory, and Practice of the Electric Telegraph. By Geo. B. Prescott, Superintendent of Electric Telegraph Lines. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — An exceedingly valuable and interesting volume, illustrated by abundant drawings of the various instruments, and in every way a sufficient *résumé* of what every person of intelligence would wish to know upon a subject of the utmost importance. We were amazed to find how much work was done by the unfortunate Atlantic Cable before it became useless. If our readers will buy and study this volume, the Telegraph will be no longer to them the utter mystery it is to so many.

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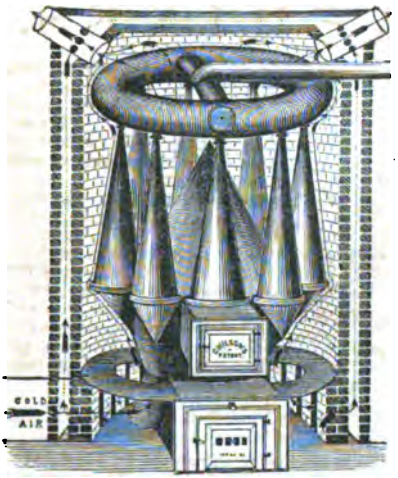

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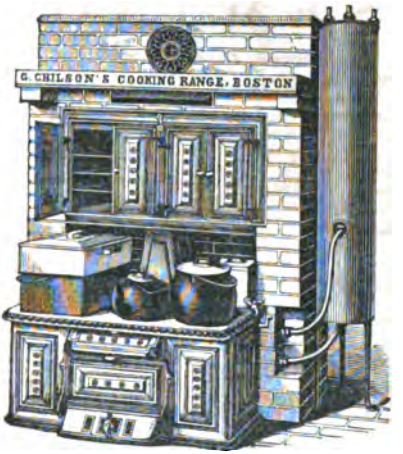

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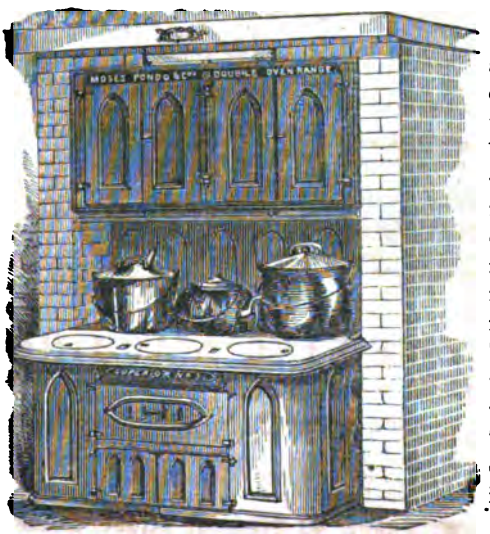

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THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

Independent Journal.

VOL. XXIV. OCTOBER, 1860. No. 4.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Monthly Religious Magazine

AND

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Edited by Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS and Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Every great social interest seems to require three organs, — a review, a magazine, and a newspaper, — each representing the same cause under different aspects, — elaborately and critically in the first, more in detail and with colloquial facility in the second, and as to facts, news, and general information in the third. Combinedly considered, this triple economy of the press will be found to reach the wants of all classes, and keep the common object and aim freely and faithfully before the public mind. The Liberal Christianity of the country, and especially of New England, is thus expounded, illustrated, and reported by the Christian Examiner, the Religious Magazine, and the Inquirer and Register. . . . .

We doubt if the medium organ, — the cross between the Review and the Journal, is as well known and as justly recognized as it ought to be. An examination of the recent numbers shows that the accomplished editors wisely consult the wants of the community, both as regards topics and their treatment. We find admirable practical essays, such as are fitted to guide and encourage the piety and the principle of domestic life and education; — better Sunday reading for the family no periodical offers. It is the frequent vehicle of the best sermons of the day; it gathers up many thoughts, fancies, and feelings too good to be hastily recorded in a newspaper column, and not quite complete enough for a Review article; the suggestions, the discussions, and the critical notices and personal facts herein brought together, are often fresh, instructive, and seasonable. Rev. Rufus Ellis and his *confrères* make this pleasant and profitable monthly a useful and attractive exponent of the dutiful, the considerate, the sympathetic side of Liberal Christianity; and their unobtrusive and conscientious efforts deserve appreciation beyond the sphere now so well occupied by the "Religious Magazine." It is published on the first of every month by Leonard C. Bowles of your city. — *New York Correspondent of the Boston Transcript.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal. Volume XXIV. We have already on a former occasion spoken of this Magazine as being one of the most ably conducted religious periodicals in America. The July number commences a new volume; and judging from the tone and character of the copy before us, as compared with former numbers, most gallantly does it maintain its position as a liberal and independent expositor of vital and practical Christianity. The articles are generally of that character which must commend them with especial directness to the minds and hearts of almost every class of readers. — *Atlantic Messenger.*

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

Vol. XXIV. OCTOBER, 1860. No. 4.

SIGNS IN THE FIRMAMENT.*

We have placed at the foot of this page the titles of two recent works most significant of the present tendencies of religious speculation. The first, "The Rock of Ages," many of our readers are already acquainted with, as being heralded to the American public by Dr. Huntington, and regarded by him as a triumphant defence of the Athanasian Trinity. Mr. Bickersteth is an English Episcopal clergyman, evidently a man of earnest piety, anxious for the conversion of some of his Unitarian friends and neighbors to higher and more vitalizing truth. His book is made up largely of quotations from the Bible, Old Testament and New, and the texts are strung together in parallel columns to prove, first, that the Father is God; secondly, that the Son is God; thirdly, that the Holy Ghost is God; and, fourthly, that

* The Rock of Ages; or Scripture Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead. With an Introduction by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D., late Preacher to the University and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College, Rector of Emanuel Church, Boston. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Essays and Reviews. London: Parker and Son.

neither of them is God, but that all three together make but one God. No consistent law of interpretation is followed or hinted at, but the texts are collected sometimes from mere verbal coincidence, no matter what self-contradictions they are made to declare.

The Introduction by Dr. Huntington comprises about twenty-four pages in the writer's characteristic style. It is largely taken up in unfriendly criticisms upon the position and character of some of the leading writers among the Unitarians with whom he has been associated, and in eulogizing the work he is introducing to the public in very lofty phrase. He thinks it "a firm, massive, and cumulative argument," — one in which "portions of the Book, which before appeared disconnected, or meaningless, or obscure, range themselves into the progressive order of revelations, luminous with a flood of glory from the throne of God and the Lamb." The Introduction closes in the following strain: "The immortal cause is strengthening, the Church moves gloriously on to her triumph in the second advent of her living Head. The multitudes are gathering and flocking as doves to their windows. 'All they gather themselves together, — Gentiles to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising. The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee.' The 'Rock of Ages' is not moved. The 'coming Church,' the 'new Church,' 'the Church of the future,' can be no other than the Church which has been, is now, and ever shall be, ever new and ever old, world without end. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" This is dated "Monday in Whitsun-week, 1860."

Mr. Bickersteth's Preface is modest and in an excellent spirit. He evidently has a sincere desire to do good to the class of minds for which he writes, and he is anxious that Unitarians may be brought into the fold of the Episcopal Church. "O," says he, "that it might please God that the movement amongst the American Unitarians might spread to their own land!"

It is in connection with another voice from this same Episcopal Church, that this appeal from Mr. Bickersteth and his editor become chiefly significant. Our readers are aware that there is a portion of the English Church known as the "Broad Church," which has decided Unitarian tendencies, if indeed it is not steering straight beyond into the rationalism represented here by Theodore Parker. This division embraces some of its ablest writers and scholars, such as Kingsley, Jowett, Powell, Pattison, and Maurice. A book of Essays and Reviews has just been published, representing this phasis of religious thought, the manifestation, it is said in the North British Review, "of a theological school numerous, active, and influential, and probably increasing in the Church of England." We give below the contents of the volume.* It is reviewed in the last number of the North British, and is soon to be republished by Walker, Wise, and Company. We have only read a portion of the work in the proof-sheets, and will not pretend to say whether throughout the strictures of the Scotch Reviewer are entirely just. But what it is, and what it tends to, and what it represents, — of this there can be no mistake. The contrast between this work and that of Mr. Bickersteth is very striking, in more respects than one. The themes are handled with great freshness and freedom, and sometimes with conspicuous ability, and are free from such puerilities of criticism as Mr. Bickersteth weaves into his argument. The writers are men evidently who have discovered that reason was given them to be used, and not to be trifled with, and that the highest problems in religion, philosophy, and cosmogony are not to be settled by the literal sense of the Apocalypse or the Book of Genesis. Their doctrine is that the race is a collective man,

* The Education of the World, by FREDERICK TEMPLE, D. D. Bunsen's Biblical Researches, by ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D. D. On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity, by BADEN POWELL, M. A., F. R. S. Séances Historiques de Genève: The National Church, by HENRY BRISTOW WILSON, B. D. On the Mosaic Cosmogony, by C. W. GOODWIN, M. A. Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750, by MARK PATTISON. On the Interpretation of Scripture, by BENJAMIN JOWETT.

to outgrow in time the regulative discipline of childhood, and be moved by the Spirit within, and not subject to authority without; that the Bible is not a book of plenary inspiration, or Christianity a universal religion specially authenticated in Palestine, but that God inspires men ever and everywhere, — that there is only one kind of inspiration, and all good men have it, as well as prophets and apostles; and that the doctrines of the Church, such as the Trinity and the Fall of man, are to be held in the light of a "philosophical rendering." "Considerations," says Mr. Williams, "religious and moral, no less than scientific and critical, have, where discussion was free, widened the idea of revelation for the Old World, and deepened it for ourselves; not removing the footsteps of the Eternal from Palestine, but tracing them on other shores." (p. 58.) The doctrine of the Trinity, adopted from Bunsen, is thus stated, as evolved from the first chapter of John: "The profoundest analysis of our world leaves the law of thought as its ultimate basis and bond of coherence. This thought is consubstantial with the being of the eternal I AM. Being, becoming, and animating, or substance, thinking, and conscious life, are expressions of a triad which may also be represented as will, wisdom, and love; as light, radiance, and warmth; as fountain, stream, and united flow; as mind, thought, and consciousness; as person, word, and life; as Father, Son, and Spirit. In virtue of such identity of thought with Being, the primitive Trinity represented neither three originant principles nor three transient phases, but three external inherences in one Divine Mind." The fall of Adam, this same writer says, "represents ideally the circumscription of our spirits in limits of flesh and time, and practically the selfish nature with which we fall from the likeness of God which should be fulfilled in men."

We have here, then, the phenomenon of a Church appealing most pathetically through one class of its writers to the Unitarians, telling them even that they are beyond the conditions of salvation, and this same Church through another class of its writers, and those its most learned and eloquent scholars,

putting forward the very views which the Unitarians hold, and even pushing them into an extreme from which many of the latter shrink back with dismay. How many conversions from heresy will such a Church be likely to make from the class of thinking and sensible men? Such men will be pretty likely to answer, We will listen to your appeal when the ablest thinkers among you believe what you are saying, instead of holding your teachings as puerilities and fables, well enough for children, but not for people who are full grown.

There are some reflections of a very practical nature which suggest themselves in view of these disclosures and of the whole tendency of religious thought. It cannot be long before the great question will be, What is the Bible, and how is it to be used in religious controversy, and in enucleating the grand system of truth which we call Christianity? A man comes to you with a pile of proof texts which he has scooped up from Genesis to Revelation, thinking, perhaps, that the higher the pile rises, the more "massive" is the argument. Some of them may be from the narrative which describes the world as made in six days, this little earth first and the suns and stars afterwards; Adam losing one of his ribs, and Eve fashioned mechanically out of it. Some of them may be from the story of Samson's foxes; some from the story of Jonah and the whale; some from the Psalms, perhaps the texts alongside of David's curses; some from the Revelation, where the stars fall to the earth, and a city descends as high as it is broad. What does he expect to prove by heaping passages together, unless he can tell what is specially the Word of God and what is not? or if all is, what is the *law of interpretation* which will disclose its treasures? It affronts the reason to tell one of the unity of the Bible, when we cannot read ten consecutive pages in some parts of the Old Testament without finding something which, by Mr. Bickersteth's method, might be made to shock the feelings of humanity, the first rules of Christian morals, the known facts of scientific discovery, and every precept of the Sermon on the Mount. To say that

all the stones of the letter must be swallowed, and that we must make believe that they are bread, is worthy of the days of the Gregorys and Leos, but can impose no longer upon reasonable minds. That Mr. Bickersteth is a more honest inquirer than the writers of the "Essays and Reviews" we do not know, and have no right to assume; certainly he cannot compare with them in breadth and culture and the power of rational argumentation.

There is a choice between three alternatives. Rome is right, and the reason must be surrendered blindly to church authority, and the Protestant Reformation was a great mistake, and Teutonic Christianity is a failure. Or Rationalism is right; Scripture is below reason and must yield to it, and there is no authority but the light within. Or Scripture has a meaning above the letter, to be found by no guess-work of individuals, but by a law divinely revealed and all-harmonizing, not contradicting reason, but lifting it up into the divine illuminations. There is no future to Christianity; what has been always must be. Progress is going backward to the worst days of the Church, and reason and civilization must be folded in by the ancient darkness. Or else progress is to take us away from Christianity, and leave it behind among the old superstitions and provisional religions, and we must find our way without it by the individual reason. Or else Christianity, as a universal religion, has a meaning in it which we have neither lived out nor learned out, but whose disclosures shall continue forever, reconciling what seemed in conflict, unitizing all things, showing what there was of truth in the ancient formulas, bringing the new out of the old, solving the problems which have distracted the Church, and bringing the spirit of the heavens more perfectly into human affairs. These are the three alternatives. We do not see that a fourth is possible. Each must have its full trial and work out its own results, and for this we watch what the Scotch reviewer calls "the signs in the firmament, menacing change."

S.

THE EDUCATION OF THE WORLD.*

By FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D.

In a world of mere phenomena, where all events are bound to one another by a rigid law of cause and effect, it is possible to imagine the course of a long period, bringing all things, at the end of it, into exactly the same relations as they occupied at the beginning. We should then obviously have a succession of cycles, rigidly similar to one another, both in events and in the sequence of them. The universe would eternally repeat the same changes in a fixed order of recurrence, though each cycle might be many millions of years in length. Moreover, the precise similarity of these cycles would render the very existence of each one of them entirely unnecessary. We can suppose, without any logical inconsequence, any one of them struck out, and the two which had been destined to precede and follow it brought into immediate contiguity.

This supposition transforms the universe into a dead machine. The lives and the souls of men become so indifferent, that the annihilation of a whole human race, or of many such races, is absolutely nothing. Every event passes away as it happens, filling its place in the sequence, but purposeless for the future. The order of all things becomes not merely an iron rule, from which nothing can ever swerve, but an iron rule which guides to nothing and ends in nothing.

Such a supposition is possible to the logical understanding: it is not possible to the spirit. The human heart refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose. To the spirit, all things that exist must have a purpose; and nothing can pass away till that purpose be fulfilled. The lapse of

* We give here, from the sheets, by leave of the publishers, Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., the first pages of the opening essay of the work quoted in the preceding article, which will give the reader an idea of its style and spirit. — Eds.

time is no exception to this demand. Each moment of time, as it passes, is taken up in the shape of permanent results into the time that follows, and only perishes by being converted into something more substantial than itself. A series of recurring cycles, however conceivable to the logical understanding, is inconceivable to the spirit; for every later cycle must be made different from every earlier by the mere fact of coming after it and embodying its results. The material world may possibly be subject to such a rule, and may, in successive epochs, be the cradle of successive races of spiritual beings; but the world of spirits cannot be a mere machine.

In accordance with this difference between the material and the spiritual worlds, we ought to be prepared to find progress in the latter, however much fixity there may be in the former. The Earth may still be describing precisely the same orbit as that which was assigned to her at the creation. The seasons may be precisely the same. The planets, the moon, and the stars may be unchanged both in appearance and in reality. But man is a spiritual as well as a material creature; must be subject to the laws of the spiritual, as well as to those of the material world; and cannot stand still because things around him do. Now, that the individual man is capable of perpetual, or almost perpetual, development, from the day of his birth to that of his death, is obvious of course. But we may well expect to find something more than this in a spiritual creature who does not stand alone, but forms a part of a whole world of creatures like himself. Man cannot be considered as an individual. He is, in reality, only man by virtue of his being a member of the human race. Any other animal that we know would probably not be very different in its nature, if brought up, from its very birth, apart from all its kind. A child so brought up, becomes, as instances could be adduced to prove, not a man in the full sense at all, but rather a beast in human shape; with human faculties, no doubt, hidden underneath,

but with no hope, in this life, of ever developing those faculties into true humanity. If, then, the whole in this case, as in so many others, is prior to the parts, we may conclude that we are to look for that progress which is essential to a spiritual being subject to the lapse of time, not only in the individual, but also quite as much in the race taken as a whole. We may expect to find, in the history of man, each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding.

This power, whereby the present ever gathers into itself the results of the past, transforms the human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment. The successive generations of men are days in this man's life. The discoveries and inventions which characterize the different epochs of the world's history are his works. The creeds and doctrines, the opinions and principles, of the successive ages, are his thoughts. The state of society, at different times, are his manners. He grows in knowledge, in self-control, in visible size, just as we do; and his education is, in the same way and for the same reason, precisely similar to ours.

All this is no figure, but only a compendious statement of a very comprehensive fact. The child that is born to-day may possibly have the same faculties as if he had been born in the days of Noah: if it be otherwise, we possess no means of determining the difference. But the equality of the natural faculties at starting will not prevent a vast difference in their ultimate development. That development is entirely under the control of the influences exerted by the society in which the child may chance to live. If such society be altogether denied, the faculties perish, and the child (as remarked above) grows up a beast, and not a man. If the society be uneducated and coarse, the growth of the faculties is early so stunted as never afterwards to be capable of recovery: if the society be highly cultivated, the child will be cultivated also, and will show, more or less, through life,

the fruits of that cultivation. Hence each generation receives the benefit of the cultivation of that which preceded it. Not in knowledge only, but in development of powers, the child of twelve now stands at the level where once stood the child of fourteen; where, ages ago, stood the full-grown man. The discipline of manners, of temper, of thought, of feeling, is transmitted from generation to generation; and, at each transmission, there is an imperceptible but unfailing increase. The perpetual accumulation of the stores of knowledge is so much more visible than the change in the other ingredients of human progress, that we are apt to fancy that knowledge grows, and knowledge only. I shall not stop to examine whether it be true (as is sometimes maintained), that all progress in human society is but the effect of the progress of knowledge: for the present, it is enough to point out that knowledge is not the only possession of the human spirit in which progress can be traced.

We may, then, rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world. The men of the earliest ages were, in many respects, still children, as compared with ourselves, with all the blessings and with all the disadvantages that belong to childhood. We reap the fruits of their toil, and bear in our characters the impress of their cultivation. Our characters have grown out of their history, as the character of the man grows out of the history of the child. There are matters in which the simplicity of childhood is wiser than the maturity of manhood; and in these they were wiser than we. There are matters in which the child is nothing, and the man everything; and in these we are the gainers. And the process by which we have either lost or gained corresponds, stage by stage, with the process by which the infant is trained for youth, and the youth for manhood.

This training has three stages. In childhood, we are subject to positive rules, which we cannot understand, but are bound implicitly to obey. In youth, we are subject to the influence of example; and soon break loose from all rules,

unless illustrated and enforced by the higher teaching which example imparts. In manhood, we are comparatively free from external restraints; and, if we are to learn, must be our own instructors. First come Rules, then Examples, then Principles. First comes the Law, then the Son of Man, then the Gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child, under tutors and governors, until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example, to which all ages should turn, was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within.

An old lady is said to have expressed herself greatly comforted by the text of Scripture, "Why need you worry?" The good woman seems to have been somewhat at fault as to exactness of quotation. Yet she had succeeded in compressing the spirit of many passages into these four words. Why need we worry, indeed, when we are exhorted to cast all our cares on that Heavenly Father, who careth for us? Why should the happiness of to-day be marred by fears for to-morrow, when we are pointed to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, and assured that the same hand that feeds and clothes them will sustain and guide our steps also, and number the very hairs of our heads?

"Thou hast seen many sorrows, pilgrim of earth," says one; "but the greatest of all has been the looking for of evil." Is it not so? How often have we felt rebuked, when some much-dreaded event has either failed to reach us, or has come laden with blessings! How often has a way been opened before us, when our dim eyes had been able to discern only insurmountable barriers! The simple faith that can trust its all with God, how rich is it in peace and blessing! Lord, evermore grant us this faith!

†

ON MY CAIRN A PEBBLE THROW.

I.

On my cairn a pebble throw
When 'neath the turf you say I'm sleeping;
Spend no time in hopeless woe;
Smile through tears of tender weeping;
Do not think with vain regret
Of the life you can't forget:
Do not miss me, — own my place
Filled, — it will not me disgrace;
Goodness is not all the same,
But different as star from star,
As flowers of many a hue and name
Sameness would true order mar:
So when the lights of memory glow,
On my cairn a pebble throw.

II.

Though I'm 'neath the turf you say,
I'm not sleeping, well you know;
I'm awake in glorious day,
I in heavenly sunshine grow.
If you think that I was leal,
True to think and true to feel,
True to speak and true to act,
Making life a heartfelt fact,
In that sweet thought true comfort take,
My cairn an altar raise to duty:
Its sweetness has a charm to make
All the pebbles gems of beauty:
So when the lights of memory glow,
On my cairn a pebble throw.

MOUNT VERNON.

NOTHING can be pleasanter than a sail down the Potomac, even if the tomb and the mansion of Washington were not a sufficient inducement to draw one in that direction. I had been listening two days to the debates in the national Senate and House of Representatives: the speeches for the most part were in defence of slavery. Sick of bad rhetoric, bad manners, bad logic, and bad morality, I made my way, on a beautiful, clear morning, to the wharf where lay the steamboat that plies regularly between the Capitol and Mount Vernon. I was nearly the first on the deck; it was swept by a cool breeze, and I sat tracing the windings of the Virginia shore opposite, and discriminating the lines of blue as they shaded off over the landscape. Presently a fashionable party from the city came on board. A young fellow, with two ladies, came rustling upon the deck; they ran into the face of the fresh and grateful breeze. The ladies shrieked, "O this horrid wind! Let us go back! I don't think there's anything up here that's inter*est*ing!" — and they soon disappeared for the cabin below. Notwithstanding this high authority, the fifteen miles' sail between Washington and Mount Vernon past the old city of Alexandria, and the old Fort Washington, and the green banks with their splendid mansions gleaming through the richest foliage, and the wheatfields rolling away over the slopes and undulations, is a continual feast to the eye. When you get as far south as this, the sunlight takes on a hue which we miss here at the North. Everything wears a brighter coloring, and the verdure and the fountains and the marble statues gleam in a soft and orient splendor.

As you pass Alexandria, they point out the church where Washington worshipped; the very pew where he sat and responded from the prayer-book is preserved just as when he left it, and has become the shrine of pilgrims. Notwithstanding the cracking of champagne bottles, and the general

nonsense and giggle from the fashionable party, — things which rather grate upon the feelings when on a pilgrimage to Washington's tomb, — I abstracted myself from them as well as I could, and after sailing an hour and a half, our vessel lay at the pier at the foot of Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon, as our young readers will please to observe, is not a mountain at all, but a gentle swell on the right bank of the Potomac, commanding a reach of some twenty or thirty miles of that noble river. A path, which has been worn by myriads of feet, leads from the landing pier, first to the tomb, and then to the mansion about forty rods above it. The mansion is a two-story structure, of moderate size, in a state of dilapidation and decay. Back of it are the gardens, enclosed by brick walls, which are falling down. The same old trees surround the mansion under which Washington used to walk. The negro huts are standing just as he left them. The brick barn and the tool-house are looking shabby, and out of repair. Negroes, the slaves of the present proprietor, are lounging about, having a good, easy time. I counted about a dozen women lounging bareheaded around the buildings, with the young Africans, both bareheaded and barefooted, hanging upon them, or speering upon the visitor from behind their mothers; able-bodied black fellows leaning on the fences, under the trees, or lying down under them in a comfortable snooze. They all seemed to put on an aristocratic look, as if they thought they were keeping up the dignity of the place. They spent their time evidently in doing nothing else. Any Yankee would have set them to work repairing the fences, and clearing the grounds, and trimming the old dead wood from the trees.

Close by the tomb runs an old Virginia rail-fence, half fallen down. I climbed to the top of it, and looked over into the enclosure. On the little mound which covers the vault had been planted some shrubbery; it looked old enough to have been placed there by the gentle hand of Martha Washington herself. It was scraggy, and covered with dead wood,

as if in doubt whether to live or die. Ten minutes' care would restore it to its comely condition. The top bricks of the wall are loose and falling off.

My pilgrimage to these hallowed grounds was a few months since, and before the Ladies' Association had taken possession. It is earnestly to be hoped that good sense and good taste, and a becoming reverence for the spot, will suggest to them the propriety of making no other alterations than are absolutely necessary for the neatness and repair of the place, and for preserving its old features undecayed. I do hope, however, they will remove from the mansion, unless the proprietor does, one of those pictures which is almost enough to raise the ghost of Washington himself. In one of the sitting-rooms there are various paintings, most of them battle-pieces, placed there by Washington, none in which he had been himself an actor. There is one picture, however, which evidently he did *not* place there. It is meant to represent the death of the Father of his country, and to show him taken up to heaven by angels. But instead of presenting him alive and glorified, it shows a dead body, the angels tugging at it and trying to drag it off. Not in that shape, we trust, did Washington go up into the skies. More enlightened views of death and resurrection, it is to be hoped, will have their plastic power over the conceptions of art. They will teach it better than to project death and corpses into the spiritual world, since we may reasonably hope to leave them in the grave-yards. So, too, we trust the angels in the pictures will dispense with their wings, which make them look as if they needed some help in passing from one *locale* to another through the atmosphere, — in fact, were not, like us, human beings, in human form, and clothed in tender though glorified humanities.

S.

MODERN TRINITARIANISM.

THE pamphlet, the title of which is given below,* has a certain representative value from the fact that it is a reprint from a leading theological review. We have for this reason examined the statements and explanations of the writer with much interest, and have found some things which, as they may be worth the attention of those who are studying the course of religious opinion in our day, we will try to set down.

The writer, as was to have been expected, assigns to the Logos of John a hypostatic personality, coeternal with God, affirming, as against the Arians, that He was not created. So far there is nothing unusual; but passing to the next page, we find that his "hypostatic personality" was "not begotten even," and that "this idea of generation, though predicable of the Son, cannot properly be predicated of the Logos. It was only by making the Son identical with the Logos that men began to speak of the 'eternal generation' of the Word."

"We would here also remark, in reference to John's characterizing of the Logos, that nothing is said of the emanation or generation, or derived existence of the Logos, and nothing of his dependence on, or subordination to, the Father. These are the unwarranted concessions of some who, while professedly holding to the absolute equality of the Son with the Father, have yet denied it in words. Many of the early Fathers maintained that the Son existed, from all eternity, in the substance of the Father, and was begotten of that substance; so that, in the language of the Nicene creed, he was 'very God of very God,' an expression wellnigh unintelligible, and savoring more of paganism than of Christian theism. To affirm that the Logos existed, from all eternity, in the substance of the Father, and was of that substance, may be well enough; but if by the 'generation of

* Scriptural Evidence of the Deity of Christ. By REV. DAVID B. FORD, A.M., South Scituate, Mass. Reprinted fom the Bibliotheca Sacra for July, 1860. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

the Logos,' any have meant to deny his absolute *aseitas* or self-existence and independence, then we must, in view of John's representation of the Logos, wholly dissent from that opinion. Not here, certainly, do we learn that the Father is the fountain and original of the whole Deity, or that he communicated his own divine essence to the Son. The Logos of John is no κτίσμα, nor ποίημα, nor γέννημα even; but the αὐτόθεος, the eternal and self-existent God."

We cannot but admire the boldness of the orthodox theologian who thus flies in the face of the Nicene Creed, which has heretofore at least been regarded as good Church authority upon the question of our Saviour's nature.

Again, when, in Col. i. 15, Christ is called "the first-born of every creature," we are to understand the expression of the "*incarnate* Word, the God-*man*." "As such, he is called the image of God, the first-born (not first-created) of every creature. The term *first-born* not only indicates a priority as to time, but also very frequently conveys the idea of superiority or excellence." "With this idea, however, there may be connected the kindred one of Christ's ante-mundane existence." So the phrase "the beginning of the creation of God" is explained by the remark that ἀρχή, both in classic and in Scripture Greek, has a much wider signification than our word *beginning*. It may signify "head or lord." It will be seen that by this process these texts are taken out of the list of those which are cited in proof of the Saviour's pre-existent state of glory. The element of *time* is taken out altogether.

Again, in remarking upon the clause "the Word was *with* God," the writer tells us that the Apostle has not defined the preposition "*with*." It does not point to an "outward personal fellowship." Some explain it, "the Logos was in God." So our Saviour frequently represents himself as in the Father, and the Father in him.

"Some such conception as this lay at the basis of the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος of the early Fathers; i. e. the unspoken word; and thus the immanent thought or reason of God. For ourselves, without desiring

to remove the distinction between the Logos and God, which is certainly implied in the text, we should wish to make *πρὸς τὸν θεόν* express, or at least not to preclude, the essential oneness of the Logos with God, and thus his consubstantiality with the Father. It were easy to explain this cause in entire harmony with Sabellianism, provided that this attractive theory could only answer the fair demands of the Christian economy. Instead, however, of doing this, it makes the plainest and soberest representations of the New Testament a pretence and a solemn farce. Adopting, therefore, the language of the creeds, we must, while not dividing the substance, be careful also not to confound the Persons. *In medio tutissimus ibis*, although this middle course, as Chrysostom long since well represented, is not without its difficulties."

Note again the following:—

"The Logos may be called the Son of God, though when thus designated, special reference is had, as we suppose, to his mediatorial and redemptive work. The only-begotten of the Father, whose glory was beheld by the disciples and the world, was the *λόγος σεσαρκωμένος*, the incarnate Word."

Also, the comment upon Phil. ii. 6:—

"Some compare this 'form' of God to the 'image' of God, the 'express image' of his substance, and the 'effulgence' or 'reflection' of his glory (Col. i. 15; 2 Cor. iv. 4; Heb. i. 3); but we think these epithets are used rather of the mediatorial Logos or the historical Christ."

We wish further that our readers would ponder the following foot-note upon this sentence: "The sacred writers, in their doxologies, repeatedly ascribe to Christ glory and dominion everlasting."

"The prophecies relating to Christ declare that his throne endureth for ever and ever, that his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom one which shall not be destroyed, that he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. And from the passages above quoted we learn that the redeemed on earth and in heaven ascribe to Christ honor, power, dominion, and glory for ever and ever. Only in 1 Cor.

xv. 24, 28, do we read that the Son shall finally deliver up the kingdom to God the Father, and himself become subject unto Him. This passage, standing alone in the Scriptures, is by far the most difficult one to harmonize with the fact of Christ's supreme divinity. Indeed, if the Son were here regarded as wholly identical with the Logos, we should feel obliged to yield the point in question. But the idea that the Logos, as such, is finally to become subject to the Father, cannot be entertained for a moment. The reference in these verses is manifestly to Christ as the Messiah or Mediator. When this mediatorial king shall have put all enemies under his feet (vs. 25), then the work of mediation will necessarily cease, and thus the kingdom of Christ will *ipso facto* become the kingdom of God, i. e. the Eternal Divinity will henceforth rule without a mediator. Whatever else the "subjection" spoken of may refer to, we cannot suppose that Christ will ever cease to possess that divine glory which he had with the Father before the world was, or that the saints in heaven will ever cease to ascribe glory, honor, and power to the Lamb that was slain. Indeed, the heaven of Paul and of the primitive disciples consists in their 'being ever with the Lord,' 2 Cor. v. 8; 1 Thess. iv. 17; Phil. i. 23. Marcellus of Ancyra supposed, after the manner of Sabellius, that the Logos would finally return to his original state, i. e. would cast aside the human envelope and become merged in God as he was 'in the beginning.' But what would become of the divine σάρξ (the flesh) he could not tell. We shall come, he says, to the knowledge of this only when we see face to face! See Neander, Ch. Hist., Vol. II. p. 757."

We cannot avoid asking whether dogmatism ought not to pause in view of such difficulties of interpretation, and must press the question, "To whom are we to give the glory,— to the unembodied or to the embodied Logos, to the Word which is God as Creator, Redeemer, Saviour, or to the Mediator who, in some remote age, shall be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

We are surprised at the statement on the 40th page, that "Arianism, and not Trinitariansm, was the legitimate offspring and outgrowth of Platonism." Arianism — a form of Christianity, by the way, with which we have no affinities —

seems to us as remote as possible from either the letter or the spirit of Platonism, which, as the Church fathers held, not without reason, was in some sort a schoolmaster to lead men to Christ, the Life of whose Life was unquestionably the Word that was in God, and that was God.

"Can it be," asks our author, "that all the Scriptures, all our preaching, all our religion, all our hopes of forgiveness and heaven, all our trust and our joys, and the deepest affections of our hearts converge in, and centre around, any created, finite being?" We should answer, Most certainly not about his *finiteness*. We are not saved by Jesus, — "*Cursed is the man that trusteth in man!*" — but by God in Jesus; yet it does not follow that Jesus is another God. "*God* in Christ reconciles the world unto himself." There is no God but God, and the man Christ Jesus is the Mediator.

The discourse from which we have made these extracts is plainly animated by a single and earnest love of the truth, as it has been seen by the writer. Had he contented himself with endeavoring to show that in all literalness Christ is the Image of the Invisible God, the only Way to the Father, the Son who alone reveals the Father, he would have done a good service; but, in our judgment, he has utterly failed to set forth our Lord as the Second Person in the Trinity, God the Son, — a phrase unknown to Scripture, — co-eternal and co-equal with the Father. Any such attempt will ever be, we are persuaded, an utter failure. E.

How sublime appear the meeker features, the suffering virtues of Christ, when we think of the extraordinary elevation of his powers! The eyes which wept over Jerusalem were illuminated by the unearthly light of prophecy! The hands, the feet, nailed to the cross, had dispelled disease, and walked upon the rushing wave! That voice, pouring forth dying prayers and remembrances of sacred words, perhaps learned in childhood, providing an earthly home for her from whom he had learned them, before he could say, "It is finished," and pass peacefully to the mansions of the Father's house, — had rebuked the storm, and called the dead out of their graves!

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

II.

THE DREAM.

THE KING OF BABYLON.

O ye Chaldeans, ye astrologers,
Ye sorcerers, and ye magicians, who
Are bidden hither at your king's command,
Lo! I have dreamed a dream, which to recall
Vainly my spirit toileth. Ye who boast
The subtle power to unweave the web
The stars have wrought with countless, tireless darts,
On through the ceaseless ages, — ye who read
The dim and shadowy Past, or lift the veil
Of dark Futurity, — reveal to me
My vision!

THE CHALDEANS.

O king, live forever! Tell
Thy servants of the vision thou hast dreamed,
And its interpretation we will show!

THE KING.

It hath departed from me! And if ye
Will not make known to me the dream itself,
With its interpretation, ye shall be
Cut into pieces, and your houses made
A dunghill! But if ye obey, rewards
And gifts and honors shall be yours! Therefore,
Tell me the dream!

THE CHALDEANS.

O mighty king! wilt thou
Reveal to us the vision thou hast dreamed,
Then its interpretation we will show.

THE KING.

If ye will not make known to me the dream,
There is for you but one decree; for ye
Corrupt and lying words will speak, to gain
A change of time! Therefore, tell me the dream!
Then shall I know that ye may likewise show
The dream's interpretation!

THE CHALDEANS.

There lives not
Upon the earth the man that can tell thee
Thy vision! Therefore hath no king, no lord,
No ruler, sought so wonderful an art;
Neither astrologer, magician, nor
Chaldean ever hath such art attained.
The gods alone, whose dwelling is on high,
And not with mortals, can show forth thy dream.

THE KING.

Then shall ye all, wise men of Babylon,
Be slain! Let the decree of death go forth!
Arioch, hasten to obey my will!

DANIEL.

Blessed forever be the Name of God, —
Jehovah! Wisdom, Might, and Truth are His!
He changeth times and seasons! He doth kings
Set up, and He removeth: it is He
Who giveth wisdom to the wise, and He
To them who understanding have hath taught
Their knowledge! He the deep and secret things
Revealeth! Light and Darkness dwell with Him!
O Thou, my fathers' God! Thee I do thank
And praise! For Thou to me hast given might
And wisdom; Thou what we desired of Thee
Hast unto us made known, — Thou hast revealed
To us the vanished vision of the king.
Brothers, our father's God hath heard our prayer:

The mercies we desired of Him, in faith,
Doth He bestow on us! Now will I haste
Unto Arioch, captain of the guard,
Him whom the king hath ordered to destroy
All the wise men of Babylon, to say,
"Destroy not Babylon's wise men! but bring
Me in before the king, that I reveal
To him his dream's interpretatio."

PNEUMATOLOGY.*

No. II.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE BELIEF IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD.

THERE is reason to believe that a large number of intelligent people in Christendom — many of them members of Christian churches — have come to look upon the spiritual world as such a vague, shadowy, unsubstantial realm, that it is hardly to be admitted into the category of *real* things. And when a writer begins, in sober earnest, to treat it as a reality, and to talk of spirits, not as shadows or phantasms,

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* The remarks by the Editors with which the last article on this subject was prefaced suggest the propriety of saying here, that, however Swedenborg may be referred to, and sometimes quoted, in these papers, it is never the writer's intention to appeal to him as an *authority* upon any point that may herein be discussed. Whatever be the strength of his own faith in the truth of Swedenborg's disclosures, he asks for the views that may be presented no consideration beyond what their obvious truth and rationality may fairly challenge. He claims to be the advocate of free and fearless investigation, — a friend and humble seeker of the truth, not the worshipper of any man, nor the devotee of any sect.

He wishes to say further, that, while conceding and admiring the piety and charity of many members of the nominal New Church whom it has been his privilege to know, he nevertheless believes that the true and living Church of the Lord is not confined to any religious organization or sect; and he probably has less sympathy with — as he has a more intimate knowledge of — "Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism" than the Editors of this Magazine themselves.

but as positive entities, many of these people will begin to shrug their shoulders, and throw out sage remarks about "Dream-land," and the expediency or wisdom of sticking closely to *terra firma*. This is one of the embarrassments which a writer on Pneumatology has to encounter in the outset, — to wit, the known prevalence of a disbelief in the *reality* of a spiritual world. No doubt "Modern Spiritualism" has done considerable within the last few years towards overcoming the scepticism on this subject which has existed among Christians. Yet, in the minds of a great majority of readers, particularly the more cultivated classes, the belief in spirits and a spiritual world, as real entities, is still so feeble, that one can hardly undertake to write about them, without awakening the suspicion, at least, that he is forsaking the region of the practical and profitable, and wandering off into dream-land. But it is a great mistake to suppose that inquiry in this direction is unprofitable. On the contrary, we believe that a strong controlling faith in the realities of the spiritual world will ever be found among the most powerful quickeners of the intellect; and that clear and positive knowledge of the laws of that world, and its connection with the world in which we are now living, will prove a most efficient aid in the great work of regeneration.

But if there be a spiritual world inhabited by spirits and angels, capable, too, of having its grand realities disclosed to the eyes of one yet in the flesh, we should suppose that a truth so interesting and important would not have been permitted to rest on the testimony of any single individual. We should expect to find at least some gleams of it in all ages of the world, — nay, some general and wide-spread belief in it. For thus it is with all great truths. They are never suffered to become quite blotted out from the general intellect and heart of humanity. Some faint impression — it may be indistinct and scarcely legible at times — but some faint impression of them may be found everywhere and always. The truth may be marred, distorted, strangely perverted, —

what great truth, indeed, has not been? — but it is never entirely lost. Thus has it fared with the truth of God's own existence. Various opinions have been entertained of the Divine character and attributes, corresponding to the various states and conditions of human society; but in no nation and in no age of the world has the idea of the existence of a God been utterly lost. So, if there be a spiritual world peopled by the spirits of those who were once dwellers in the natural sphere, and if it be possible for the inhabitants of that world ever to become visible to men, we should expect that a truth so important and interesting would never have been wholly lost sight of. Among different people and at different epochs we should expect it would have assumed different, and sometimes grotesque, and even monstrous forms; but through all its changes, and under all its distortions, we should still expect to be able to trace some glimmerings of the truth itself.

And such, precisely, is the fact. In all ages there has existed a general belief in a world of spirits, and in the *possibility* of the denizens of that world, ordinarily unseen, sometimes manifesting themselves to men in the flesh, — a belief, indeed, *in the reality* of this alleged fact. True, this belief may, as indeed it has at times, become wellnigh extinguished in the minds of individuals and even whole classes. Witness the Sadducees among the Jews of old, who maintained "that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit." Yet the very fact here recorded, that this sect *denied* the existence of angels and spirits, warrants the conclusion that their existence was believed by the other sects. But, generally speaking, the faith of mankind in the existence of a spiritual world has been so strong and so universal, that the grossest materialism and the coldest and most sensual philosophy have not been able wholly to extinguish it. And is not the universality of this belief some evidence of its truth? And does it not justify the inference, that there must have been some well-authenticated instances of a visible manifestation of spirits to men?

Sir Walter Scott, in his Letters on Demonology, — a work written expressly to disprove and ridicule all alleged appearances from the spiritual world, — admits that the belief in the possibility of such appearances, and even in the fact that there have been open communications with that world, is almost universal. Thus he says: —

"The general, or, it may be termed, *the universal*, belief of the inhabitants of the earth in the existence of spirits separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution; but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. . . . . But the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *non omnis moriar*, must infer the existence of many millions of spirits who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals. . . . . These spirits in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them. . . . . To multitudes, the indubitable fact that so many millions of spirits exist around and even among us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other able to communicate with the world of humanity."

And yet this learned author undertakes to show that open communication of spirits with men is a thing intrinsically impossible. And well he may, after defining a spirit to be something which "has neither substance, form, shape, voice, or anything which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties." In other words, it is an undefinable, unimaginable — nothing. Yet this is probably not far from the popular *theological* definition of a spirit. But how such

pure *nonentities* can be supposed to feel any interest in human affairs, or to exert any influence upon them, or how they can be *numerically* described, the great story-teller does not inform us.

Not long ago our eye fell upon an able article in the North British Review, in which the writer, after alluding to the belief "in all ages and in every country," that "spirits occasionally visit or revisit the earth, making themselves sensible to people yet in the flesh," adds: "It is upon the records of such apparitions, indeed, that it rests its claims as a part of the popular creed of the world." And he further says, that "not only did Plato, Pliny, Henry Moore, Matthew Hale, Samuel Johnson, Addison, and a host of other worthies, believe in such appearances, but there is actually a band of living authors on the subject." And among these he mentions the distinguished names of Passavant, Eschenmayer, Ennemoser, Stilling, Kerner, and Schubert, who, he says, "have all investigated this shadowy question in the character of believers." The same writer speaks of the gradual decline of this once universal faith in spirits and their possible manifestation to men, which he attributes to the influence of the experimental and sensuous philosophy of the eighteenth century.

"The Saddusaic spirit gained a decided and all but supreme ascendency over the mind of Europe in the course of the last century. Even those faithful souls who continued to hold by the mysteries of Christianity, and still more those who only thought they did or pretended to do so, acquired the habit of calling everything to the bar of concrete experience. Rationalism became the spirit of all criticism. Positivism was the exclusive methodology of the age. Wonders ceased, for everything was to be explained on natural principles. . . . . This bringing down of every asserted thing to the measure of the sensuous experience of the age was easily put in execution upon ghostly apparitions. They were spectral illusions, they were coincidences, they were peculiar

dreams, they were this and they were that. One thing was certain, at least, they were not ghosts. In fine, it became a mark of vulgarity to suppose for a moment they could be spirits. Accordingly it is true, that, to the present hour, very few people can find courage enough to raise the question!"

Yet this writer himself appears to have no settled belief in the reality of spirits, and, of course, none in the possibility of their being ever seen by mortals. He does not pretend to deny the alleged *phenomena*, though he is much perplexed to find a satisfactory explanation of them. For, without propounding any theory of his own, he rejects alike "the spectre theory," as he terms it, of medical men, which ascribes the phenomena to some peculiar "physiological condition of the brain, spinal cord, and nervous system," and "the ghost theory" of the spiritualists, which maintains that these appearances are substantial entities; and he calls Swedenborg "that greatest, purest, most accomplished, and most philosophical of hallucinators."

Probably no man ever devoted more time and careful study to the investigation of the beliefs of various ages and nations on this subject, than Professor Jung Stilling. And this distinguished metaphysician says: "All nations, that are in any degree cultivated, possess the fundamental idea of God, *of a world of spirits*, and of the immortality of the soul. *All agree* in this pure and abstract idea. But from whence have they derived it? Naturally, by a revelation of God, of the world of spirits, and by apparitions of deceased individuals, which they had either learned from their forefathers or experienced themselves." (Theory of Pneumatology, p. 137.)

Of similar purport is the following, which Johnson, in his "Rasselas," puts into the mouth of the sage Imlac: "That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom appari-

tions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible." And Addison affirms the universality of this belief, in the following language, which occurs in one of the numbers of the Spectator: "I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact." (Spec., No. 110, Friday, July 6, 1711.)

Nor is it true, what some would have us believe, that this faith has been strongest among ignorant and barbarous nations, and in the least refined and cultivated periods of human history. So far from it, the opposite is nearer the truth. Where do we find it most prevalent and deep-rooted in the hearts of the people this day? Undoubtedly in Sweden, Scotland, and Germany, — countries where are to be found the most highly educated and religious people on the face of the earth. It was, too, during the most brilliant period of English literature, that this faith was deepest and most pervading in Great Britain; and it found its clearest and truest expression in the songs of her most enlightened and gifted bards. How often does it reveal itself in the plays of that great prince of dramatists, which are acknowledged to contain not less of truth than of poetry! Angels, spirits, ghosts, and apparitions are mentioned by him with the greatest familiarity, as things that everybody believed in. The spirits of departed friends are spoken of as angels, and as exercising a guardian care over those they have loved on earth. Thus, in Hamlet, Laertes says of his deceased sister:

"Lay her i' the earth; —
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A *ministering angel* shall my sister be
When thou liest howling."

And Falstaff, in Henry IV., speaks of "a *good angel* about the boy;" and the Chief Justice says to Falstaff:

"You follow the young prince up and down
Like his *ill angel*."

And not only does Shakespeare often speak of invisible spirits, good or evil, as attendant on men, but he as often speaks of the spirits of the departed at times rendering themselves visible. And not only are they represented as seen and spoken to on several occasions by men in the flesh, but they are more than once introduced among the Dramatis Personæ, as acting a part in the play. Thus, in Winter's Tale, Antigonus says:

"I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night; — for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed before me."

And then he goes on to relate what the spirit of Hermione said, what she requested him to name the child, and how she disappeared. Again, in Julius Cæsar, Brutus says:

"The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once;
And this last night, here in Philippi fields."

And when the ghost of the murdered Banquo appears at the feast prepared for noble lords, the startled Macbeth addresses himself to the apparition, and cries:

"Av aunt! and quit my sight!"

So, again, in Hamlet. The ghost of Hamlet's father appears several times, "in the same figure like the king that's dead," and is seen by several persons. And on one occasion Horatio addresses it: —

> "What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
> Together with that fair and warlike form
> In which the majesty of buried Denmark
> Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee, speak.
> If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
> Speak to me.
> If there be any good thing to be done,
> That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
> Speak to me.
> If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
> Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
> O speak!"

And although the ghost does not speak, yet afterwards, when seen by Hamlet himself, he answers his inquiry, and says:

> "Do not forget. This visitation
> Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

But this, it is said, is all fiction, — the mere coining of a poet's brain. And it is true. But is it not the coining of a poet who saw things with no ordinary eyes and by no ordinary light? — of a poet who knew that in every fiction which enlists the sympathies and moves the hearts of men there is and must be a solid substratum of truth? Full well knew this gifted child of song, that in introducing these things into his stories he was confining himself strictly within the realm of the possible, — that he was relating nothing which, in itself, was absurd or intrinsically impossible. He knew that he was appealing to a faith deep-seated and all but universal in the heart of humanity. Had he given us a picture of men or horses equipped with wings, and coursing through the air, of trees walking or of stones speaking, we should have regarded such things as simply ridiculous.

Then see how deep and all-pervading was this faith among the Greeks and Romans, those most enlightened nations of

antiquity. Grant that in their theory of Pneumatology there mingled many grains of error, — that it was the truth greatly distorted. But for all that, who can tell how much the intellect of those nations was quickened by this faith in the reality of a spiritual world, or how much their orators, poets, and artists owed to it their highest and best inspiration. A writer in the Biblical Repository, a few years ago, treating upon this subject, remarked: "The Greek was intellectually great, because of his strong, living faith in the reality of a spiritual world, something more enduring, more excellent than earth. From that source he derived whatever was excellent in his character, whatever was great in his achievements. That faith enabled him to make the marble speak, and the canvas breathe; and that was the Castalian fount where his spirit drank the inspiration of poetry. He saw, it must be admitted, a dim, distorted shadow, but it was cast from the true substance; it was a faint reflection from that light so clearly revealed in the Bible."

And the same writer, raising the inquiry as to the source of such belief among the ancient Greeks, further remarks: "Was this a dream, a mere fiction? Or may we refer this spiritual supervision of earthly things, this mingling of good and evil spirits in human affairs, to some source in the region of truth? Is this simply a corruption of some important doctrine, — some revelation once made by God to man? We have no doubt that the latter is true, and that, in all the lesser deities of the ancient world, in the good and evil spirits that swarmed in air or walked the earth, we have but a monstrous corruption of an original truth, one of the most beautiful and interesting doctrines of Scripture, the ministration of angels." And after referring to the characteristics of our own age, and to the sad want of "a strong controlling faith in the realities of the spiritual world," which the writer thinks is so apparent everywhere, he pertinently asks: "Are we not in danger of forgetting that the presence and power of that false system which once ruled the nations

demonstrate *the existence* of a spiritual world, which is not a falsehood, but a solemn and enduring reality ? " *

We say, then, that there has hitherto existed a general and almost universal belief in the reality of a world of spirits, not manifest to our natural senses, but which nevertheless may be, and sometimes has been, to a limited extent disclosed to the view of mortals. Judging, therefore, from the *consensus gentium universalis*, there is certainly nothing impossible or improbable in Swedenborg's alleged intercourse with the spiritual world. It is not opposed to, but quite in harmony with, the prevailing faith of mankind in all ages and nations. And is it to be believed — *can it be possible* — that a belief so universal as this has, after all, no solid foundation in reality ? If the fact that all nations, in all ages, have believed in the existence of a God, be deemed a strong argument in proof of His existence, then is not the equally universal belief in the existence of invisible human spirits, and their occasional manifestation to men, an equally strong argument in favor of its truth ?

But it is one thing to be convinced of the existence of a world of spirits, and of the *possibility* of a disclosure of its great realities, and quite another thing to be convinced that such a disclosure has actually been made. One who cheerfully concedes the former may, without the least inconsistency, resolutely deny the latter. And we are not morally bound to accept either, save upon what seems to us clear and adequate evidence. *Is* there any such evidence that the realities of the spirit world have been laid open ? We will see.

B. F. B.

Orange, N. J., Aug. 29, 1860.

* Bib. Repos. for July, 1845, pp. 392, 398, 399.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.*

A SERMON BY REV. GUSTAV REICHEL.

LUKE vi. 37. — "*Forgive, so shall ye be forgiven.*"

THE forgiveness of sins consists in being delivered from them, — therefore in a change wrought out in man, and not in a change of the feelings of God towards man. *God is unchangeable!* As every man, whether good or bad, is surrounded by the light and warmth of the natural sun, so is every man closed around by the truth and love of the Lord, who in his unbounded love and his everlasting mercy wills not that any should perish. It is not the displeasure of the Lord that forms the wall of separation between him and mankind; but *our own sins divide us and our God from each other.* Because errors ever arising from our selfish lives form dark, obscuring clouds, which will not allow the friendly light and beneficial warmth of the *ever-shining Sun of Grace* to come to our perceptions with its blessed influence, and because, according to the laws of the eternal, divine order, sins, which are spiritual disorder, must have their melancholy results in relation to spiritual things, just as disorder in the natural life cannot be without its melancholy and disastrous consequences: thus it appears in the sins of the living man as if the Lord had turned his face away from him, and was angry with him. This natural and material manner of regarding things causes the idea that the forgiveness of sins consists in the alteration of the inclinations of God towards man. The Lord is near to every man with his forgiving grace.

The man who is filled with love of the world and self-love would employ himself incessantly in acts of the extremest ill-will and cruelty towards others, and thus plunge himself into the most intolerable misery, were he not constantly withheld

* Translated from *Der Monat Schrift der Neuen Kirche*, published at Baltimore by Rev. O. Brickman. It unfolds the doctrine of forgiveness with great plainness and simplicity. — EDS.

by the wise and loving Providence of the Lord, as far as this can act, leaving the freedom of his will untouched. To this end the very worldly and selfish love of the self-seeking man himself must serve. Does not such an one avoid doing *outward* evil, which the Lord regards as a small thing? Does not he who loves only himself and the world do good *outwardly*, in order to gain thereby honor and worldly advantages? Are not many persons restrained from committing crimes from fear of punishment? Does not the selfish, sinful nature of such men bind them as with iron chains, so that they do not rush openly into the most frightful sins, and so into the deepest ruin?

Is not this the loving and wise ordination of the Lord? Thus even to these men is the Lord a merciful redeemer; for he constantly preserves them from the worst outbreaks of their sinful being, and holds them back from rushing into the deepest and most intolerable misery.

But this is, however, only an outward forgiveness, because with such men the Lord with his pardoning mercy must stand without. Such men do not live in a state of grace; not, as the old unfounded and irrational doctrine deduces, because the Lord withdraws his mercy from them, but because they will not open the *door* of their *hearts* to receive the grace which is standing without and *knocking;* estranging themselves wholly from it, *because they love darkness better than light.*

We rejoice in the true inward forgiveness of our sins when we listen to the voice of divine truth, i. e. when the light of divine truth exhibits and holds up to us as a sin against the Lord our own selfishness, variously manifested in action, and when we flee from it and subdue it as sinful. When we fight against and conquer the sins which have become manifest to us, we struggle and conquer as if we performed from ourselves, and by our own strength, this spiritual labor, but it is done in truth by the power of the Lord within us. By ourselves we can do this as little as our self-love, which is our own property, can perform works of pure disinterested

love. The divine truth enters into us, and conceals from us our evil and false state; — and it is left free to us whether we will come to this light or not. If we incline to the truth, we receive it into our desires, and so into the will, because the desires belong to the will. In this manner, the Lord can by his truth form within us a new conscience or will, out of which new will we can fight against and conquer the evil within us. Thus we conquer as if from ourselves; but in truth it is the Lord who is the conqueror within us, whose aid we have implored to give us victory in the contest. The Lord is not only the conqueror over our sins, but it is he also who withholds us from them through eternity, filling our purified being with his love and truth. Thus is the Lord the *Saviour* and *Forgiver* of our *sins* and *errors;* thus we come into the *favor* of the *Lord*, and may live in it, because that which before stood without shares our very being with us, and thus, as the Apostle says, we become partakers of the Divine nature. The same Apostle means just this when he says: "*Repent and be converted, that your sins may be* BLOTTED OUT."

This forgiveness is granted to us only in the same measure as we forgive our fellow-men. In exact agreement with our text, the Lord says in Matt. vi. 14, 15: "If ye forgive unto men their sins, so will your Heavenly Father likewise forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses." Thus it is only our own selfish nature which is not ready to forgive the sins of our fellow-creatures, — which stands in the way of the forgiveness of our own sins.

We should never call sin virtue, nor virtue sin; — we should also call every sin by its right name. But whenever we approach our erring neighbor with sharp, cutting words, and with contemptuous judgments, and, because we do not commit exactly the same faults, imagine ourselves far above him, we are in truth not only not better than him whom we thus condemn, but in most cases we are even worse than he.

It is only self-love, which always exalts itself above others, which is capable of such condemnation; for if a man did not conceive of himself as *peculiarly good*, such disparaging thoughts would neither arise within him, nor pass from his lips in words. If we would only listen to the truth aright, we should at once perceive that exactly this loveless condemnation is the beam in our eyes; for by the beam is signified our own self-righteous goodness, in which man always thinks himself exalted over others, and seeks to exhibit this his self-conceived goodness by unloving severity of criticism and contemptuous judgments of his erring fellow-creature. Even if we were outwardly entirely free from fault, we should commit in such judgments the very sin of sins. For however earnestly the man may try to persuade himself and others that his proud fault-finding and condemnation is a zealous love for goodness and truth, yet this conduct of his is in fact only the offspring of his self-love, in consequence of which he looks eagerly into the faults of others, in order to have something which he can tread under foot, and by which he can show, according to his own inmost belief, how excellent he is, and how highly he rises above his neighbor. The man who receives into himself the true love of the Lord, never seeks to make a show of his own love of goodness by his unkind and severe condemnation of his fellow-man, of which only self-love is capable; — rather will he, even when the wrong-doer has acted as a bitter enemy towards him, manifest his pity for him, and his love of goodness, by such diligent acts, both of word and deed, as might help to restore the guilty man, or by which, if the criminal is a declared enemy of the truth, he may not be excited by any bitter or violent reproach to devising revengeful retaliation, and so plunging himself into greater evil. Let us persuade ourselves as much as we will that we are only zealous for good for the sake of goodness, yet is our outwardly correct conduct, and our horror which we express against crime, only a Pharisaic hypocrisy, if we judge our erring neighbor in

a proud, condemnatory, loveless manner, and thus inwardly raise ourselves above others. Besides, we can never rightly understand the inward condition of the sinner; this can only be seen by the Lord, — the heart-searcher of all men. The man may have been led by various misconceptions to his unrighteous conduct, without having at the same time any *malicious intention*. It is also often necessary that what is in the man should be made manifest by various circumstances, in order that he may learn to perceive it in its true light, and thus learn humility and become better; for no improvement is possible for a man when he is ignorant of himself. The sinner is not for this to be justified in his wrong-doing, still less should he justify himself; but instead of rejecting him and trampling him in the dust by our unloving condemnation, we should endeavor to win him by forgiving love, as did the Lord, whom we should endeavor to follow with all men. But if in such cases we judge as did the often-referred-to Pharisee, in a cold and unloving manner, we are not only faulty like him whom we thus condemn, but we are really worse than he, in spite of all our outward, more favorable appearance; for we commit exactly by this *unloving judgment* the sin of sins. Here we may apply the words spoken by the Lord to the scribes and Pharisees: "Whoremongers and adulterers shall sooner enter the kingdom of God than ye."

As far as this selfish nature rules within us, which is far from the forgiving and winning love of our fellow-man, so far are we incapable of rejoicing in the inward forgiveness of our own sins; for this self-righteousness is the sin which separates us and our God from each other, and which cannot be forgiven us nor removed from us, so long as we live and adhere to it. Divine truth reveals to us this selfish nature, which is far from the forgiving and persuading love of our fellow-man, as a sin; and only in so far as we flee from and subdue this sin in the manner above described, can it be forgiven to us. Hence, "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

When we are tempted, in our own self-exaltation, in order to show our apparent zeal for goodness, to scourge the failings of our neighbor with a *contemptuous* and *rejecting severity;* when we have eyes only for the failings of our brother, and allude to them inconsiderately on every occasion, out of apparent zeal for virtue; when we feel ourselves impelled to reprove our brother in a haughty, superior, and commanding tone; — then we have reason to stand still, and open our ear to the divine truth which says to us that this is not zeal for goodness, but rather the self-righteous, loveless, Pharisaic judgment, — the sin of all sins. If we hear this truth with an ear which is willing to listen, it will make us free; for we shall then struggle with its aid against our unforgiving spirit, and turn towards the persuading and forgiving love of our brethren. This is the only way in which we can receive the pardon of our own sins. But in the opposite case, by hardening ourselves in judging with the *beam* in our eye, we go farther and farther into the self-condemning, self-deceiving condition of a *blind Pharisaism*, in which we confirm ourselves firmly and steadfastly, as did the Pharisees of old, in the opinion that *we alone see the right*, and that it would be well if *all men were only* as *we* are. In this case, as the Lord says, our sins must remain with us. "Only when we forgive, can we be forgiven."

We mistake greatly, when we think, as is commonly supposed, that our forgiveness consists in the pardoning of offences committed against us, which we remit to the offender when he perceives his injustice, and expresses to us in any way his desire for forgiveness. Strictly speaking, no man can sin against us, for all sin is against the Lord, as is declared in the Psalms: "*Against thee alone, O Lord, have I sinned.*" Only our self-love feels *personally* wounded, and demands satisfaction for the soothing of its pride. That obedience and respect to the truth and to all that is good should be rendered by all, we must desire and wish from love to God and man. The righteous man will also willingly acknowledge an

injury committed against a man, although he intended only good, as an injurious act. But if we desire, when our self-love is encroached upon, that the offender shall first humble himself before us, and thus satisfy our pride and vanity, before we can forgive him, according to the common phrase, then we need as much the forgiveness of our own sins, as he who is forced to bow before us; and so long as we require such concessions, our own sins cannot be forgiven us. If the love and truth of the Lord ruled over our whole will and understanding, and we did good according to them in pure disinterested love, then we should not feel ourselves *personally* injured, nor should we, in the flaming fire of injured self-love, hurl around poisonous, wrath-exciting condemnations, when they say *all manner of evil* against us. In all such cases we should go on quietly and undisturbed in the fulfilment of our duties, firmly convinced that such attacks cannot really hurt us, because all evil and all error must at last be brought to shame in the presence of goodness and truth. We shall then see also, that those who oppose us in this manner, instead of injuring us, fight against themselves, to their own injury; for the man who takes pleasure only in attacking others, in slandering and condemning them, in endeavoring to bring them trouble and inward suffering, is acting from a horrible, demoniac principle, through which he will finally, if he does not repent while here, be condemned to the infernal fire of the unspeakably painful, ever-burning devil of his selfish nature. Therefore the injured man, if he is a Christian in deed and truth, cannot possibly hate such a man, but will heartily compassionate him; he will seek to do him good in preserving love, by the truth, and by every means in his power, and for this reason will carefully abstain from all passionate recriminations, in order, as far as in him lies, not to excite his anger again, and so force him into a closer union with hell. This is to follow the Lord, — "to forgive as he forgives, so that we may be forgiven."

This forgiving and yearning love is, however, as was shown

above, not from ourselves, but it is the love of the Lord in us! Therefore we should not ascribe to ourselves even this forgiveness, but to *the Lord alone, who is therefore, in the strictest truth, the only Redeemer.* If, then, we forgive rightly, we shall ascribe all goodness to the Lord, and regard ourselves only as his instruments; and the more we do this, the more can be forgiven us, — the higher can we rise in the heavenly life, — with the deeper, the more inward consciousness of the truth, can we speak the words of the Apostle, "Our conversation is in heaven." What a depth of Divine Wisdom, pointing out to us the way of life, lies in the words, "*Forgive, so shall ye be forgiven.*"

THE DIVINE FREEDOM.*

THERE are two methods by which we may form a conception of the Deity. First, we may start from the idea of an Infinite Being, and continue our analysis until we arrive at a still less positive result than Mr. Parker in his Discourse (pp. 156, 157), or are obliged, with the author of the Essay on Intuitive Morals (pp. 165, 166), to solve the contradiction between Foreknowledge and Freedom by annihilating time; until we are compelled to consider the Divine mind as working in a manner entirely different from ours; until our conception of his justice informs us that there ought to be no sin, — of his mercy, that there ought to be no suffer-

* A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion. By THEODORE PARKER. Third Edition. Boston. 1847.

Nature and the Supernatural. By HORACE BUSHNELL.

An Essay on Intuitive Morals, being an Attempt to popularize Ethical Science. Part I. Theory of Morals. American Edition.

Discourse before the University in Cambridge, at the Dudleian Lecture, 14th March, 1821. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING. Works, Vol. III.

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. An Essay. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The New Testament.

ing, — of his impartiality, that there ought to be no difference in the endowments and circumstances of rational beings.

Secondly, we may start from the phenomena cognizable through the senses and consciousness, and inquire what sort of a Being a comprehensive survey of the facts of the universe, the events which history records, and the spiritual qualities of man, will suggest.

The object of this paper is to employ the second method with reference to the relation of the Deity to the physical forces of the universe. The statement of the three current theories in respect to the connection of a personal God with the material world, will present the points at issue, and show the importance of the discussion.

First, there is the theory that the inherent properties of matter and spirit and the rule of law suffice for all the phenomena which we perceive. According to this view, the Deity, far back in the remote ages, set certain forces at work, which by their mutual co-operation and equipoise have produced the existing order of nature, and will produce whatever may come to pass. He put forth his creative energy, and formed matter and the laws which govern it. He set in operation gravitating, electric, chemical, and vital agencies, and then left them to manufacture the various events and processes which have taken place since the beginning of the world. He annexed different properties to different kinds of matter, giving fluidity to water, plasticity to clay, heat and light to the sun's rays, and so on through all the qualities belonging to the various substances around us; and it is believed these qualities are retained without any further exertion of the Divine power. As when the workman on steel has furnished a main-spring with the conditions of its elasticity, and the watchmaker has made, arranged, and wound up the mechanism of a timepiece, it goes without his superintendence, so the universe, after the creation of its materials, the establishment of its forces, the bestowment of its qualities, and the enactment of its laws, performs its

operations independently of its Creator's energy and volition. It has powers delegated to itself sufficient for the performance of all its functions. This may be called the Deistic theory of the connection of God with the world.

Secondly, we have the Theistic theory, which admits that a law is nothing without an executive force behind it, and affirms the present power of God in all the changes that are each moment taking place, but asserts that He works always according to uniform methods and definite rules. The mechanical and spiritual forces of the universe are the wheels within wheels, but have a living spirit which works through them, and in no other way. These forces are so combined and adjusted as to produce the greatest amount of good on the whole, but occasionally the individual must suffer. Gravitation will not only hold our structures and ourselves to the earth, but sometimes breaks our limbs and ruins our dwellings. Fire, water, and electricity will not only serve, but destroy. What is for the general good will sometimes, according to this theory, prove destructive to the individual. By the penalties which he suffers, he is made to search more diligently into the limitations that surround him, and to conduct himself according to the regulations established by the Divine will; but nothing is changed in pity of his distress, or in answer to his petitions. The heavens are brass over his head. A relentless fate presses him on every side. The individual is lost in the whole. Supplicatory prayer, under this view, is not veritable asking and receiving, not even a "spiritual self-excitation," but a form as foolish and hollow as petitions addressed to a tornado or locomotive. Providence is merely the upholding in activity of the forces and properties that were first created. Its care for the individual is only like that of a good machine, which assists when rightly used, but rends and crushes those who, through ignorance or carelessness, obstruct its movement.

Under both these mechanical theories of the universe,

one of these three conclusions is unavoidable: either the Deity is not perfect in holiness and goodness, — or he fails in carrying out his designs, — or else physical and moral evil are not really evil, but a means of good. If the Deity, with foreknowledge, established those agencies that are active in the world, and designed them to produce a particular result, not only is our action, being previously determined, wholly out of our own choice, but God is responsible for all the sin and misery that have ever happened or ever will happen. He who plans, manufactures, and keeps a machine in motion, is responsible for its effects. If, too, the powers first created were sufficient in their evolution to accomplish all that has taken place since their establishment, we can look for no subsequent interference on the part of the Deity; no constant connection between him and the events of history and the soul of man; no revelation of him through holy men; no redemptive agency exerted through Christ for repairing effects which the Creator himself had produced. Sin, responsibility, pardon, Divine influence and aid, become illusions, false ideas, designed to promote the improvement and progress of mankind.

Thirdly, in opposition to these theories, the Christian view of the connection of God with the universe represents the Deity, not as afar off in a distant heaven, resting from his labors and idly enjoying the magnificent spectacle of the Cosmos, but as livingly present in elaborating, by his intelligence, power, and will, the lily's beautiful array, as is the artist who depicts it in colors, or forms it in wax, or chisels it in marble. With such a discrimination between physical and moral laws (evinced in his words in respect to the man born blind and to those on whom the tower of Siloam fell) as was peculiarly foreign to the notions of the age in which he lived, he still had a deeper sense of God's intimate connection with the world and with man than had ever arisen, even in a people who considered themselves as special objects of Jehovah's protection and care. Jesus taught a natural

and a supernatural connection of God with the world, — a natural one operating under general laws, a supernatural one coexisting with natural forces and controlling them for the highest ultimate good of each creature that he has made. *The natural and the supernatural spring equally and directly from the will of God.* There is a present display of his power just as much, though not as striking to us, in the growing tree, as if by a voice from heaven he should call it into immediate existence fully grown and perfectly formed. It requires *power* to produce gradual change, as well as immense instantaneous effects. The builder must be alike present and active, whether he erects his fabric timber by timber, or raises a whole side at once.

Let us now inquire what bearing the testimony of the senses and of consciousness has upon what we have termed — somewhat arbitrarily, perhaps — the Deistic, Theistic, and Christian theories of the universe.*

It is sometimes said that we cannot conceive of the interruption by the Deity of the uniform laws of the natural world. But is this so? While we conceive of moral laws as binding the Deity with the same absolute sway as they bind ourselves, we regard him as entirely free in respect to those natural forces which are the recognized modes of his activity. What is the aim of this unchanging uniformity of nature? While we perceive in its steady, unchanging order a benevolent provision for our discipline, action, and progress, what prevents us from having a faith in a power above nature, caring for the individual and causing all things to work together for his good? What prevents the Deity from operating in the universe by an unbroken chain of causes and effects, and at the same time introducing direct agencies to accomplish ends for which existing forces do not

* For the distinction here made between Deism and Theism, see Herzog's Real Encyclopädie, Art. *Deismus*, by Sechler, 1855, as quoted by James Martineau, in "Church Life? or Sect Life? a Second Letter to the Rev. S. F. Macdonald, in Reply to the Critics of the First," pp. 20, 21. London, 1859.

provide? Because God works through regular methods, which may be enounced in laws, is it not possible for him to work otherwise, meeting special cases by special action? What forbids belief "in an agency of God undiscernible by man in the particular instances of its operation, which is apart from, and, if I may so speak, lies behind, the ordinary concatenation of causes and effects, that alone fall under our cognizance, and which veils it from our view, but an agency by which the condition of God's creatures in this world is continually affected?" (Dr. Andrews Norton.) The Deity adheres to the uniformity of nature, — not from necessity, but because this uniformity is suited to accomplish his purposes. If these can be advanced by a different mode of action, it is obviously reasonable that he should break through his ordinary methods, and thus promote in a higher degree the object for whose advancement these methods were designed. Nor does this supernatural action presuppose any imperfection in the working of the causes which God has set in operation, or that the Architect of the universe is obliged to provide for unforeseen deficiencies and contingencies. It is not that the divinely ordained laws of nature operate imperfectly, but because it pleases God, in addition to the blessings which these afford, to bestow such other benefits as from time to time are best suited to the wants of the individual or the race. It has become a recognized principle in human government, whether exercised in the family, school, or state, that the exactions of the law should be adjusted to the conditions of the subject. The juvenile culprit is sent to the reform-school for offences which in mature years would bring him to prison. The discreet teacher does not hold over each child the same unbending system, but, according to his wisdom, meets the intellectual and moral disposition of each pupil with suitable appliances. A parent may establish certain regulations for his family, — may form such a system that each child may know the moment when the time of rising or retiring will come five

years hence, with almost as much confidence, supposing life and health to remain, as the astronomer predicts sunrise and sunset. The disobedient, careless, idle, and deceitful may look for punishment with as much certainty as he who falls from a height may expect bruises, or he that thrusts his hand into the fire may anticipate burning. There may be regulations stimulating them to industry, and rewards distributed according to fixed principles, so that each child may understand what his diligence and good behavior will gain. All the affairs of the household may move with the exactness of clock-work or of the solar system, so that an acquaintance may be able to surmise, with a considerable degree of certainty, what will be the next step adopted in the training of his children. But behind all this established law and order will be the wise parent, providing for the peculiar disposition of each child, giving, withholding, and influencing according to his free choice, carrying on the government of his family both through regulations that he may have framed before a single child was intrusted to his care, and still, through his constant supervision, meeting present contingencies with appropriate action. Thus he will educate one child by one method, and another by another; and though, what never occurs in fact, his children should naturally be exactly alike, he might be wise enough to employ different methods for each, and still do what is for the highest good of them all. By and by in such a family a son becomes of age, or a daughter is removed to another home. These events are met by the special action of the parent adapted to each case. Undoubtedly, if he is wise and good, he will be guided by fixed principles, upon which you may depend to a certain degree; but the *mode* of his action will not be determined by these principles, and will often be affected by the child's peculiar wants, and by his wishes and requests. Or, suppose that, acting according to these steady, definite methods, the children repose in the methods themselves, and see in them no traces of paternal goodness and no call for

gratitude. What more natural than for a wise parent to interrupt the former modes in which his love and concern for his children have appeared, and, by new and striking manifestations, arouse their attention and make his character more evident? Such a step would disturb the regular order of things, would be contrary to the surmise of his acquaintances and children; but on this very account, by the very surprise it would excite, by the determination and desire for their good which such an effort would disclose, it would most effectually accomplish his design. Precisely analogous to this course we may regard the dealings of the Infinite Father with his human family. Just as in his creative acts he called animals into existence adapted to the current geological period, so, in his moral discipline, he has sent teachers into the world, has overruled events, brought particular departments of culture to perfection in particular nations, and made revelations of himself just suited to the wants of the human race. "At sundry times and in divers manners he spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, but hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." In the Hebrew nation, by inspiring it with the idea of God's unity, sovereignty, holiness, and close connection with earthly affairs, he established a foundation for the universal religion of Christ. In the Greeks he brought expression of thought and beauty to perfection, and in the ruins of the Roman state furnished materials out of which to form modern codes and polities, as the Italians build their dwellings from the marbles of deserted palaces and temples. Do we see no finger of Providence in the invasion of the Northern barbarians, purging out the corruption of Southern Europe, and introducing the elements of human equality and respect for woman into the civilization of the world? In those mysterious yearnings that drove Columbus from one sneering court to another, until he set sail westward with his undecked vessels, do we see no promptings of a Wisdom opening a new continent where

crowded Europe could send its adventurers, and where a new civilization, untrammelled by the past, and yet availing itself of all its experience and teachings, could take root? The course of history alone, if it does not prove the Divine freedom, admitting of supernatural interposition in human affairs, at least makes it probable. We may reasonably infer that other forces may be introduced to modify the action of those now existing, and, as the development of mankind proceeds, such modes of the Divine manifestation take place as shall be adapted to human wants.

A prominent, if not the chief object in the constitution of the world, is the development and cultivation of man's spiritual nature. If this object can be best attained by departing from the ordinary method of Divine action, and by plainly revealing to man a power above nature, as well as upholding it, what reason can be given why this should not be done? Because the modes in which the forces of the universe act are called laws, they are not therefore legally binding, so that the Deity must produce their effects through their operation and in no other way. Thus, when Christ, through the power given him by the Father, heals a paralytic or a leper by a word, he does not violate the laws of healing, but performs in another way the cure that might result from their action. The virtue that is attached, through the will of God, to certain remedial substances, is through the same will attached to Christ. If it is by the will and the present, sustaining energy of God that each object possesses its various qualities, what prevents his showing that these qualities are dependent on him, by annexing them to something else, as, for example, to the will of Christ, thus demonstrating by our Saviour's command over the forces of nature, and his causation of effects which naturally result from the qualities of various substances, that he was sent from God, and that these qualities and forces are manifestations of the Divine activity in the world? The same voluntary power which makes the body sink in water is able to sustain it on the

surface, or that causes certain conditions to produce disease, can counteract their energy. The miracle, proceeding from a fresh exertion of that power which spake light out of darkness, and from emptiness and chaos brought a beautiful world, testifies to the living presence of the Deity and his continued interest in the world which he has made. We can conceive of no mental state to which miracles are impossible, except that which cuts nature off from God, and gives gravitation, electricity, and the various physical, vital, and spiritual conditions that exist about us, a separate existence from the continual action of the Divine will and the omnipresence of God's active power. All the testimony which goes to establish miracles as historical facts, as well as the course of history, confirms our faith in the free supernatural activity of God.

The researches of the geologist furnish additional evidence to the same truth. We find that at different periods in the world's formation different species of animals were introduced, adapted to the state of things then existing, and that some of these species have now completely vanished from the earth. We find there must have been successive creations of animals and plants, and this not merely in one centre, but in many. We find there was a period when the present race of beings could not have existed a moment on the earth. How could any one of them have been called into existence, and, especially, how could the relation between man and the lower animals have been effected, without the operation of agencies, tokens of whose present action we can now nowhere behold? Shall we not say that God acted freely in bringing the world into a condition for man, and then by a creative act in putting man upon it? And if so in this case, why not constantly in others which shall provide for the welfare and training of the beings he has created?

Again, the Divine freedom is deducible from the freedom of man. If the finite creature has the power of choice, how much more the Infinite Creator! The Deity may have a range of freedom corresponding as much to his sphere of

action, as the parent who regulates his family by a system of fixed rules possesses in his. We need not limit the Divine Wisdom by supposing it not to have many ways equally good, any one of which may be employed for the benefit of his creature. He assumes too much who says of any event, that God could not have caused it not to happen without interfering with the natural order of things by *open* miraculous interposition. He may often work secretly through natural forces, controlling them to execute his will. A man, in the healthy action of his powers, can say of any voluntary deed that he has performed, "I could have done it or not, as I chose." Shall God be more limited in his freedom than man? Outside of this domain of law which is necessary for the education of his finite creatures, shall there not be a margin for the Divine tenderness to come in and bestow unexpected blessings? If part of our lives results from organic tendencies, and is determined by external motives, and part is above nature, is supernatural, coming from our power to choose freely, may not God's action be partly through fixed laws, and partly through such other methods as he sees fit to adopt?

Further, the free activity of God is called for, to meet the freedom of man. Over man's righteous or evil choice there must be an agent, making good exertions effective, and counteracting and overruling the bad. Man's evil choice is met by God's freely given remedy. Man abuses his freedom by falling into sin. God uses his freedom to make such a revelation of himself, and to send such agencies into the world, as shall recall mankind from evil, and replace the innocence of the childhood of humanity by the rugged virtue of mature manhood.

Finally, the heart instinctively cries out for a living God; for a Father who pities, approves, hears, loves, reclaims, and sanctifies; for a Being unfettered by the physical laws according to which he accomplishes the ordinary operations of nature, and capable of attaining by other methods the same results. There may be those who will take up the words of

Heinrich Heine, — "I am no child; I do not want a Heavenly Father any more;" — but we believe they are rarely to be found. The freshest, most inspired feeling of the heart is, that God is a Divine Friend, full of benevolent emotions, and acting freely from them. The universal yearning of human nature bears witness to a Being who is at least as unfettered by the laws of the universe as we ourselves.

The bearing of this truth on Providence, Revelation, Miracles, Spiritual Influences, Prayer, and the emotional part of the Divine character, is obvious. Providence comes from a God intelligently and actively present among the powers of nature and controlling them for the highest ultimate good of each creature. Miracles are natural effects, supernaturally produced by God's will acting through agencies to which these effects are not ordinarily annexed, and serve to summon man's attention to the great First Cause, and to attest the Divine commission of him through whom they were wrought. Revelation is the Deity appearing behind and above the forces and qualities of the universe, and disclosing himself as the Father of mankind. Spiritual Influence, or the Holy Spirit, or Inspiration, is God holding communion with the soul, suggesting truthful thoughts, kindling holy affections, strengthening the will to resolute action, filling the asking heart with inconceivable joy and peace. Prayer is not merely pious meditation or thankful utterance, but the asking of mercies, either temporal or spiritual, from a Being who is both able and willing to give his creatures all they can receive. The language of Scripture in respect to God's pity, compassion, forgiveness, joy over repentance, and earnest desire for man's redemption, is no figure of speech, but literal truth. The Infinite God yearns with a Father's love over the children of men, and, without violating their freedom, seeks to reconcile them to himself. In a way that we can all apprehend, he is present with us, approving every right effort, appreciating every unselfish act, however humble, giving consolations whose source we know not, leading us by all the discipline of this world to the peace and trust of heaven. C. S. L.

GIOVANNI LEONARDO CERUSO.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, in his pleasant "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy," whilst he discharges the office of a faithful witness, and sets down many things which a Roman Catholic must read with pain, also bears earnest and cheering testimony to the wisdom, energy, and efficiency which have been and are still displayed in some of the charitable institutions of the ancient Church, and cites more than one example of brave and patient and well-directed philanthropy. In his notes upon Florence, we have a well-told story of Piero di Luca Borsi and of the Compagnia della Misericordia, which he founded, as long ago, so it is said, as A. D. 1240. We find too, much to our surprise, that evening schools, not unlike those which are maintained in this city during the winter, for the instruction of children and adults who are obliged to labor during the day, have been in operation in Rome since 1830. These schools are under ecclesiastical supervision, — partly that of friends who are wisely and earnestly devoted to their interests, partly that of jealous spies who would be ready upon any indiscretion to scatter the pupils. The instruction extends even to geometry and drawing, and Mr. Norton speaks in the highest terms of the intelligence and proficiency of the scholars, about a thousand in number. A large-minded, humane, and public-spirited Churchman, the Abate Fabiani, has given himself to this cause with the happiest results. "On the afternoon of Easter Sunday, I met him with his boys at St. Peter's. It was a sight more touching, and a better representation of the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, than all the splendid ceremonial of the morning had been, with its pomp, its glitter, its troops of soldiers, the benediction of the Pope, the fans of peacock's feathers, and the multitude kneeling before the church."

But what arrested our attention more than anything was

the story of Giovanni Leonardo Ceruso, the founder of an asylum for neglected and destitute boys in the city of Rome. Born near Salerno, in the neighborhood of Naples, in the year 1551, of parents in moderate circumstances, his first occupation was that of teacher of the parish school. A faithful instructor of children, he was able, without neglecting his immediate duties, to render many kind services to the sick who were providentially thrown in his way, and gave his strength, his time, and his sympathies when he had nothing else to give. The scholars, on account of his good knowledge of Latin and his clerkly habits, called him Letterato. Ceruso was a good Catholic, and, in grateful recognition of the mercy which had carried him safely through a dangerous illness, undertook a religious pilgrimage, and so was found at length in Rome. Passing through the streets one day, he saw some poor, hungry, and deserted children. Deeply moved by the sight, he took, "almost as if by accident," three of these children, the feeblest and hungriest, and carried or led them until he found at last a kind-hearted person who was willing to give them house-room. Others, upon his solicitation, supplied clothing and food. Once upon his hands and near his heart, the children must remain his charge from God; indeed, as might have been supposed, like gathered like, the beneficiaries steadily increased, and Ceruso was obliged to commend their case to the charitable. Such disinterested appeals are always met. When there is an expensive machinery to be maintained, when large salaries are appropriated to one and another agent, even kind-hearted persons hesitate. They are not sure that what they give will reach those who should be the chief gainers by it. But here was a man who asked literally nothing for himself, and knew how to make the most of what was put into his open hands for others. The phrase, "the Lord's treasury," was not mere cant as it fell from his lips, and the Lord's treasury did not long remain empty. "And now he began to teach these little children the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Credo, and

the Salve Regina, and to sing these and other prayers both morning and evening." As a preventive of spiritual pride, he was accustomed, in company with some of the largest boys, to sweep the streets, and then ask alms of the shopkeepers for the benefit of his poor children. Presently, in order by an innocent expedient to arrest attention, Ceruso assumed for himself and his children a blue dress, and at times walked the streets with the orphan company, bearing a crucifix with the word Charity written upon it. He was enabled, in due time, to erect a building for the reception of his beneficiaries, and to provide each boy with what seems to have been regarded in that day as a comfortable lodging-place, a little bed of brick, with a mattress of straw. It is recorded of him, that he served these little castaways in sickness as if they had been angels.

> "Man is God's image; but a poor man is
> Christ's stamp to boot; both images regard.
> God reckons for him, counts the favor his."

"Ye have done it unto me," saith the Lord, upon his throne of glory. It was one of the peculiarities of Ceruso's discipline that, although he employed the elder scholars to teach the younger, he did not allow the elder to punish the younger, — a significant example for some of our modern teachers, who are so ready to convert their school-houses into court-houses, and to summon boys and girls to the witness stand, to testify against their companions upon pain of being committed for contempt.

This good man lived, alas! only forty-three years. "O, Sir! the good die first!" Over-exertion in the care of his children shortened his days. He died in the house of Cardinal Frederico Borromeo. His little castaways gathered about the bed of death, and, at his request, sang,

> "Dico spesso al mio cuore
> Solo servendo Dio, l' alma non muore,"—

"Often I say to my heart, Only serving God, the soul does

not die," — and then he joined them in the words, "I have prepared to follow thee, Jesus, my hope, through the rough, hard way, with my cross;" and so he passed away to that world where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor pain." Well adds the writer of his life, as quoted by Mr. Norton, "From this, my little work, the pious soul may learn at least something of love, if nothing else."

It is the same human heart that Christ redeems into faith, hope, and love, in all ages and in all sects. In Catholic Rome, in the sixteenth century, we have the Orphan's Home of Letterato; in Protestant New York, in the nineteenth century, we have the News-boy's Lodging-House. Let us take courage from all good examples, and build evermore upon the chief Corner-stone.

E.

PREACHING JESUS.

NEITHER preachers nor people in our day realize in any suitable measure the wisdom and power and consolation that are laid up in the story of Jesus. He would give them the rest which they are seeking from churches, denominations, and creeds. He would make the truth definite and clear to them, so far as this is possible and needful. He would reconcile them to mystery, where mystery is unavoidable and good. The best service which the best men of our day can render to their generation is earnestly and wisely to preach Jesus, not in the interests of any sect, but in Christian freedom.

1. Take these words according to their simplest and most literal meaning, and they are very significant. We are too much in the habit of assuming that the children and the elders know the story of Jesus now, as in the old Bible-reading days. There are, however, not a few persons, by no

means untaught in other respects, whose knowledge of the New Testament is limited to the little which is to be acquired by their occasional Sunday listening. If they could be brought to read through a single Gospel at a sitting and connectedly, as they would read a tract of the same size published yesterday, they might be startled and impressed as by a Revelation. The story is a very short one. It can be told in an hour. It would not be difficult to select from the first three Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, a narrative common to them all, which it is reasonable to believe was repeated again and again, day by day, year by year, by Apostles and Evangelists, before it was committed to writing. It would not be difficult to tell our modern Gentiles what was told the ancient Gentiles, just what Christ said and did, what was done by our Heavenly Father in him and by him, what befell him under God, — to tell it in the sacred words. Sometimes one thinks that it would be wise to cease from all else which is called preaching, and simply tell the story of Jesus. Certainly it would be far more efficacious than much which passes for Christian discourse. There are those in every Christian city to whom it would be as new and significant as it was to Jews, Romans, or Corinthians. As Christianity becomes a matter of course, we are likely to make the common mistake of overlooking the familiar, whilst we long for the distant and unknown, and we deceive ourselves continually by calling our age an educated age. The education which the people have gained is not a religious education. The Bible can scarcely be a school text-book, notwithstanding what is claimed for it by the statute, and provided for it by the regulations under which our children are taught. It is very necessary to ask our young men and maidens, — "Can you tell me the story of Jesus? Can you recite the Sermon on the Mount?" There are educators who teach children and adults nothing but the Bible, and there are educators who teach children and adults everything except the Bible, — and the one and the other are wrong. The true life of

modern society is the life of Jesus, and to be ignorant of the story of Jesus is heathenish, and the abundance of other knowledge only makes it more inexcusable. Let parents read the story with their children, — no Sunday-school teacher, however faithful, can discharge this office for them; let the visitor to the poor and afflicted carry his Bible with him, — he will be amazed to find what power there is in the simple words of Scripture.

2. To preach Jesus is to unfold in an earnest and loyal spirit, as a disciple and not as a master, the spiritual wisdom which it has pleased God to garner up for the Church and the world in the Gospel of his Son. It is to study God and man, joy and sorrow, human hopes and fears, as they are to be seen in Christ, and report to the listener. To preach Jesus is to reproduce the mind of Jesus, the heart of Jesus, the spirit of Jesus, in the thoughts, the feelings, the temper of the present and living age. To preach Jesus is to give one's self up — not slavishly and mechanically, but in confidence and gladness — to that spirit from the Father which is the gift of the invisible Lord, and under this Divine leading to unfold portion after portion of the inexhaustible meaning of the Redeemer's life. Jesus is preached from age to age, because Christianity is not only a Letter, a Book, but a Spirit working in the souls of men. The value of preaching depends upon the quantity of this spirit in the preacher, far more than upon his learning, talents, or even genius. Through this he is enabled to take of the things of Christ and impart them to others. Without at least a measure of this, he has no call, as he has no capacity, to preach Jesus, and a hundred ordinations could not make him a minister of the Gospel. A believer in Jesus expects to find, and does find, new meanings continually in the Master's words and acts. The great Word is never an old story to him. The deepest questions and the most practical questions, the problems of piety, of every-day duty, of the mind and the heart and the conscience, are answered by Jesus to him who tries to come to him in his

spirit as if he were with us to-day. The mistake which men are continually making is in trying to find something besides the Gospel to be a kind of supplement to it. It is too old, or too short, or too simple. They try to understand and receive something founded on the Gospel, a church, or a creed, before they understand the Gospel itself. They are busy on the superstructure, when as yet they have no foundation. They would be Romanists or Protestants, Trinitarians or Unitarians, and they are not Christians yet. It is enough to preach Jesus. If the forces that are wasted in idle speculations, or spent in angry conflicts of brother with brother, were only loyally and lovingly concentrated upon the study and unfolding of the life of Jesus, we should be filled with amazement at the fulness of the Gospel, its marvellous depth and compass, its infinite adaptation, its power to satisfy the mind and soothe the heart. The New Testament is made up of the preaching of Jesus by Evangelists and Apostles. The first three writers tell the story of his life with the most wonderful and singular simplicity, leaving the reader to draw his own inferences. John, as was to have been looked for from one who shared the most interior counsels of the Lord, dwells reverently and lovingly upon the mysterious relation of the Father to the Son, and of the Son to the disciples, still preaching Jesus in words that supply food, bread from heaven, for the hunger of the wise. Paul preaches Jesus through all his Epistles, bringing the wisdom and love of the Christ to the solution of every problem which religion had suggested to the mind and heart and conscience of Jew or Gentile. And so it was with Peter and James. How profound and how practical are their discourses! We can build sermons without number upon each sentence in them. Theology, Philosophy, Morality, from their best teachers, offer us nothing in these eighteen centuries to be compared, for depth and compass and earnestness, with the Epistles of our New Testament. Deep opens beneath deep as you study the sentences. Two or three readings at the most will give you all that is

contained in most other books; but the more you study the words of Jesus and his Apostles, the less ready are you to lay the book which contains them aside. A portion every day is not superstitious. It is only your soul's daily bread. Sometimes we hear persons say that they have read the Bible, and do not need to read it any more. So speaking, they show that as yet they have read it to little purpose, — that they have not gone beneath the surface. It has not yet preached to them Jesus, in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge and love and peace.

3. Jesus is not effectually preached until there is some preparation on the part of the hearer or reader. It is the unvarying law, that "to him who hath, and to him only, shall be given." The mind and heart must be alive, or the voice, though it comes from heaven, will not help. If we would have anything from Jesus, we must bring something to Jesus. If you get nothing from the Gospel, it is because you ask nothing, because you do not realize that you need anything. Christ did not labor and suffer and die, and rise and ascend into the heavens, to please our ears with rhetoric, or to entertain our imaginations with beautiful pictures, or to supply material for a luxurious ritual. He lived and lives to help souls, to nourish them with his broken body and with his blood, so freely shed. How solemn and touching and inspiring are his words, when they are heard by some poor sufferer, or some stricken mourner, — when in some hour of great darkness we turn to Him who is the light of the world, and seek by Him the way back to our Father's arms and bosom, — when, oppressed by shame and remorse, we would know whether there is forgiveness for the wilful sinner, — when, wearied and saddened and discouraged by the wickedness and degradation of the world we live in and are partakers with, we would hear some word of authority about a kingdom of God! Then what a privilege to have been born and taught amongst those who hear Jesus! Then to hear is to believe. E.

RANDOM READINGS.

MARMADUKE STEVENSON.

THIS is the name of one of the first victims of the Quaker persecutions. He was executed in Boston, October 27, 1659. It does not appear that he or Robinson, his fellow-sufferer, was guilty of the extravagances which some of the sect had manifested in England, or that they were any other than peaceful missionaries of their faith, moved, as they supposed, by a Divine impulse. Stevenson's letter, written when in Boston jail, describes his experience and call to the ministry and missionary life, and to leave his "dear and loving wife and tender children." It is touchingly beautiful, and indicates the same sort of enthusiasm that moved the Methodists at a later period. We copy part of it from Sewell:—

"In the beginning of the year 1665 I was at the plough in the east parts of Yorkshire, in Old England, and as I walked after the plough I was filled with the love and presence of the living God, which did ravish my heart when I felt it, for it did increase and abound in me like a living stream; so did the love and life of God run through me like precious ointment, giving a precious smell that made me to stand still; and as I stood a little still, with my heart and mind stayed on the Lord, the word of the Lord came to me in a still, small voice, which I did hear perfectly, saying to me, in the secret of my heart and conscience, 'I have ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.' And at the hearing of the word of the Lord I was put to a stand, being as I was but a child for such a weighty matter. So at the time appointed Barbadoes was set before me, unto which I was required of the Lord to go, and leave my dear and loving wife and tender children; for the Lord said unto me immediately by his spirit that he would be a husband to my wife and father to my children..... I went to Barbadoes, 4th month, 1658, heard there of the New England law to put the servants of the Lord to death. The word of the Lord came to me, saying, 'Thou knowest not but that thou mayest go thither.' I kept this word in my heart..... I went to Rhode Island. The word of the Lord came to me, 'Go to Boston

with thy brother, William Robinson.' I was obedient, and for this I suffer death.

"MARMADUKE STEVENSON,

but have a new name given me which the world knows not of, written in the Lamb's book of life.

"Written in Boston Prison in 8th month, 1659."

SONG SNATCHES.

OCTOBER.

AN awning broad, of many dyes,
Above me bends, as on I stray,
More splendid than Italian skies,
Bright with the death of day;
As in the sun-bow's radiant braid
Shade melts like magic into shade,
And purple, green, and gold,
With carmine blent, have gorgeous made
October's flag unrolled.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

THE MINE.

I tread a dark and cheerless mine
Unnumbered feet below,
Where April mornings never shine,
And violets never grow.

But far above, as fancy deems,
Commingled sounds I hear,
Music of birds and winds and streams
Falls faintly on my ear.

Such is our home, this dreary earth
To our dark natures given,
But sounds of an immortal birth
Come to our souls from heaven.

SPIRIT VISION.

Go out into the highways
And speak the words of cheer;
Return the joyful smile for smile,
The mourning tear for tear.

Find thy own life in others,
  And then come back to me;
And thou shalt hear what I have heard,
  And see what I can see.

The inner world of splendor
  Is sealed from carnal eyes;
Invisible to selfish man
  Is saintly Paradise.

But like the laughing Dryad
  Within the blooming tree,
There is a world within a world
  The good alone can see.

W. H. Holcombe.

CONSOLATION.

When death, taking a babe from thy clasped arms,
  Shall lay it, flower-strewn, in eternal rest;
And thy heart hungers for its winsome charms,
  And aches for its sweet mouthing at thy breast:
Perchance some meagre-witted friend may come,
  With phrases stereotyped before the flood,
And striking thee with consolation dumb,
  Tell thee thy broken idol angered God.
Believe it not! a babe is largess given
  By the dear God to purify and bless!
And, dropped into thy lap all fresh from heaven,
  Thou couldst have loved it more and Him no *less!*
But think it craved the soil of Paradise,
And therefore hath been rooted in the skies.

Mrs. Sarah W. Brooks.

"ON MY CAIRN A PEBBLE THROW."

We did not receive the following *scholia* to this sweet little effusion in time to print it with the text. — Eds.

The Highlander goes to his last resting-place, not in a crowded city of the dead, but lies apart in a favorite hunting-ground, or in a battle-field made famous by his achievements. When the last notes of the coronach have died away, and the earth is heaped upon him, each friend casts a stone upon the mound, and the pile is made higher

and broader by stones cast upon it ever afterwards by passing friends. The more his lovers, the greater his Cairn, as the monumental heap is called. Beautiful, in contrast with the heap of shells which the polished Greeks raised to execrate the living, is this heap of stones cast up by rude mountaineers in loving remembrance of the dead.

A WORD TO A FRIEND AMONGST THE "PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS."

An excellent and much esteemed friend amongst the Friends is "somewhat grieved by the remarks in a brief notice of a new book in the last (the July) number, — a volume bearing the nonsensical title 'Quaker Quiddities.'" We beg him to believe that he has wholly misapprehended our meaning, if he supposes that we would yield to any in admiration of the spirit of Quakerism, or would speak slightingly in any way of the "silent meetings" of the Friends. Again and again, in attempting to carry on conference-meetings, we have cited their good example of waiting upon the Lord, in the faith that He is near and will give us fitting words, if we will only be still, and not try to run before we are sent, and to speak from ourselves. Wait until you have something to utter from the abundance of an enlarged heart; do not say that the hour is wasted unless some one is talking against time, thinking to honor God and save men by foolish repetitions and wearisome commonplaces. Let us rather go into the stillness! So we have said many times. And it always does us good even to pass a Friend in the street. They bear about with them everywhere an atmosphere of love and patience, as those who are trusting in and leaning upon the Ever-near. We believe that they have had wonderful success in dealing with some of the hardest problems of our life according to the law of the spirit in Jesus. Nevertheless we do not think that they have attained or are already perfect, but are satisfied rather that for them, as for the other families of believers, there is still light to break out from the Holy Scriptures, — that the Spirit has not yet led them into all Truth, — that the forms of Truth are transient, whilst the Truth abideth forever, — and that, whilst we must have the old wine, and the old bottles will hold it, there must be evermore new wine and new bottles.

We appreciate most heartily the happy exemption of the Friends

from the popular Tritheism, and from the literalisms of scholastic theology, as well as the earnestness and sweetness of their humanity; and we hope that our friend will number us amongst those who would gladly join with them in their Feasts of Charity, and hear with them our One Lord, whether he should speak by the lips of one of his servants, or, without any human instrument, immediately to the waiting heart. E.

LIBRARIES FOR FACTORIES.

We have been glad to learn from various quarters that several of our large manufacturing corporations are collecting libraries to be used by their operatives, free of all charge, and we have been told that the books asked for by those who are employed in our mills afford very encouraging indications of intellectual and moral culture amongst our working classes. Upon one at least of these libraries it is proposed to expend as much as $10,000, and the operatives have been asked to hand in lists of such books as they would wish to see upon the shelves. It is found that, with the improvements in machinery, there has come a demand for educated labor. The manufacturer must have something more than a "hand," — a head, also, at least, — and, as he will soon find, if he has not already, a heart and conscience too. Christianity will redeem Industry, as it has already redeemed Art. Religionists and moralists must often give the dark side of this world-picture: let this ray of sunlight fall upon the canvas! As might, perhaps, have been looked for, this movement has been met occasionally by jealousy on the part of those for whose use the libraries have been devised. They have suspected a disposition and purpose to make capital for the employer, which would stand in the way of the operative in case of any "strike;" but the project goes forward none the less, and if only a few readers should be found, which is not likely, the libraries will be established for their benefit. E.

APOTHEGMS.

A friend has sent us a free-will offering of wise sentences, for which we owe him many thanks. A portion of his gift we offer to our readers now, and have more in store for them. We hope that we shall not be reckoned officious or conceited if we drop a hint as to

the way in which such reflections should be read, advising that a restraint be put upon the too eager appetite, which would make a meal of what was intended to be the garnish of many meals. Proverbs stimulate whilst they nourish, and a few of them go a great way. A half dozen or so at a sitting, whilst you are awaiting a friend's coming, or looking for something which will set your own mind at work, will be welcome and wholesome, whilst the whole might weary. "Salt is good," that is, a very little salt, just a pinch; the effect of even so much as a teaspoonful is too painful to be described. There is one use of an Epistle, — if you wish to understand it, read the whole consecutively, as you would read any other letter; there is another use of the Sentences of the Wise Man. So we have put our friend's *Apothegms* — as we choose to call them, though he modestly uses the word "*Reflections*" — amongst our Random Readings, where he who runs may gather them up a few at a time. E.

A GREAT mind advances like a great iceberg, borne on by a deep under-current against the surface-flow which sweeps the superficial along.

Many a man is solitary in the midst of society, thirsting for companionship like Tantalus for water, which rose to his chin but fled from his lips.

The pain of danger is the price of safety.

Many a man is ready to shed the last drop of his blood, who would be slow to shed the first.

It has been truly said that parents often spoil their children to please themselves.

It is no kindness to help a man undertake a business for which he is not fit.

A man is fortunate who has high principles put into his mind so early that he considers them as axioms ever after.

Goodness of heart occasions some errors of judgment, but saves from many more.

A man who does all that he ought, will accomplish all that he ought.

Useful employment brings solid enjoyment.

The trials of life, like the fires of a brick-kiln, are intended not to consume, but to strengthen.

Mutual dependence is the greatest peacemaker. It nips in the bud a thousand quarrels. Men who can afford to take offence are prone to do so. It is the gentry who fight duels.

The way to acquire trust in God is to seek his favor by doing his will.

It is said that God's purposes cannot be changed by our prayers. But may not one of his purposes be to make us pray? And may he not defer helping us until we do?

We must often present unpalatable truths, but should avoid presenting unwholesome ones. All food is not suited to all stomachs.

Superiority, unless meekly borne, is not forgiven.

True greatness comes, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Self-discipline carries men forward like the hands of a watch, steadily though imperceptibly.

The harder a moral struggle, the greater is the good which victory brings. The way to make a hard duty easy is to do it without faltering.

Pride of wisdom is proof of folly. Man was put into this world because he was not fit for a better one.

> We find the rankest growth of pride
> In soils where little grows beside.

We cannot make this world a paradise, but we can do something to remove the thorns from the way of those who walk in it.

A man who stickles for all which he thinks he deserves, will keep himself always uneasy.

> O never swerve from virtue's laws
> To win the thoughtless crowd's applause!
> 'T is but the counterfeit of fame,
> A glory which will turn to shame,
> When "Time's effacing fingers" wear
> The gilded metal's baseness bare.

It is the remark of an able lawyer, that a man who goes to law jumps into a hole, of which he cannot see the bottom.

When fools judge, knaves win.

A true prophecy may be an unwise one, if it discourages good efforts.

A good heart often strives in vain to atone for a violent temper.

> Man holds a devil by a chain,
> Whom all his strength can scarce restrain.

Reformers should be careful not to substitute great evils for small ones.

It is better to succeed than to give excellent reasons for failing.

"Immortal fame" commonly dies in its infancy. The last great man is soon hidden by the next one.

> The famous of the present, fast
> Join the forgotten of the past.

The progress of the world does nothing to relieve the restlessness of man.

The silence of an habitual fault-finder is praise, for it shows that he cannot find anything to blame.

> A bigot's zeal is not to bless, but ban;
> He makes his creed the slogan of a clan,
> And sinks the love of God in hate of man.

E. W.

OUR CRITIC "T." IN THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER FOR AUGUST 25, 1860.

We do not propose to enter into any discussion with him. Our stand-points are so very different that it would not be worth while. We believed, and we still believe, that in the "Dialogue between Two Liberal Christians" some things are stated which may be of service to sincere inquirers, who would like to learn whether Unitarians and Trinitarians, spite of their terminology, do not often *mean* the same thing. One of our oldest and most accomplished divines, himself a Unitarian of the Unitarians, once said to the writer: "The contro-

versy between us and the Trinitarians no longer relates to the Trinity, but turns rather upon the doctrines of human nature and the atonement." Any one familiar with the writings of Whately and Robertson, and many others in Great Britain, and of Bushnell in our own country, will see at a glance how much truth there is in this statement. For ourselves we are ready to welcome with the whole heart the utterance of any views which the Broad Church, the Church not of indifference and careless conformity, but of earnest faith, may perchance regard with favor, and when any burden of the kind is upon our mind and heart we are glad to roll it off. To say anything that will help Christians to a better understanding of each other is a privilege, and to be the means of calling forth other and various statements, genial responses, and courteous strictures from those whose soul's growth has been in a different direction, and who consequently hold a different theology, may be pleasant and profitable. But it is hardly even a question whether any good can come from conference with one who characterizes certain views, seriously offered for candid consideration, as those of a shallow, bold talker, one of those who multiply words without sense, by whom the earth is offended because of the dunghills of their impertinent philosophy, the rotting materials of their imbecile speculation. "Two hours reflection" would have sufficed according to "T." to clear up the interlocutor B's difficulty. Sometimes two hours clear up many matters very satisfactorily to the thinker's mind; but how is it with four hours? Perhaps the same amount of time would have cured Rev. F. W. Robertson of the folly with which our young friend charges him. Our friend does not like our theology, and theology may be thrust upon no man; and besides, we suppose, that, as he intimates, we know nothing about it. Perhaps, however, there is a more common-sense and practical subject upon which we may be permitted very humbly to venture two words. They are these: —

1. Watch your adjectives narrowly: avoid when you can do so conscientiously, especially when you are writing for brother Christians (even if they are feeble-minded), and in a newspaper for family reading, such words as "dunghill," "impertinent," "rotting," "imbecile." They are English, but unpleasant English. They are not ordinarily persuasive. Sometimes they weaken what they are meant to strengthen, and make what is called a "forcible feeble style."

2. Remember that there *are* some mysteries, though it may be

hard for young thinkers to *realize* that there are; and that it is true in theological writing, as in the composition of tragedies,

> "Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros,
> Maturusne senex an *adhuc florente juventa*
> *Fervidus.*" E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

History of New England. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. — This volume embraces a period of about twenty-four years, extending from the formation of the New England Confederacy in 1643 to the year 1667. It is the period during which New England institutions took their shape, and, both from the subject-matter and the mode of treatment and style, the reader's attention is held secure. The opening chapter gives a minute description of the primitive customs, manners, and legislation; how the fathers worshipped, ate, drank, dressed, builded, traded, travelled, and established their forms of social justice.

The transactions which are generally regarded as the darkest in our New England annals are the dealings of the Puritans with the Familists, the Quakers, and the Salem Witches. The first two come within the period specified, and are disposed of in the present volume. The assassination of Miantonomo, and the capture and punishment of Gorton and his associates, figure horribly in the pages of such writers as Coit and Oliver, and even in the history of Trumbull. Dr. Palfrey's clear and simple narrative absolves the colonists of any blood-guiltiness or injustice, though it is to be noticed that Gorton only escaped death by a small majority of the votes of the magistrates. In the narrative of the Quaker persecutions we cannot see anything that essentially relieves their naked atrocity and cruelty. And we cannot see that the plea is at all valid that the Puritans had the right by preoccupation of keeping out whom they pleased. They were an English colony, subject to English law and the paramount laws of God, and neither English law, nor their charter, nor the laws of natural justice gave them any such right.

Dr. Palfrey's narrative takes in the most important contempora-

neous events in England, giving his readers indeed the whole background of English history which has any relation to New England affairs. This imparts additional interest and dramatic life, and, while the unity of the whole is strictly preserved, the alternations are natural and easy, and the current loses nothing of clearness from its depth and breadth. The author's unfailing admiration of the character of the Puritans, and love of their institutions, make his style blood-warm and even glowing, without losing anything of its dignity and classic purity, and the reader is borne on with unflagging attention through the minutest details. Sometimes the language of contemporaneous writers and actors is adopted, letting the reader into the spirit of the times by the pith and quaintness of the old idioms.

The notes are very copious, and will not be passed over by any one who loves history. They have a dry look, but some of them are exceedingly juicy. S.

A Man. By REV. J. D. BELL. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. — A volume of essays, remotely related to each other, and not very distinctly indicated by the title. A gentleman of leisure, the beautiful, discipline, pleasure, health, the dreamer, the recluse, imagination, reason, assimilation, contrast, character, manliness, language, egotism, wit and laughter, the poet, the orator, the hero, — this enumeration gives some idea of the range of topic among these sixty dissertations. They are sensible, spicy, fresh, and sparkling, abound in excellent advice in which runs a vein of pleasantry, are excellent reading for invalids, or for anybody who is in danger of getting morbid in body or mind. S.

The Wild Sports of India. By CAPTAIN HENRY SHAKESPEAR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The wild sports of India consist in hunting hogs, panthers, bears, buffaloes, tigers, and wild elephants, and the book abounds in descriptions of perilous adventure among those native inhabitants. It also has remarks on the breeding and rearing of horses. The young readers who like these exciting performances through the fields and the jungles will be delighted with the book. S.

The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush. By ANNE BOWMAN, Author of "Esperanza," "The Castaways," "The Young Exiles," etc., etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — This

book "does not profess to be true, though composed of truths." That is to say, the story is fictitious, but the adventures among the wild animals and natives of Australia depict things as they are heard and seen in that quarter of the world. The adventures are of an English clergyman, with his children, nurse, and several others, encountering perils by land and sea, and hunting emus, wombats, and kangaroos. The boys read the book with great enthusiasm. S.

Prolegomena Logica: an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B. D., LL. D., Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford, Author of "Limits to Religious Thought," etc., etc. — This is not a treatise upon logic, but upon the relations between logic and psychology. It is an exposition of psychology not designed to be complete, but only so far as is necessary for the vindication or the understanding of the science of logic.

The discussion is able, tasking severely the attention of the reader, but rewarding him amply for it. It has not much originality, nor does it profess to have, but follows mainly in the footsteps of Kant and Sir William Hamilton. Kant's memorable distinction between analytic and synthetic judgments is used clearly and forcibly as applied to mathematical reasoning, especially geometry and arithmetic; the psychological character of mathematical and metaphysical necessity is ably discussed; the theory of Berkeley about the non-existence of matter, and Hume's application of it to mind, are examined, and the truth sifted from the error; the nature of causation is analyzed; how much the idea includes and how it originates. The last four of the nine chapters we have not read, and we do not know whether the fallacies of the "Limits to Religious Thought" are here repeated. The work is well worthy of study, though sometimes we miss the power of luminous statement found in Sir William Hamilton. S.

PAMPHLETS.

The Death threatened to Adam, with its Bearings on the Annihilation of the Wicked. By J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co.

The Relation of the Sunday-School to the Church: a Review of Dr. Huntington's Address before the State Convention of Massachusetts Sunday-school Teachers at Worcester, June 13th, 1860. By REV. N. M. WILLIAMS. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

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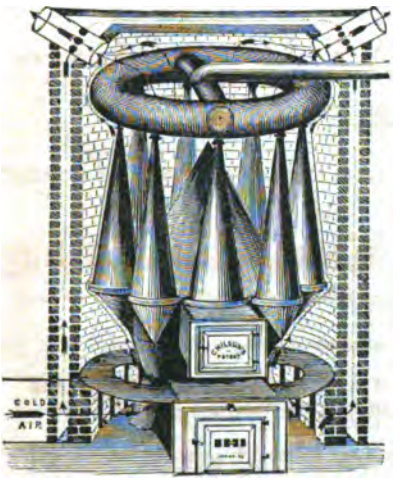

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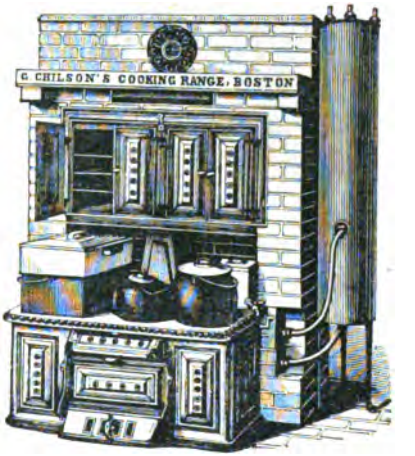

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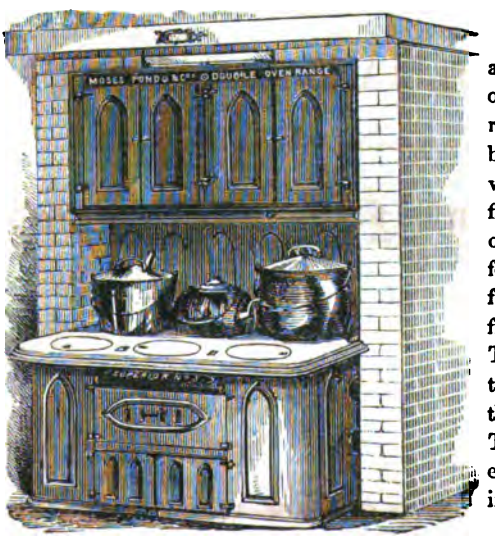

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THE

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AND

Independent Journal.

VOL. XXIV. NOVEMBER, 1860. No. 5.

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AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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AND

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Edited by Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS and Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

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NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Every great social interest seems to require three organs, — a review, a magazine, and a newspaper, — each representing the same cause under different aspects, — elaborately and critically in the first, more in detail and with colloquial facility in the second, and as to facts, news, and general information in the third. Combinedly considered, this triple economy of the press will be found to reach the wants of all classes, and keep the common object and aim freely and faithfully before the public mind. The Liberal Christianity of the country, and especially of New England, is thus expounded, illustrated, and reported by the Christian Examiner, the Religious Magazine, and the Inquirer and Register. . . . .

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The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal. Volume XXIV. We have already on a former occasion spoken of this Magazine as being one of the most ably conducted religious periodicals in America. The July number commences a new volume; and judging from the tone and character of the copy before us, as compared with former numbers, most gallantly does it maintain its position as a liberal and independent expositor of vital and practical Christianity. The articles are generally of that character which must commend them with especial directness to the minds and hearts of almost every class of readers. — *Atlantic Messenger.*

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THE

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CARMEL IN THE NORTH.

JUTTING out into the Mediterranean, at the northwestern extremity of the Plain of Esdraelon, is Carmel, not a single mountain, but rather an elevated ridge, extending for eighteen miles, reaching a height of some 1,700 feet above the sea. "It is," says Stanley, "an upland park, abounding in rocky dells, with deep jungles of copse, such as are found nowhere else in Palestine, presenting a forest beauty so rare to the Israelite that the tresses of the bride's hair were compared to its woods; and its 'excellency,' its forests, were taken as the type of natural beauty." Its eastern extremity, which is also the highest point of the whole ridge, was the scene of one of the most striking incidents, and one of the most important, in the whole range of Old Testament history.

Ahab was now king of Israel, coming to the throne about 931 B. C., and in the twenty-eighth year of Asa, king of Judah. He had married Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal, king of Tyre, and during his twenty-two years' reign was under the influence of that idolatrous and unprincipled woman. The people were lapsed into a strange religious condition, the golden calf, as the symbol of Jehovah, being the object of

their worship. Influenced by Jezebel, Ahab now sought to introduce the worship of other gods, — the gods of her native country, — building a temple at Samaria, erecting an image and consecrating a grove to Baal, the god of the Sidonians, — his wife maintaining a multitude of prophets and priests of this god. In a few years idolatry prevailed throughout the land, and it seemed as if the knowledge of the true God was forever lost. It was then that Elijah, the Tishbite, stood forth alone as the champion of the Most High, daring the power of the king, and the malice of the queen, and the zeal of prophet and priest, in his efforts once again to establish the worship of Jehovah.

He comes suddenly and wholly unannounced upon the page of history. We know nothing of his previous life, — what was his age, what was his lineage, what before had been his experience or occupation. We are not even able to say from what his name, the Tishbite, was taken. Only is he Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, who appears about the tenth year of the reign of Ahab, when the worship of Baal is firmly established, the children of Israel have forsaken the covenant, the altars are thrown down, the prophets put to the sword, and, as he says, "he himself alone is left," and a price is on his head. As his deeds testify, as well as his speech asserts, he is very jealous for the Lord of hosts, and does not hesitate to stand before that king who is said to have done "more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him," — with a terrible message: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." And the heavens were shut up for three years and six months, so that there was neither rain nor dew in all those years.

Immediately upon the delivery of this message, Elijah retires, by Divine command, to the other side of the Jordan, and there, as our version has it, the ravens bring him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening.

The word translated "ravens" means also "Arabs," and the opinion is current among scholars, that Elijah, in his banishment, was supplied by the friendly Arabs with the necessities of life. This supposition, which is held by Trinitarian scholars, and advocated by those who have been in the East and are acquainted with Bedouin character and habits, destroys one of those stories which have taken strong hold of the imagination in childhood, while it is strictly in accordance with a well-established principle of criticism, which requires us not to resort to miracle where there is an obvious natural explanation. The brook Cherith was the natural, inevitable resort of the roving tribes of the neighborhood, who undoubtedly supplied the prophet's simple wants according to the laws of Arabian hospitality.

The brook being dry, Elijah returned over Jordan to Sarepta, where he dwelt with a widow, whose son he restored to life, and whose measure of meal and cruse of oil sufficed them in the midst of distress.

Meanwhile the drought and the famine pressed sore on the land, and three years were passed, when God bade Elijah return and show himself to Ahab. Now it happened that Ahab had just commanded Obadiah — the governor of his house, a man who feared God — to go out into the land, unto all fountains of waters, and unto all brooks, if it might be that he should find grass for the horses and mules. While Ahab himself went to the east, Obadiah went to the west, and in the marshy lands near Carmel met Elijah, who bade him return to the king and say, "Behold, Elijah is here." Obadiah hesitates, for he knew that Ahab had searched everywhere for the prophet, determined to put him to death. He may have been also afraid that when he was gone Elijah would depart, and the king, coming, in his disappointment and anger would slay him. But Elijah replies: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely show myself unto him this day." When the king has come and sees face to face, and fearless, the man for whom he had

searched the land, him only left of the servants of Jehovah, as both thought, — though there was a remnant hidden away by the zeal of Obadiah, — his anger breaks forth: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Standing calm and undaunted before him, slowly Elijah replies: "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim. Now, therefore, send and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table." These prophets of the groves were the priests of Astarte, a Phœnician goddess, generally mentioned in connection with Baal. She is the same with the Venus of the Romans. The groves were her temples, and hence the frequent command for their destruction. And the wicked, but weak-minded king, quelled by the daring servant of God, did as he was bid, and sent out and gathered the children of Israel and the prophets unto Mount Carmel, — to a spot at the eastern extremity, remarkable and well known, where sacrifice had been offered to Jehovah in ancient times. The spot is marked by the ruin of a square stone building, whose antiquity it is impossible to trace, though there are proofs of its existence as far back as the Christian era.

Ranged about this well-known place stood the king, the people, and those eight hundred and fifty prophets of the false gods, and before them alone was Elijah, erect and confident and calm. Turning, not to the priests, but to the people, — for it is the people whom he wishes to reach, — he says: "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, then follow him." But they answered not a word. They knew not what to say. The terror of the king and the priests was before them, while perhaps some lingering conviction that the Lord was the true God might incline them to confess it. Then Elijah said: "I, even I only, remain a prophet unto the Lord, but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them there-

fore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood and put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood and put no fire under. And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord, and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God." Then the people all cried out, "It is well!" — but the king and the priests were silent.

The great significance of the proposed test, and its value in effecting a conviction with the people, will be recognized, when it is remembered that Baal represents the sun, the source of fire. It was a challenge on their own grounds, which, however reluctant, the priests dare not reject. Apparently they agree to the test; for Elijah goes on, now addressing the priests themselves, to say: "Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first, for ye are many, and call on the name of your gods, but put no fire under." And they took the bullock which was given them, and dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, "O Baal, hear us." But there was no voice nor any that answered. Then at noon, Elijah, conscious master of the hour, cried out tauntingly to them, "Cry louder, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Frantic under the taunt, they renewed their efforts, they jumped upon the altar, they shrieked, "Baal, Baal, hear us!" they cut themselves with knives and lancets; and the evening shadows drew on, and the hour for evening sacrifice was near. There was no answer. The bullock lay upon the wood, and the wood was unconsumed. The people stood by dumb with wonder, ready to side either way as the victory should be, while the king, with whom everything was at stake, must have seen the day close about the senseless efforts of his priests with feelings of mingled hate and despair.

And now all that fearful din is hushed. Bleeding and ex-

hausted, the eight hundred priests cease from their efforts, and in place of the day's discordant howl there are only the sweet and peaceful harmonies of nature there on that mountain's head. Afar in the valley the sun's last beams rest on the proud front of Baal's temple, and bathe in gold the topmost branches of Astarte's grove in Jezreel, and there Jezebel is offering up her impious evening sacrifice. With eager eyes the people now turn toward Elijah. The interest all centres upon him. Baal has failed. Shall the Lord do more? There is a look of quiet assurance upon the prophet's brow. He is sure of victory. The spirit of the Lord is upon him and fills him. Turning to the people, he says, "Come near unto me," and they gathered thick about him. Then, with pious hands, he sets himself to repair the altar of the Lord, which had been thrown down, and from the stones around takes twelve, the original number of the tribes, and of them builds the altar. About it he digs a trench, and upon it lays the wood and the pieces of the bullock, and bids the people pour three times four barrels full of water upon the wood, and then fills up the trench with water. Then, just at the wonted hour of service, Elijah himself drew near, and said: "Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." No waiting now, — no hoarse and ever hoarser cries, — no jumping in frenzy upon the altar, — no cutting with knives and lances, only the earnest voice of a trusting man, uttering the prayer that avails. For scarcely are the words ended when the fire of the Lord falls upon the sacrifice, the sacrifice is consumed, the wood, the stones, the dust, and the very water licked up from the trench; and the terror-stricken people fall upon their faces, crying, "The Lord he is the God, — the Lord he is the God." Then the long-smothered wrath of the prophet breaks out against the

priests, — the authors and the abettors of all this idolatry, — and he commands the people to seize them and slay them by the brook Kishon, which flows at the foot of the range.

Ahab, separated from his strong-minded, unscrupulous wife, seems to have been impressed, indeed utterly subdued, by the day's events; and, after the slaughter of his priests at the hands of his excited people, quietly follows Elijah again into the mountain, where food is prepared for him. While he eats, Elijah goes to the top of Carmel, and bends his head in prayer, while he sends his servant a little beyond to look toward the west where the blue Mediterranean stretched itself away in the distance. "The sun was now gone down, but the cloudless sky was lit up with the long bright glow which succeeds an Eastern sunset. Seven times the servant climbed and looked, and there was nothing; the sky was still clear, the sea was still calm. At last, out of the far horizon there arose a little cloud, — the first that had for days and months passed across the heavens, — and it grew in the deepening shades of the evening, and at last the whole sky was overcast, and the forests of Carmel shook in the welcome sound of those mighty winds which in Eastern regions precede a coming tempest." Swift from the mount the king and the prophet descended; Ahab in his chariot hurried along, lest the quick-swelling Kishon should hinder, while Elijah, gathering his mantle about him, amidst the darkening night and the rushing storm, outran him, and entered the distant city before him.

The day upon Carmel is one of the marked days in human history. It records one of the most signal reverses to which human pride has been subjected. It dawned upon idolatry established in all its insolence. Its altars and its groves were everywhere. Its priests were many, and the king and the queen were its supporters. And for God there stood one lone man. But the day ended, and the one lone man had triumphed. Baal's prophets slept in death. Baal's self had been deaf and dumb, and had stretched out no hand to save.

The people had felt and had declared, "The Lord he is God," and as consequent upon that the spell upon the heavens had been dissolved, the sea had sent up its cloud as a man's hand. It grew as it rolled, and the waters came. There was no more famine or drought. I think, with a recent traveller, "Perhaps there is no one day's work in the history of man more wonderful than this." J. F. W. W.

"I am not discouraged," said an aged saint, though voice was scarcely allowed him to utter the words, and the heavenly angel already stood by his side, waiting the command to bear him home. "With your prospects you have no reason to be discouraged," replied his kind physician, looking beyond the perishing, and into the immortal life. Yet the faithful laborer, who had so long served the Lord of the vineyard, was still hoping for more years of service in his Master's earthly fields. Thus he passed on to his reward. "I am not discouraged." Words of holy cheer from lips about to be sealed in death! And such had been the spirit of his life. So had he labored on, with an enthusiasm unquenched by age; whatsoever his hand found to do, doing with his might, whether it were the humble toil of cultivating the ground, or the nobler task of working out some great system of science or religion. The world might smile, or frown; or, what is perhaps more disheartening to an ardent spirit, look with indifference on what to him was sacred truth. Still he would press on, "nor bate one jot of heart or hope." "About the year 2000 or 2500," he would say, "my manuscripts will be found, and the world will then be prepared to receive the system as true." The hand of God had been laid heavily upon him in bereavement and affliction; but the sightless eyes looked clearly into the things invisible and eternal. The earthly life was still bright to his grateful spirit, and a sunbeam went out from his soul, to irradiate the pathway of those around him. The voice yet speaks to those who at times are ready to faint, saying, "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the trials of life through Him who overcame the world." "Yes," we answer, "we will cheerfully endure our light affliction. We blush for any misgiving,

'When we but remember only
Such as *thou* have lived and died.'"

†

THE METHODIST CAMP-MEETING.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us an exceedingly interesting account of one of these gatherings held recently about twenty miles from Boston. It is by one who had an active part in the scenes described. The whole article would take up nearly one third of our Monthly. The writer goes into details, and shows how these gatherings, which to a spectator outside might seem disorderly, are pervaded through all their arrangements by a spirit of order and a wise adaptation of means to ends. He gives a graphic description of the stand and the white tents pitched around it, the scene by night lighted up by innumerable camp-fires, the groups everywhere engaged in conference, prayer, and song. The fourth is a rainy day, which, so far from being unwelcome, is always regarded as propitious, bringing the people into more close personal conference with each other. We give the proceedings of the last two days, by which our readers will get some idea of the versatility and range of power among the preachers of this connection. It suggests, too, how much more efficient is the Word when free from the restraints of primness and formality in breaking up the fountains of the heart and convincing and converting souls. — EDS.

OUR storm only lasts one day. We have a quiet night, and in the morning the clouds are breaking away, promising fair weather. By the time of commencing public worship several thousand have been added to the congregation, filling all the seats, while many stand. Some of the ablest and most effective preachers will be brought forward to-day. The first sermon is by a peculiar preacher. He is evidently a self-educated man, of good native powers, which have been cultivated under conditions partly favorable and partly unfavorable; — favorable so far as they have compelled his practical judgment and acquaintance with human nature to keep pace with his mental discipline; unfavorable so far as they have narrowly limited his opportunities for reflection, and deprived him of many resources of information. But his powers are well trained; he has read some of the best books, and to the best purpose.

His subject is the *Evidences of Christianity*, from the text, "Whereof we are witnesses." In a concise, logical, and careful manner he draws out the argument on the external proof, following Paley and others. He then presents the testimony of the Christian consciousness in an able and persuasive manner. He is not a fluent speaker; his style of thought is somewhat metaphysical, yet withal he has an occasional *ad captandum* stroke, and in his hortatory passages manages to wake up the responses all around the stand. Yet the sermon *by itself* may not be so effectual as is desirable. The Presiding Elder understands this, and manages accordingly. An exhortation follows by a smallish, snugly-built man, dressed in a neat every-day style, with a prompt, good-natured, and humorous face. Everybody's countenance lights up with pleasure as they recognize "Camp-meeting John," who is a great favorite with all classes, and has probably been at more such gatherings as this than any other man living. He makes no pretension to any special ability, but is always on hand for any kind of duty. He has taken for his motto, "As much as in me is." Now Brother John is n't thoroughly posted on logic, or rhetoric, or metaphysics, or any of the other *ics*, but he knows all about the "internal evidence," and can state that evidence and manage the facts in a masterly manner, hitting the common sense of his hearers at every blow. A better arrangement could not have been made than such an exhortation after such a sermon. It seems almost like a "pre-established harmony." The good man talks on in his free, colloquial style, not of some theological theory, but of his own inward experience and of the testimony of others, quoting the Scriptures with admirable facility, relating a telling anecdote, dropping in a bit of pleasantry, now reaching the conscience by some unexpected turn, now showing the absurdity of refusing the Gospel, and again lovingly persuading the sinner by the love of Christ, winning as much by the cheerful, natural religious spirit he manifests, as by any words he utters. An invitation is given to those desiring the prayers

of Christians to come forward. The whole congregation arise and sing,

> "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
> Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

A score of weeping penitents have soon gathered in the little altar in front of the platform; — some are serious, but self-possessed, others apparently are in great mental distress. The ministers and more active brethren and sisters gather about them, and prayer, earnest, powerful, almost agonizing, is offered. Sometimes several pray together, and frequently all formality and even regularity is nearly lost sight of in the intensity of the prevailing emotion. At the close, some few speak of a great relief from the burden of spirit, and go away rejoicing; to others, the distress is only more sensible. They are dismissed with advice and exhortation, supposed to be suitable to their respective cases.

In the afternoon the congregation is larger than ever, and, it being impossible for one speaker to make all hear, a separate meeting is extemporized, and a Western preacher, at scarcely five minutes' notice, addresses two thousand people, in a strong, persuasive, and most interesting sermon. At the main stand the discourse is by a young preacher from the Middle States, — an educated man, warm, lively, and eloquent. He gives a sermon of much beauty, and yet of no small strength and power, on "The High Spiritual Privileges of Believers."

We must omit a detailed description of much that we see and hear. There is as great a variety in the sermons, and in the men who preach them, as can well be imagined. Some of these ministers have little learning, and scarcely any popular talent, and yet they are workmen who need not be ashamed, for they love souls, and act as that love impels them. Some have great native powers, but little learning. Others are liberally educated, but lack the popular gift; while here is one of the finest young scholars in the country, a graduate of one of our colleges, subsequently a student of

theology, and then a resident for some years of a German University, who gives us a strong, clear, evangelical discourse, which at once satisfies the educated intellect and carries captive the popular heart.

Saturday morning comes the closing exercise, a grand union Love-feast. At eight o'clock, as we enter the enclosure, a thousand voices join in the hymn,

> "O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise!"

The tide of song fills the whole grove, and all the air vibrates with heavenly harmonies. A prayer of great unction follows, by one of the fathers. The leader of the meeting makes some general remarks, and the way is open for brief testimonies. These come, one after another, — except where they come two or three at a time, as occasionally they do in different parts of the congregation, — never five minutes in length, often not a minute, and frequently comprised in a single sentence. Lively and inspiring music breaks out at intervals of from three to five minutes, usually a single stanza, almost always something adapted to the spirit of the remarks just made. Within an hour and a half nearly two hundred have spoken. These speeches are very diverse, but most of them of a cheerful character. Sometimes the unexpected simile by which the state of mind is expressed, the aptly-quoted line of poetry or passage of Scripture, or the glowing words inspired by the warmth of religious affection, have their effect on the congregation, and are answered in tears or smiles or shouts. Great freedom is allowed, and there is no restraint except in the case of those who indulge their propensity to make long exhortations, and these are frequently "sung down." An old man tells us of the delight he has found in the service of God, now over fifty years. "Heaven looks bright this morning," to him. Then they all sing with wonderful energy, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." Soon a youth of a dozen or fifteen stands and declares the "joys of a new-born soul." A young lady who

has just now commenced the religious life modestly states her convictions and her resolutions. Her friends oppose her, and she will have trials. The congregation respond:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee."

One came here to mock and ridicule, but "He who came to scoff remained to pray." Once, after the singing of that beautiful hymn, with the chorus, "I 'm going home to die no more," a brother tells the touching story of the poor Sunday-school girl involved in the ruins of the Pemberton Mill at Lawrence, who was alive after the fall of the building, but could not be extricated, and whose clear voice was heard, as the flames gathered about her, sweetly singing those words. It brings tears to all eyes.

These incidents of course do not occur in the consecutive order here narrated. Mingling with them are many of a different character. Some expressions are amusing. One brother very honestly says: "I have been trying to serve God about three years; the Devil has given me some trouble in that time, for which I am much obliged to him, — the discipline does me good." Another loves to do all he can for God: "If I've only one talent, I'll use that. If my boat has nothing but a broken jib, I 'll up with that and trust in God." An old sailor says: "I was thinking if we hain't nothing but a jib, we shall be like to go to leeward, — but hows'ever," — and he goes on to confirm his predecessor's remark. An Irishman, recently reclaimed from his backslidings, among other things speaks of the sermon which brought him to himself, and, in his gratitude for that, and his enthusiasm for his minister, "would like to make him President of the United States, — only I would like him to come back every Sunday and preach." The majority of the testimonies are of a sober, but not severe character. To one, "the name of Jesus is as ointment poured forth;" another speaks of an "overflowing love;" another "thanks God for a full salvation;" others, still, in

varied phrase, express their "affection for the people of God." Ever and anon there peals forth from the multitudinous choir a stanza full of pathos and inspiration: "I 'm glad salvation 's free;" "Beautiful Zion, built above;" "Homeward bound;" "Joyfully, joyfully;" "Behold, behold the Lamb of God, on the cross, on the cross."

The meeting closes between nine and ten, and the company, with tearful eyes and happy hearts, sing: —

> "And if our fellowship below
> In Jesus be so sweet,
> What height of rapture shall we know,
> When round his throne we meet."

So they separate, never all to be together again in this world, but hoping for a "Love that will never break up."

THE SOUL.

THEN, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with vesture fresh and gay,
She lights on this and that, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away; —

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

SIR JOHN DAVIS, A. D. 1600.

THE IDOLS IN THE HOUSE.

A SERMON BY REV. J. F. W. WARE.

JUDGES xviii. 14. — "Do ye know that there is in these houses an ephod and teraphim, and a graven image and a molten image?"

IN those wild and savage days when there was no king in Israel, not long after the death of Joshua, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes, a small number of the tribe of Dan, sent by their fellows to select some desirable spot for their permanent abode, came to Mount Ephraim, where a man, Micah, had made graven and molten images, which he had set up in his own house. To give a sort of sanction to his proceedings, he had induced a wandering Levite to remain with him and officiate as his priest. In some way this Levite is recognized by the Danites as they stop before Micah's house, and they inquire of him how he came there, and what he was doing. When they understand that he is a priest, they ask if they are to be prospered in their search for a proper abode for their people? With the assurance that they shall be, they depart, and, finding a place to their liking, return to their countrymen, with whom they are soon again at Mount Ephraim, at the house of Micah. The five spies, as they are called, now divulge the secret of the house, in the words of the text; and the Danites, envying Micah his possessions, and feeling that it will be great gain to them to have gods and a priest of their own, induce him by fair words to quit the service of Micah, while by force they carry away the molten and graven images, and set them up in the city which they called after the head of their tribe.

It was a strange mixture of idolatry and the worship of the one God into which the nation had generally at this time lapsed. Unsettled in their place of abode and the form of their government, the old longing after strange gods — that longing never eradicated, and finally the cause of their disintegration as a people — revives, with yet some lingering of

another faith mingling with it. God was not wholly forgotten. He was in some sort still obeyed and worshipped, — rather as a God among gods, than himself sole and supreme. Theirs was not the stark idolatry of Egypt, or of the tribes about them, — a pure heathenism, — but a compound of two faiths, in which the greater was the least, — very difficult to understand and account for, but for its repetition in every age. The case of Micah illustrates the condition of the people, though the image had been set up under peculiar circumstances. His mother had dedicated a quantity of silver to the Lord, intending that her son should make a teraph, or image, out of it. The son stole the money, but, hearing his mother curse the person who took it, restored it to her, and at her request made the image, supplying the ephod, — the sacred vesture, — and all things that were necessary. At first one of his own sons is the priest; but when an unemployed Levite appears, he greedily secures him, exclaiming, in his satisfaction, "Now I know that Jehovah will do me good, seeing that I have a Levite to my priest," — the only thing which had troubled him being, not his idolatry, but his lack of one of the regularly appointed priestly caste. It seems a strange inconsistency. The man Micah eases his conscience by securing one of the consecrated tribe of Levi to officiate at his altar; the Levite eases his conscience with the comfortable salary Micah allows him, and retains some faith in the true God, while serving at these strange altars; while the Danites, removing to a distance, seem mainly desirous of carrying with them as complete an establishment as may be, — a priest and his gods from the land from which they go. So they bribe the one, and steal the other. Very loose, every way, character, conduct, faith, in those days. In these, is it not much the same?

The idols in the house, — that is the point to which I wish to confine myself. These were things made by human hands, to which a devotion was paid which had been absolutely forbidden. They stood between — they interfered with — the homage which was alone due to God.

Let me say here, that, though the primary signification of idol is a *thing made with hands*, this making with hands is not essential. The distinguishing thing about an idol is, that it is something which attracts and attaches to itself the special homage and service which belong to God. There may be idols that cannot be made with hands. Other things may just as much distract and divide the service of God. A passion, a habit, a pursuit, an affection, may be just as much an idol — become the object of first consideration and service — as a creature of any form, or any material, called an idol. Idolatry is the bestowal of the first affection and obedience of the heart upon anything other or less than the one God. When the commandment was given Moses, the danger of the people was from graven images, such as the land of their bondage had taught them to reverence, such as the nations among whom they were to come would constantly tempt them with. Therefore the commandment for them was limited. But the broad spirit of the law embraces the whole range of things which can in any way so be loved as to interfere with the simple and fervent and supreme love for God; nor will any candid man deny that, though we have not ephod and teraphim, graven and molten images, in these houses of ours, nor one set apart within them as their consecrated minister, yet that we have in them idols in whose service we are ourselves the faithful priests. We are not overfond of strong terms when they bear hardly upon us individually, while our own hearts must tell us that there is idolatry even in them, — that there are affections and desires and preferences that wage only a too successful war against the supremacy of God, — that not merely divide the sceptre, but usurp the larger half of service. We send missionaries to India and elsewhere to convert the natives from idolatry; the child in his hymn thanks God he was not taught

> "to pray a useless prayer
> To blocks of wood and stone;"—

our prayers are frequently that the nations may be brought

to bend the knee to Jesus. We think and talk a good deal about benighted heathen; yet the Hindoo is not the only idolater, nor the worship of the Virgin Mary the only approach of Christians to idolatry. A writer of sterling sense says: "A man who devotes or gives himself up to any work, to any thing, to any name, save One, in earth or heaven, is an idolater. The language of one man's idolatry is revolting to us; the other commands our respect; — but the result is much the same in both; and fifty years hence the former as well as the latter will be gone, and the two men left equally bare, equally dead, equally unprofitable." It seems to me very plain that, under different forms and names, the same sad jumble of religious faith and irreligious service marks our day, as it did the day of Micah and the Levite. The idolatry that should most concern us is not the idolatry of the nations, but the idolatry in ourselves, — that for which we are responsible, that which we can reach and remove, — the idolatry that daily and everywhere stares every thinking man in the face, and worries every living soul. I purpose, however, confining myself to the idols in the house.

If you go into a house, what is it that at once strikes you as the cause of all its arrangements, employments, activities? What is the centre about which everything revolves, the corner-stone upon which everything rests? What is the secret of that absorption and devotion which characterize so plainly the energies of those who are its head? Evidently not the husband or the wife, or the stranger, or the guest; not the furniture or social position, as evidently not the thought of God; but, making due allowance for exceptions, is it not the children in it? Are not these, whom God has given us to draw us nearer himself, standing in between us and him, and absorbing affections which ought to be his? Do not the time, thought, anxiety, we spend upon them defraud God of the devotedness we owe him? If devoted, giving ourselves up to them, can we be devoted, can we give ourselves up to him?

How often it is said of a mother: "She idolizes her children!" How many a mother's heart confesses it is so, and how sad the wail over many graves, — "There lies my idol!" Perhaps we do not feel the full force of the word as we use it; yet the fact stands, and the child is to the maternal heart just what she calls it, the thing absorbing to itself that first love which should be another's, or dividing a love which should be separate. Is this too strong language? Put the question then to the mother heart, and you will know how it is: Shall your child suffer that God's law may be kept, or will you abate something of God's law that your child may be free? It is a test question, and one oftentimes shudders to know how it stands in the silent deeps of the heart.

How is it with the father? We do not hear much said of his idolatry of his children; but if you ask him why he wears himself out by his toil, or why, when he has the enough and to spare of competence or wealth, he does not pause and take the enjoyment life offers him, he tells you that he keeps at work for his children. Let alone the fact that he often says so and thinks so when it is really something else. There is many a parent fretting life away that he may leave behind him enough to keep his children from the necessity of toil, or the possibility of poverty. He is not merely industrious, frugal, interested in his labor, but he is absorbed in, devoted, given up to it, — doing the most cruel thing really to his child, and to his own soul the most serious and lasting injury. How many sons are growing up in idleness and debauchery, knowing they will not have to work! how many are waiting for the old man to die! and how many daughters become useless as wives and mothers, if they escape the misery of being married for their money! It is the saddest parental mistake, and one which no one could make who had his heart open toward God, and, however engaged in worldly things, devoted only to Him. It is a mistake which Love makes, and we would treat gently all her errings; still, the mistake is one only to be pointed out, not evaded, — reprobated, not excused.

But there are in these houses which line the ways, which look so fair, which are full of so much that attracts, which it is so pleasant to visit, idols of many kinds. You do not see their shrines upon stairway, or in niche, or in secret apartment, and you note no officiating priest; yet the idols are there, to whose service are given an affection and fidelity directly militating against the service owed only to God. I name selfishness, ill-temper, passion, indolence, intemperance in its many forms, not as exhausting the catalogue, but as giving you the clew to my meaning, and enabling you to fill out the list from your own experience, and to counteract the tendency in your own lives.

For a moment, look at one of these, self-love. Perhaps nothing will so frequently strike us, in looking into these houses of ours, as the selfishness of one or another of the inmates. You will find it the discordant element in the home, the one thing which prevents a quiet domestic harmony, the persistent ghost which haunts and disturbs at every feast which domestic love would spread. Everything goes along very well, unless self is in some way disturbed, and you see that this same self is the one thing which the others are afraid of thwarting and rousing. Painfully the daily lives of many households are drawn this way or that by the selfishness of one, or the contending selfishnesses of more than one. It is the rock, just hidden, ever and anon stranding happiness and hope. I think it is very evident, that where selfishness obtrudes itself into the home circle, and overshadows the affections and amenities which belong there, there is sufficient proof that the love of self stands first, and that love of self is idolatry of self. If everything suggested or demanded is spoken of or looked at as it will affect the individual, — if his opinion is always put forward and always insisted on, — if the setting him aside in any way provokes impatience or passion, in look, word, gesture, or tone, — if his comfort, his whim, his convenience, be the one gauge and law for all things, — I do not see how the conclusion is to be

avoided that he has made of his own selfishness a huge, abhorrent Juggernaut, riding over and crunching the holiest sympathies of our nature. Certainly no man who adores and serves God only can do these things. They are not the offshoots of the religion of Jesus, they do not grow out of his example; but they come of other service, and betray another love. Our houses should be temples of God. The law of the house — the home — should be love, self-denial, a genuine and generous care for the good of all, a standing aside for the sake of others better loved. The home should be the place where self is utterly forgotten. If we choose to have shrines by the wayside, or in the crowd of life; if we will stoop to such a service in our life abroad; if we must be selfish in trade, in profession, in strifes for place and power and repute, — let it be so; but forbid that ever such loathsome service desecrate the holier atmosphere of the house. Let there be one spot in which we will carry out fully the purely Christian trait of self-forgetfulness.

In these houses, too, passions are suffered to erect their altars, and many a petulance has its shrine. One is a votary of pride, another of ill-will, and a third of prejudice. Vanity has her devotees, and envy has hers; and all or any of these jar against and make impossible the best life of the house. You speak of a house and the family in it as one. You call it a Christian home. You have a general idea that its general custom and tone are Christian. To you it stands as a representative of home. Yet there are diversities of worship enough within its limits to bring it into ruin, — which do distract its life, as we do not often know, and would destroy its fabric, did there not underlie all a dim, indefinite, better faith, like that which lay in the hearts of the children of Dan when they asked the Levite to inquire of Jehovah, through the images, concerning their journey. In many things our home lives are grossly heathen, — more grossly so than our lives among men. A certain miscalled self-respect keeps us from falling under the world's censure while in it, but let the

door be shut and the curtain drawn, and no eye or ear to witness, it may then be known how nearly Christian these homes are. Here you shall see what the man in his heart is, — who is his God. Here disguises are dropped. There is no further demand for decency, nobody is to be deceived, nothing to be gained. Each one falls at once into the service to which he is wonted, which he loves best, — that place which is the best place to learn and practise the commands of God becoming a sort of Pantheon, in which are images and services of every evil spirit.

There are in these houses other idolatries still. Some persons make dress an idol. Life is to them only dress. They do not think of or care for much else. Not to be dressed exactly so, is the unpardonable sin. They can tell you all about its laws, to the pattern of a fringe, the shade of a color, the height of a heel. It would be fatal to be ignorant, — while yet they are willing to be ignorant of great truths and duties, and, though they know how to approach and propitiate their own favorite deity, cannot approach and propitiate God. With others, an establishment is an idol, — a house, a carriage, silver, furniture, gardens. Life is in these, not for what life may extract from them of real value to the soul, but for the mere pride of the thing, and that which might, through its beauty and the completeness of its appointments, be a temple to the living God, becomes but a splendid mausoleum tenanted by souls that are dead already. Others, again, make an idol of custom. They do not dare stir, they would not have you stir, one inch out of her prescribed way and form. Their lives are a timid cringing and fawning upon her, — deprecating her wrath, and squaring conduct and opinion to her will, fearing her as they do not God. All these are bad enough, degrading enough, when they are idolatries of the world; but when they become idolatries of the house, — when you see them obtruding into, swaying, and shaping home life, — making the house the abode of fashion, or vanity, or convention, — thwarting and crushing its

pure, free spirit of love, — how terribly is it desecrated, and how fallen!

These houses of ours are full of various idolatries, for anything which a man takes up and pursues absorbingly, or anything to which he allows himself to become slavishly submissive, no matter how high, or honorable, or noble, is an idolatry. The devotee to art, science, literature, spending substance and life to advance his favorite pursuit, is only an idolater, if he suffer this love so to possess him as to overgrow that other love, which should be sedulously cultivated, till it be made full and perfect. The man of energy, of enterprise, of business, is an idolater, if his pursuit eat out the love of things noble and enduring, — if he devote to these the thought, the time, the talent, God gave to be better used. Absorption is idolatry, and idolatry is the degrading God from his true place, and putting in it some other lesser thing. Of this idolatry all are more or less guilty. There is not a man or woman of us but, consciously or unconsciously, has an idol, — there is not a life in which the service of the true God is not marred by the profane mixture of some other service, — there is not a heart that is not too often bowed before the thing of its own creating or selecting. It is a divided service at best we give to God; — who then can wonder that our being oscillates between the tenderness and purity of the angel, and the passion and meanness of the brute?

How shall the house be made what it should be, but by breaking these images, — overthrowing these shrines, levelling these altars, and setting up in the heart again the "Hear, O Israel! the Lord, thy God is one God"? Do not let us talk of missions and heathen, while our own souls lie untrodden of the Divine Spirit. Do not let us claim a Christian name till our lives beam with the holiness of a pure and single service. The day is not one at which a sincerely Christian man may much rejoice. It is a day of idolatries, — and it would seem as if there were new shrines set up every new day, and some fresh image to greet each coming sun, — as if the new,

as the old, were thronged with an ever-thronging crowd. The simple, undivided service of God is in but a few hearts. Yet there is no room for despair. As the faithful Simeon, and they that in the temple watched with him, kept there the pure idea of the Jewish faith, untainted by the traditions of the elders, so amid the clash and jar of the world's many idolatries there are those watching and keeping pure the word of a Divine life for each new-born Christian soul. Wait and work, — watch and pray, — and this simoom of worldliness, devastating heart and life, will spend itself, and then shall the service of the one only God be established among men, — not again to be shaken.

THE LIFE THAT LEADS TO HEAVEN.

SPECULATIONS about the duration of future punishment have always been the occasion of bewilderment, and of controversy and division in the Church. The question is no nearer being settled than it was in the time of Origen, sixteen hundred years ago. Our Swedenborgian neighbors are just now pestered with it, and the great seer is quoted on both sides, though his authority seems in the main to be with the advocates of endless evil. There seem to be abundant reasons for believing that no controversy will ever settle this question. Suppose it *may* be true that somewhere, on in the endless cycles of eternity, all the lost will be purified and saved, would it be likely to be made a matter of revelation to us now? Suppose the fact were announced to the world, how would it probably be received? Among the masses of men still unregenerate would it stimulate effort, and lead to watchfulness, or would it lull into false security, and put further off the very consummation which is desired? If it be true that all men are to be saved, it is not a truth to be thrown down upon them thus, to be perverted and profaned.

We shall only know it as we advance in the regenerate life, and our will is drawn up into the Divine will, and the mind thence into the fulness of the Divine counsels. God never reveals truth to us very far in advance of our condition, and hence the obscurities which he suffers to rest on the endless Beyond, and which no human wit can clear away.

But what the future life is, and what the path which leads to its blissful abodes, are questions immediately and urgently practical. The conditions of salvation are set forth in terms as plain as language can make them. Dean Paley has remarked somewhere, that the single annunciation in John v. 28, 29, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming," is worth all the splendid apparatus of miracle by which the Gospel is authenticated to the race. And yet how slow has the Church itself been in receiving its august disclosures! The "resurrection of life" and the "resurrection of damnation" have been regarded as certain, and the priesthood have been not slow to wield its terrors; but the conditions, THEY THAT HAVE DONE GOOD and THEY THAT HAVE DONE EVIL, have been less attended to, sometimes not heeded at all. And yet everywhere these are the conditions stated, and none other. In Christ's description of the final judgment, in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, they are drawn out at length: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Paul has it, "according to what he hath done, whether good or bad." Only two classes of men are recognized in the Bible, those that do good, and those that do evil; and there are only two kinds of resurrection, one to the eternal life, and one to the eternal death. To one of these two conditions all men are travellers. A middle class, which is neither one nor the other, is unknown in the discriminations of the Divine Word. It is alike unknown in the profoundest spiritual philosophy.

Plain as the language of Christ is, it has taken the world nearly two thousand years to get to its meaning. Mark the three stages of belief on this subject. In the first ages the

conditions of attaining heaven were *ecclesiastical;* next, they were *theological;* next, and finally, they are becoming *humane*. First, the dominant idea was that of ritual. He who was within the Church was secure; he who was without, perished. Next, the dominant idea was that of belief; it was the moving principle of the Protestant Reformation, and is, to this day, of the Protestant churches, — not belief as a means of becoming good, but belief as a means of being reckoned among the elect. The Church of the new age, without undervaluing right belief or an appropriate and expressive ritual, finds heaven and its rewards primarily in the humanities of the Gospel. Salvation is goodness, and to this alone the gates of Paradise are open; perdition is the want of it, and without goodness they are closed forever against us.

The reader will now ask, probably, But what is goodness? And how much must we have to be sure we are in the heavenly path, and on the right side of that line which cleaves men into only two divisions? — questions which bring us to the very heart and substance of the Gospel message. We are writing an essay and not a treatise, and so, without pretending to exhaust the subject, we will name four characteristics of that goodness which has the eternal life in it, and waits for its resurrection unto glory. For there is goodness which is only a semblance, — death putting on the appearances of life.

Heavenly goodness is *positive*, and not merely negative. It is aggressive, not merely tolerant and passive. It is on the watch, it looks out for opportunities, it does not wait to have some one come and shake it out of sleep. Herein you distinguish it from mere *moralism*, within which so many people encase themselves, and are satisfied.

Moralism has done a good business, cheated nobody, built a house and furnished it, lives within all the respectabilities, and does not wish to be disturbed. The best interests of society might perish, all its wheels might stand still, while moralism looked out through its casement, and wondered

what was the matter, or how stocks and real estate would be affected. Can we not see then that there may be a form of morality standing sleek and fair enough, yet internally organized from a supreme regard to itself alone, and with none of the juices of goodness coursing through it? Genuine goodness is organic; it forms the household around it; it rules its expenditures; it shapes and directs its business; it aims to be a beneficent force in society; it goes out from itself, and seeks for the lost; its sympathies are diffusive, and there is no weeping nor rejoicing which it does not feel. Such is the difference between Christian goodness and civic morality. The last may be the organism of a supreme selfishness, the other is a heart through which always course the throbbings of neighborly love.

Christian goodness is *perennial and pervasive*, and is to be distinguished from spasmodic generosity or periodic benevolence. It is a life, not an impulse, — a living fountain, not a jet that plays out sometimes and then stops. There are some people who are good in spots and on occasions, and to such persons as know how to manage their freaks and tempers, or steer in between a whirlpool and a promontory to find the placid waters of their benevolence and good-will. They are sweet as summer to some people, and make amends therefor by being jagged as steel towards others. This is not Christian goodness. It is the mere gurgling of temperament, and such persons are very sure to harden into stone. On the other hand, Christian goodness, though imperfect at first, is sure to become all-pervasive at last, till, like the very precious ointment, "its fragrance fills the room." It runs into all the corners and crevices of the house, and, like the scent of sandal-wood, breathes an orient sweetness through the household. It goes to the assuaging of the little griefs, the wiping away of the child's tear, and the pouring on of oil where the daily rubs of life would otherwise make contusions and sores. This does not come at once; it comes from habitually making the case of others your own, till the heart

runs into the small moralities, and perfumes them as spontaneously as the flower sheds perfume from its cells.

Men and women internally are forming every day into angels or evil spirits, and so are putting on a spiritual body that shines like the stars or grows dingy as the night. There is a slow process of nature called petrifaction. Sometimes they dig up a human body turned completely into stone. It was once flesh, pulpy and tender, and threaded with veins, and covered with bloom. But the flesh was displaced, particle by particle, and the mineral substances took their place, and when the process is complete, lo! a petrified human form, the exact shape of what once was a man, though now it is fixed and preserved in death. So human nature becomes changed. At first it is childlike, generous, and tender. But it grows selfish, and lives for self, — becomes tender only in spots and streaks, and these disappear at last, till the fleshly particles have all been displaced, and the inward man is changed to the stony effigy of what it was. And that is a hard, godless, and worldly old age. Just the opposite process takes place when man is putting on the angel. By shunning and putting away evil that good may come in, the old natural man that incrusted us, the hard and stony selfhood, scales off, and the Divine goodness flows in and takes its place, till the Christlike unfolds in its completeness, and man walks the earth as the image of his Lord.

Another characteristic of genuine goodness is, that it has regard for man *as man* and as the child of the Lord, — as end in himself, and having faculties designed for glorious enlargement, — not as belonging to our class or our party and sect, and helping on our prosperity and standing in the world. How much there is that goes for neighborly love which is nothing but the clanship of human selfishness and pride! For every robe of the coronation day a hundred women starved and stitched their own shrouds. Our piled up wealth and guilty grandeur rise on the crushed souls of one race, and the plundered possessions of another. Loving

the neighbor truly is one with loving the Lord, because we see the Lord's image and signature in all men, and know that he yearns for the salvation of the least of these. He assumed this nature, he enrobed himself with it, he drew up the wants and woes of the humblest man into his consciousness, that he might have access to the humblest man, and fill out his life-vessels from himself. From the least of these, therefore, he speaks and says: "I took this nature on myself, — for these I came, for these I lived and died, for these I went up on high, and for these I send back the suffusions of grace to melt my way into human nature, that lies bleeding, and lift it up into the Divine embrace." We see then how the Christian Gospel, especially that view of it which takes in the Divine Incarnation, by connecting man with God, joins every man to every other man, and makes the race a unit. Charity to the neighbor is his river of love, coursing through us, and out again to the neighbor, and so keeping its circlet round and round. And if Christ lives in the disciple, he will make the disciple's heart a holy organism of the Master's love, yearning towards all for whom he died with the feelings that prompted the sacrifice. Or, if you will have the sentiment in the terse language of a poetic commentator upon the Gospel: —

"Whoe'er thou art that seekest Him
On holy rood once slain,
Be comforted, since none hath sought
The Lord of life in vain.

"And know right well, he surest doth
Always the Master's 'heat,
Who for his well-beloved sake
Doth serve his kind the best.

"For all who need and wait thee, stand
Broad-shouldered at the tryst, —
Bear tenderly his little ones,
For so thou bearest Christ."

Last of all, and as we have already implied, genuine goodness acknowledges its source, looks to it, and is always fed from it. It is no more I, but the Lord, that comes within, and whose love crops out in all the charities of life, — "I in them, and thou in me, that they also may be made perfect in one." Cut off from its source, human goodness turns to noxious passion and pride. Ever open and looking to its source, it sets through our obsequious souls like a river, and trickles down through all the rills and veins, and spreads greenness about us where it overflows. It is the Lord Jesus seeking ever to come anew, — seeking another advent in the lives of all his followers. The heart never beats with a humanity which is true, tender, and without any admixture from self-love, but you may look up and see one standing near you like unto the Son of man.

Such then are the characteristics of Christian goodness, and we can tell whether we have it or not. It is aggressive, it is pervasive, it regards man as man and the child of the Lord, and it is ever kept full and flowing from him who sweeps us as the medium of himself, — the breezes of his spirit sweeping over human lyres. And it appears plain enough why goodness is the life eternal, and the negation of it is eternal death. For our life is our ruling love. And if not love from the Lord going out from us in Christian goodness, then it is self-love, and this, when it rules, organizes a man's soul business and plan of life, and all things are done to feed and gratify it. It becomes not a habit of external action only, but the inner substance of his being, taking up the whole man at last, though the robes that cover it may be gorgeous.

Suppose the scene to change, — suppose the last trump to blow, as it will, and these bodies that cover us shrivel and flake off, and lie under our feet, and still we live on, — one has put on the angel, to live with angels, the other has put on the demon, to live with demons, and that is the everlasting punishment and the life eternal. S.

THE LIFE MORE THAN MEAT.

VISITING lately the Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, and impressed, as we were, by the unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible demonstration it presents of New England genius, industry, skill, and perseverance, the words at the head of this article came to our mind, as the solemn refrain uttered at every turn of its vast and imposing display. All this was done to secure to us more readily, in greater abundance, and with a surer perpetuity, those things essential to our comfort and well-being while in these mortal bodies.

And what an interest gathers around the scene! Thousands upon thousands are rushing eagerly to these halls, by day and by night, and week after week. Ponderous trains of cars move toward the spot; of each sex, and of every age, they come. No occupation but is here represented; the delicate student, the stalwart laborer, high and low, rich and poor, from north, south, east, and west, they throng to witness the spectacle.

And what a spectacle it is! For the sake of "the meat" on which man subsists, his means of livelihood, comfort, and luxury, what has not been done to produce these magnificent results! Man has tasked his brain, and tried the cunning of his hands; and woman has put forth her inventive powers, and plied the needle, and toiled with her delicate fingers; and the eye of many a little girl has sparkled, as she bent herself in the keen competitions of the hour.

No one can have witnessed, even cursorily, this proud exhibition, and not seen how much it has done, and must still do, to promote the industrial interests of our community. It serves not only to gratify and to improve the taste, but to stimulate mechanic, manufacturer, inventor, artist, and artisan to put forth their utmost ability.

It is a tribute to the uncounted advantages of our increased

intercommunication. "Of all inventions," as one of our best writers well says, "the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually, as well as materially; and both facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, and binds together all the branches of the great human family." It is in part to our present marvellous intercommunication, that we owe such results as this rare Exhibition!

"Man hath sought out many inventions." If these words of the sacred preacher were true of his age, with what added force are they true of this nineteenth century! When God led our fathers to these Western wilds, and at length crowned their arms with national freedom and independence, who could have anticipated that, in less than a single century, on this rock-bound Massachusetts, railroads would exist, and that she too would exhibit the greatest number of miles of this magic conveyance, for her surface, of all territories in the world? that the longest railroad on the globe would be found at this period in our then unexplored wilderness? that the largest aqueduct in existence would have been found here? and that on our soil would be the largest grain port in the world? Stupendous indeed have been, and still are, our labors for the meat that perisheth!

The progressiveness of our course, especially in the mechanic arts, is demonstrated, as everywhere, so prominently in an Exhibition like the present. A machine is invented for threshing and cleansing grain; this stimulates its cultivation; and now a machine is invented for reaping; then follows the broadcast seed-sower; and now we stand waiting for what is doubtless near, the steam-plough. An entire chamber-set is embraced within an apparently single article. France sends us an invention to stamp the lineaments of "the human face divine," by the aid of the sun, on a metallic plate; soon that is succeeded by the same process on a plate

of glass; and finally comes photography, and the almost miracle-working stereoscope, creating, as it were, from two plane surfaces the rounded and flesh-like actual form.

God has implanted in every human being a desire to improve his own condition; and he has so constituted the material universe, that, in every experimental science, there shall be a tendency toward perfection. These two principles lie at the basis of such results as we to-day witness. A great Exhibition in the sciences and arts serves to show what man can accomplish under free institutions. It tends to encourage genius and to abridge labor; to illustrate and to increase human skill and ingenuity; to promote a wise economy; and by its demonstrations of ability, both in design and execution, to gratify our pride, personal and national. It manifests our impatience at our present condition; and that, where there is constant discontent, there will also be a constant strife for improvement; and this, again, arouses and puts to its utmost tension our disposition to contrive, to labor, and to save; and thus, finally, are called forth that unprecedented energy, and that almost superhuman power, at this moment displayed, in enlarging the realms of physical science, and compelling it to minister to our comfort and luxury, to everything that can aggrandize our condition and enhance our accumulations of "the meat that perisheth."

But shall we close our essay here? No, we have been thus far only in the vestibule of that mighty temple we are now to enter. Man has another interest beside this of his material part, and it is one, too, of transcendent import. "Labor not for the meat that perisheth," said our Lord, "but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Much as this Exhibition has kindled our admiration of the power, determination, energy, and progress of our people, there is still left unvisited a field, before which its proudest demonstrations must wane and pale away. "The life is more than meat." The life of man in a physical sense, how much weightier is that than the meat on which it subsists! The life of man in

a moral and spiritual regard, how infinitely more worthy is it of the exercise of his care and thought and toil than the grandest of these material successes!

And no question pressed more anxiously upon us, as we trod those halls, crowded with all that can gratify the eye and give hope of an advancing earthly good, than this: Will that American mind, which achieves these wonders in extending man's empire, intellectual and material, over the outward world, devise and execute with equal power plans and methods for subduing his great inward foe? Here are couch, and lounge, and easy-chair, in which the visitor is told he can enjoy "luxurious rest of body." What is to be done meantime for his immortal mind? Here is a "concentrated leaven," promising us bread lighter, more digestible and nutritious, than earth has ever known. How is it with "the bread which cometh down from heaven"? Is that also to be supplied? And are we as earnest for the one as for the other?

We can see, in connection with all that is animating and glorious in our material prospects, here and there a cloud. In the intense devotion of this age to mechanism and machinery, one fears that the world are coming to think everything of real value to man is only, by longer or briefer processes, to be at last resolved into mechanism. What was once done by the hand, is now mainly executed by machines. In the laundry, to wash, wring, starch, iron, were once slow and manual tasks; but now wood and iron and skill need only unite, and the hands are almost unemployed. Once, too, they were each a separate process, but to-day the whole is to be accomplished by a single machine! Not only the manufacturer is thus marvellously relieved, but the agriculturist is told that the time is near when the curse shall be removed, and no longer must he eat his bread in the sweat of his brow; but whether it be to sow or to reap, to till or to gather, he may walk coolly about and see beast and machine do the whole.

But God will not release man at every point, and in every

province, from the dominion of that old law of Eden. When he made Adam a rational and free being, there were bars and bounds set up to the province of his inventions. Man must think, and there is no machine by which he can think. In our present adoration of the machine powers, I think we are in danger of trying to introduce machinery into many of our mental pursuits. Our schools have too much of mere routine; there is in them a constant tendency to mechanical modes of instruction and recitation; hence not seldom the boy who can repeat fluently the solutions of his book, falters in the application of numbers, geography, grammar, &c. to actual life.

So in spiritual things, — how much machinery, in one form and another, has been introduced into religion and the Church! Take what is technically called a "revival of religion," and who does not see that it must abound in mechanical means and methods, laid down sometimes in books, or taken from eminent revival preachers, — the work of experiment, imitation, sympathy, — many things beside the free, independent, God-regarding service of the individual soul? The Lamaite turns a crank and winds off his prescribed amount of prayers. We smile at the expedient; but how often in Christian temples is there the mere turning of the wheel at the altar, in the sermon, in the songs, and in the formalism of the pews?

But there is no possible invention that can supersede the old, time-sanctioned mode of becoming pious. We have a compound for preserving fruits, that promises to set aside all former methods and ingredients, — no sugar is needed, no boiling, no exclusion of the air. So let it be. I do not know but fruits can be saved by this short, labor-sparing and money-sparing process. But I do know that you cannot preserve and save souls by any of these cunning and abbreviated methods.

The Father works on, as in former ages, so in the present, by the same steady and antiquated influences and operations

of his Holy Spirit. When the sinner would turn from his sins, serve God, and do good to man, he must pursue, not the modern mechanical paths and appliances, but the good old way of quiet thoughtfulness, calm penitence, steadfast resolution, patient prayer, — first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. So only does one enter the high places of Christ's kingdom.

All attempts to supersede this plan of salvation will prove futile. It is said the monks of the Middle Ages would often take the parchment manuscripts of the sacred volume, erase from them the inspired writings, and record in their stead the paltry legends and fables of their own fabrication. So do we blot out the ancient and prescribed Word of God on the true way of gaining piety, and write in its place the cunning inventions of our own sectarian or misguided device. But there is no patent machine, nor ever will be, for the saving of souls. He who would earn the wages of life eternal must toil on patiently and prayerfully, bearing the spiritual burden and heat of each particular day.

There is no mechanism to save labor, time, or expense in the formation of character. You can plane, mould, and build in new methods; by dint of newly-invented saw, mortise-frame, and other tools and helps, you can build your dwelling with an expertness and economy unknown to past ages. But if you would have "a house in the heaven, not built with hands and eternal," you must be content to lay its beams, and raise its walls, and reach its top-stone, by long-protracted watchfulness and effort, by serene and daily aspirations, by struggles, and strifes, and supplications, enduring on and on, to the end.

Justice, charity, forbearance, forgiveness, resistance of temptation, control of passion, subjugation of appetite, a meek resignation to trials and troubles and toils and tears, — the submission of faith in hours of bereavement, when the loved fade from our embrace, — ah! there is no invention, no abbreviation, no saving of our inmost selves, that can ac-

complish this life-comprehending, God-reaching, man-loving course. Day by day, and step by step, so, if ever, must we win the crown.

Another danger, suggested by the Mechanics' Exhibition, is, that, seeing the marvellous forces and capacities of matter, we shall begin to dream there is no reality in spiritual things. We shall attempt to resolve God into a mere aggregate of physical forces; and, if we believe in a heaven to come, make its inhabitants gross, like ourselves, and their occupations earthly and sensual, if nothing worse. We are in danger now, as has been said, from "the Law God of Science." One passes through those halls, and reads on all sides of the wonders that machinery can do of itself. Here is the "self-acting carriage-gate," "farm well," and "sash lock," and "coal screen;" there is the "self-operating table-leaf supporter," "self-sealing can," "self-heating smoothing-iron," "self-generating gas-lamp," "self-shackling and self-adjusting coupling for the rail-car," — and what, we ask, is to be the end of all this? Will not the time come when matter will actually move itself, — and then spirit-force, the only real force, as we have hitherto affirmed, be exploded, and with it the soul go out, and the Father of spirits become to us but a word?

Shallow, fallacious, and illusive as such reasoning all is, there are those who put confidence in its validity. Take that book recently published on the "Origin of Species by the Law of Natural Selection," a book full of sophistries, and yet, by its air of apparent logical induction, showing the fearful power over the reasoning faculty of an absorbing devotedness to the consideration of mere earthly forces, tendencies, and powers. Its whole tone and movement are mechanical; it ignores the unseen and celestial, takes from man the diadem set on his brow by his Creator, and places on him the muddy vesture of a materialism so subtile and insidious as to deceive, in some instances, the very elect of God's intellectual sons. A book, by the testimony of that

prince of science, our noble Agassiz, pronounced "full of mischief."

God grant that, while we accept the generous donations of modern science, and welcome every invention and every art that can minister to our legitimate comfort and enjoyment, we suffer no one of them, nor all of them combined, to lay profane hands on the ark of our holy faith.

We would by no means advocate a disregard or a disparagement of the immense advantages of modern genius and skill. Let us gain all we can by these multiplied improvements. But we should see distinctly, that, though we "gain the whole world" — mechanically speaking — and lose our own souls, we shall be nothing profited. Amid the luxuries provided for us in these inventions, let us each watch well, and say to the tempter: —

"Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing;
Doubt, that would my strength impair,
Hence at once from life and feeling! —

"Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad;
Up! a sacrifice to greatness,
Truth, and goodness, — up to God."

We are not forbidden absolutely to "labor for the meat that perisheth," but we are so to labor as to secure, meantime, "that meat which endureth to everlasting life." Take we good heed, then, lest the meat become to us more than the life, — better loved, more earnestly sought, more devoutly welcomed. With all our gettings, see we to it that we get wisdom, get understanding, win Christ.

"Thankfully we will rejoice in
All that God through man has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.
Following every voice of progress
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us, in life's spirit labor,
Still be sure to do our part."

A. B. M.

AND GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY EVERY TEAR FROM THEIR EYES.

NOT tears alone for natural grief
Our God shall wipe away;
To sinners too he sends relief,
When unto him they pray.

We mourn the loss of dearest friends,
For want, and woe, and pain;
But still our God some comfort sends,
And we rejoice again.

But most we weep and mourn for sin;
Will God, our God, forgive,
And purify the heart within,
That we to him may live?

Shall we as sinners ever know
That we are all forgiven?
Shall Memory's page no record show
'Gainst such as dwell in heaven?

God wipes away our falling tears,
Reveals a Father's love;
And all our doubts and all our fears
But passing shadows prove.

E'en memory's self at length shall cease
To bear one guilty stain,
And naught but joy and heavenly peace
Within the soul remain.

J. V.

FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

In the early history of Methodism, though the chief interest has centered on Whitefield and the Wesleys, yet the power and character of the first preachers is an evidence that this religious awakening was guided by a wide-spread influence of the Spirit. We propose now to give a brief sketch of one of these earnest and devout men.

On the 13th of March, 1757, John Wesley, exhausted by his labors, and bowed down with grief at the death of his dear friend and efficient co-laborer, the Rev. John Meriton, stopped at Snowfields. Weary in body, and with a sad heart, he met the congregation who had gathered to hear him. But he who in the hour of human weakness sought strength and joy from God, prayed out of his lowly, bereaved, and yearning heart that a new laborer might be raised up. The auditors were moved to tears. Their hearts sent back a response of sympathy, as the words of entreaty were borne to God. The prayer was not in vain. Among that assembly there was one whose whole soul thrilled with emotion. The fountains of his spirit were stirred. The voice of the preacher was as a clarion call. He heard and obeyed. From that hour, one of the most saintly of men consecrated himself to the office of the sacred ministry. Who was this man? It was John William de la Flechere, known afterward as Fletcher of Madeley.

But let us retrace our steps. Before the voice of Wesley had uttered its lament and prayer at Snowfields, a boy was playing on the lawn of one of the ancestral mansions in the village of Nyon. This beautiful, quiet nook in Switzerland was enriched with the wealth of scenery which gathers around Lake Geneva. Here, where Gibbon had meditated, and Madame de Staël gazed with wonder and admiration, this young Swiss lad gambolled and mused. Endowed with a quick and penetrating intellect, he caried off the prizes of scholarship in the neighboring University. Naturally sedate

and thoughtful, his Calvinistic parents were bent on his becoming a preacher of this strict and austere faith; but his Arminian predilections interposed, and he resolved to enter the army. His commission was obtained, and he was on the point of setting sail for Brazil; but a disappointment in some of his arrangements prevented, and he changed his course and went to England. Though always religiously inclined, Divine truth came to him with new power after he landed in England. He began to doubt the vitality of his faith. True, he had been accounted as religious, and had even received the premium from his University for his attainments in religious knowledge; yet his religion was a tradition more than a personal conviction. At this point there arose the struggle of the soul. Soon the victory came. Religion dawned as a spiritual experience, and faith triumphed over doubt. The day on which he entered the chapel at Snowfield was one of the most memorable in his life. It was always afterwards marked as the turning-point in his career. Heaven registered his secret resolve, as the soul of Wesley wrestled with the angel and sought a blessing. Immediately he was ordained as Deacon in the Established Church, and became one of the most efficient instruments in this spiritual awakening. It was not long before he became known as Fletcher of Madeley. Before he entered upon his labors in this humble parish, he had been offered the living of Dunham, which had large pay and little work. But Fletcher was too intent on his Master's service to be lured by the promise of ease and abundance. His yearning heart turned from the allurements of the culture and wealth of Dunham, and beat in sympathy with the miners and operatives of Madeley. True the congregation was small, but in this region of mines and manufactories there was a mass of ignorant and degraded persons who needed the word of life. At the time he began his labors, Madeley was unknown, and he has made the name familiar to all Christians. The record of his ministry here is rich with evidences of a pure zeal

and single-hearted devotedness. From the narrative of his struggles, as well as those of his brethren, we catch glimpses of the low state of society. The great mass of the people were ignorant, and guided chiefly by their prejudices and passions. Sometimes his services were interrupted by the outbreak of scurrilous language. He was threatened with personal violence. At one time, we are told, the rabble resolved to "bait the parson, to pull him from his horse, and to set the dogs on him." In this case his detention at a funeral proved his safety. He was called to pay the price of a reform leader, for, having discoursed on temperance as well as judgment to come, the malt-men were enraged at him. The civil arm was invoked, and he was threatened by the magistrate. Even Orthodoxy and Conservatism became alarmed, and a clergyman of the Established Church posted him as a schismatic and a rebel. Yet he steadily pursued his labors, and was unwearied in his charities. He met violence with gentleness, and confronted the outbreaks of passion with the smile of love. That he sometimes ran counter to conventional customs is very likely. On the Sabbath morning, as he went about his parish, ringing his bell to rouse such parishioners as excused their neglect of worship by alleging that they could not awaken early enough to prepare their families for service, — doubtless, as he did this, there were some among the more cultivated, as well as the self-indulgent and worldly, who were annoyed at this jar of the peaceful Sabbath morn. So, too, the glowing and impassioned language in which he portrayed the joy of the redeemed, or the terrible doom he pronounced against the wicked and unregenerate, may have seemed to cooler and more passive natures the extravagance of intoxicated zeal. All this is very probable; and still the question arises, Could these sooty colliers or greasy operatives, whose passions were all on fire, while their religious nature slumbered, — could they have been aroused from their sins and apathy by appeals suited for the cultivated and intelligent? There are diver-

sities of operation, and while it would be as ineffectual as it would be unwise for a New England pastor to follow exactly in the footsteps of a Fletcher, it would be equally narrow and short-sighted to try his methods by the standards of propriety which now exist. The emergency was peculiar, and the men who, under the guidance of the Spirit, followed out the suggestions of the hour, proved that they knew how to give momentum to one of the most remarkable religious revivals of the Church. With a feeling of self-sufficiency, or in the pride of superior intelligence, we may criticise the earnestness and even excesses of these men; but the question may justly be asked, What evidence of vitality do we give? Excessive zeal does sometimes, undoubtedly, lead to fanaticism; so, too, the path of indifference leads to moral death and a spiritual grave.

Fletcher was a pastor in the widest sense of that term. He went about from house to house with his Gospel message and personal charity. In one hovel he would find a poor decrepit widow whose heart was made lighter for his word of kindness and prayer. Another, stretched on the bed of sickness, would brighten at the sound of his footstep. His very smile was a benediction to the sad and bereaved, while the destitute had cause to thank him for a sympathy and charity more substantial than words. He almost unclothed himself to clothe the more needy. He stinted himself to the coarsest fare that his charities might be enlarged. He even stripped his house of all articles of luxury to enable him the better to feed the poor and give joy to others. It is not in human nature to live in the presence of such disinterestedness without being filled with respect and admiration. A piety so rich in good deeds, so sweet with fragrant love, so heart-felt and generous, could not fail to win the rough colliers and operatives. Though the wealthy may frown or look on with unconcern, though the magistrate may threaten and the clergyman denounce, the multitude, who follow their uncalculating moral instincts, and do not pause to analyze their

feelings, or discriminate in their judgment, — the multitude could not long resist the power of a life so pure, large-hearted, and devout as that of the pastor of Madeley. The odor of his piety spread far and wide, and he became one of the brightest saints in the Methodist calendar.

If, from what has been said, it is supposed that we wish to disparage the intellectual gifts of Fletcher, the impression is incorrect. He not only lived the truth with fidelity, but dispensed it with power. His contemporaries, with their wonted fondness for strong language, say that as a preacher his "living word soared with an eagle's flight, and he basked in the sun, carrying his young ones on his wings, and seized the prey for his Master." "Sir," said Venn, "he was a luminary. A luminary did I say? He was a *Sun*. I have known all the great men for these fifty years, but I have known none like him."

Perhaps there is no portion of Fletcher's life which illustrates his elevation of soul more than the spirit which he showed in the heat of an excited theological controversy. From boyhood he had always discovered a strong bent towards Arminianism; and when the discussion between the two rival systems of belief arose in the Methodist communion, Fletcher joined with Wesley in opposition to Whitefield, Lady Huntington, and the Calvinistic wing. He had been called to the Presidency of the Theological School at Trevecca. As the theological discussion grew more earnest, and men were obliged to define their position, Benson, a colleague of Fletcher in the College, was dismissed by Lady Huntington for his Arminianism. The President was absent at the time, and immediately on his return felt himself compromised, and resigned. Yet even here he strove to maintain "the meekness of wisdom." He retained his heavenly frame of mind in the heat of theological discussion. "If the College be overthrown," he writes to Benson, "I have nothing more to say to it; the confirmed tool of any party I never was, and never will be. Take care, my dear sir, not to make matters worse

than they are; and cast the mantle of forgiving love over circumstances that might injure the cause of God, so far as it is put into the hands of that eminent lady who has so well deserved of the Church of Christ." Fletcher did much by his writings toward shaping the theology of the Methodists. In his "Checks" he discusses the question of Free Will, Total Depravity, and kindred themes. These "Checks" are pamphlets thrown off to meet a present exigency, and do not pretend to be either a systematic or exhaustive treatment of theological doctrines. We have the authority of Stevens for saying they are read more to-day than when first written, and "control the opinions of the largest and most effective body of Evangelical clergymen on the earth. They are staples in every Methodist publishing-house. Every Methodist preacher is supposed to read them as an indispensable part of his theological studies, and they are found at all points of the globe whither Methodist preachers have borne the cross. They have been more influential in the denomination than Wesley's own controversial writings on the subject; for he was content to pursue his itinerant work, replying but briefly to the Hills, and leaving the contest to Fletcher."

The pastor of Madeley for six years carried on a theological discussion, and, instead of becoming sour and imbittered, grew in love and piety. In this respect he is in striking contrast with his brothers, Toplady and Berridge. He avoided the fierce combativeness of the one, and the cutting sarcasm of the other. While engaged in the discussions of opinion, his spirit became more elevated, and the world became "a world of love." But though this controversy did not take from him his serenity of soul, yet, through the arduous labors it imposed, it prostrated the body. A portion of the latter part of his life he spent among the scenes of his childhood, and in the beautiful region of Lake Geneva his strength for a brief period revived. For four years he remained in Nyon, and occupied the time of recreation in efforts to redeem the inhabitants of his native village.

Fletcher married late in life, and in this relation was far more fortunate than Wesley. His chosen wife was after his heart. Her character was run in the same mould, and her autobiography is the portrait of a devout and disinterested woman. Their circumstances also have some points of resemblance. Like him, she inherited wealth and position. While a child she was fond of religious musing. She grew into womanhood surrounded by the excitements and allurements of fashion. Yet she was not at home amid the gayeties of Bath or the opera at London. While her companions were in the whirl of the dance, she would go and hold converse with women of a deep religious experience. She fell in with a small female company which gave the final shaping to her life. As she left London to dwell in her father's country-house, she recalled the hours she had spent in religious conversation and prayer. Thus, while she walked through Epping Forest, or paused under its magnificent trees, she dwelt on the margin of heaven. Her mind was filled with "a sweet sense of God," and her heart took fire at the thought of "the adorable Jesus." Piety was so strong and luxuriant in her soul as to run into the excesses of feeling. Her parents tried to win her back to the world, but it was of no avail. As she attained her majority, with the approval of her parents, she resolved to board at some distance from her old home. The surplus of her income she devoted to poor widows. "I have nothing to do," is her language, "but to be holy, both in body and spirit; thankfulness overflowed my heart, and such a spirit of peace and content flowed into my soul, that all about me seemed a little heaven. Yet I was not without my cross; for every time I went to see my dear parents, what I felt when, towards night, I rose up to go away, cannot well be imagined." Soon after this, we find her, in connection with Sarah Ryan, taking one of her own houses and establishing a charity-school. This subsequently grew into Cross Hall Institution, in Yorkshire. While thus engaged in active labors, an attachment was formed between

Mary Bosanquet and Fletcher. There was so much alike in their tone of spirit and plan of life, that a true and holy marriage sanctified their affection. Among her other duties she exhorted "rustic assemblies," and "in later years Mary Fletcher had a seat elevated a step or two above the level of the floor, whence she addressed the people in the several chapels which she and her husband erected in the vicinity of Madeley." Wesley says: "Her words are as fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all who hear her."

In sympathy and union with such a wife, Fletcher journeyed on towards the grave. His system became prostrate, and he began to spit blood. Yet, when the body grew weak, the soul waxed strong. "I know not what hurry of spirit is, or unbelieving fears, under my most terrifying symptoms." As death draws near, he falls into a tone of exultation. The grave was his triumphant pathway to glory. His last appearance in public was in the church, on Sunday. On that memorable day he fainted while conducting the service, but rallied, so as to finish the sermon, and then, almost exhausted, he officiated at the communion; but while uttering the benediction he fell in a swoon, and was borne by the tender and loving hands of parishioners to his dying bed. He rallied several times. With the feeling of exultant joy, so characteristic of the Methodist, he shouted his hallelujahs while he joined in hymn and prayer. He lived till the next Sabbath. The multitude which thronged the church on that day wept in grief. The poor, who had come from a great distance, and who were usually fed at the parsonage, passed along the gallery, and through an opened door found solace in a final gaze on his apostolic face. On that night his wife bent over him, and, in the depth of her affectionate piety, said: "I know thy soul, but, for the sake of others, if Jesus be very present with thee, lift up thy right hand." Immediately it was raised. He repeated the sign, as an evidence of "the prospects of glory sweetly opening" before him, and then slept the sleep of death. A wail of sorrow rose from

the village, as if every heart was touched with a common grief, and weeping thousands followed him to the grave.

The character of this godly man is one of singular purity and devotedness. Scattered through the "History of Methodism," by Abel Stevens, we have interesting anecdotes, which illustrate his saintly piety. It partook of the features of Methodism. But this was its form. In its essential spirit it was Christ-like. This History, to which we are indebted for the materials of this sketch, gives us a succession of portraits. They have, in many respects, strong peculiarities; yet underlying these is the deep, clear, and distinct impress of this religious movement. Among them all, Fletcher of Madeley is one of the chief. "I have known," says Wesley, "many exemplary men, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years; but one equal to him I have not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God, so unblamable a character in every respect, I have not found, either in Europe or America, nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity." S. W. B.

THE QUESTIONINGS OF BELIEVERS.*

RECENT INQUIRIES IN THEOLOGY.

In our last number we called attention to the book the title of which is given below, as soon to be placed before American readers by one of the most energetic publishing houses in our city, and were kindly permitted to transfer to our own pages some paragraphs from advance sheets. The republication, introduced, only with too great brevity, by one

* Recent Inquiries in Theology. By Eminent English Churchmen. Being "Essays and Reviews," reprinted from the Second London Edition. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D.D. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. 1860.

of our most earnest and ablest scholars, has since been placed before us, and has been read with the utmost eagerness, though not yet with the care which such topics and such handling justly demand. Anything approaching to an elaborate discussion of the high matters with which these papers are occupied, would carry us beyond the humble limits and purposes of our household journal, and would be impossible during these few remaining days. But we must try to set down, as briefly as may be, the impressions which remain upon the mind as we rise from the reading of this truly significant book, — a book which, though it contains little or nothing that has not been presented before to students in theology, will be an astonishment, but not, we hope, a grief, to those who have been accustomed to receive and think of the Gospel only according to the popular forms, and are incapable of entertaining any distinction between the letter and the spirit of Revelation.

1. The writers of these "Essays and Reviews," although they make their appearance before the world thus in company, ask to be heard as individuals, each speaking only for himself, and holding himself accountable only for his own contribution to the common volume, and yet it is plain that they are animated by a common spirit, and occupy substantially the same stand-point. No one would suffer himself to be found in such a fellowship with ever so many formal disclaimers, unless he had in some way been assured that he would not be seriously compromised even in appearance. Especially is it true that the Englishman has not yet been born who is insensible to the force of Tulkinghorn's complaint, "I do not like your company." We are satisfied, though we may not be able to tell why, that each one of these essayists and reviewers does like his company, and is willing to be seen in it; and if any one of them should come to any theological grief for anything written in this volume, it would be practically just, even if legally unjust, to compel his fellows to suffer with him. Nominally, each writer repre-

sents only himself; nominally, the significance of the whole is much weakened by this condition: practically, each utters all that is put forth, and we have a remarkable body of opinion, and the seven are the soul thereof, and the voices of the seven are one voice. Was this dividing of responsibility accidental or prudential? And why was such a volume sent forth with a name that is no name, — a name that would almost protect the book against a perusal, save by those who suffer no book to escape them? But be these things as they may, these gentlemen are all, in one way or another, *questioners*, to say the least, of much, both as to the form and the matter of revelation, which the popular Christianity holds to be forever settled. In many things they go beyond what are usually put forth amongst us as liberal interpretations of the Bible, — the Old Testament and the New. In these times, one is not easily startled, but there is not a little within the covers of this volume which will give the reader pause. And, besides what the writers say out and out in plain English, there seems to be much lying behind which shapes their expressions. They have not yet abandoned this or that, but they have evidently been considering very anxiously what would remain for them in case they should be compelled to surrender and vacate; and when one is setting a new house in order, we naturally infer that he means before long to move into it. No one who was "sound on the miracles" would have been at the pains to write what the lamented Professor Powell has here written upon them. If Temple, Williams, and Jowett were content with the popular Christianity, they would not extend their researches outside of it, as they do here. It is very plain that these writers have their difficulties, and have pondered them long and laboriously; and that, having found, as they think, a way out of the entanglement, or at least the promise of a way, they have sought to impart what has been given to them.

And the noteworthy circumstance to which we wish to call attention is this, that, although we meet continually with

questionings, they are not so urged as to destroy faith and the peace that accompanies faith; on the contrary, though we must stop short of what seem to be the conclusions, and do not share the misgivings, of some of these authors, we find ourselves on the whole greatly encouraged and strengthened by their large and earnest and thoroughly Christian persuasions. The difficulties which they bring forward have not destroyed their confidence, but have only sent them back into the depths of the Christian consciousness for that assurance which is not of flesh and blood. Faith is the gift of God; it is transmitted under his Providence from one believing generation to another; it does not depend upon outward evidences, — these rather stimulate and illustrate than create or sustain it; it is not natural, but supernatural, a true and proper miracle; the reasons which men give for it, and with which they try to satisfy others, never satisfied them; and if they are in any way unsound, the exposure of this unsoundness, however it may confound those who have no faith, and only believe, or seem to believe, or suppose themselves to believe, because others believe, will not seriously impair the soul's confidence. Believers — those who are at one with God in Christ — write upon the evidences and the letter of Revelation, not at all in the spirit nor according to the methods of doubters and deniers, or even of cool, and, as they are called, unbiassed inquirers. They are biassed, if you choose to call it so, in favor of the truth of the Gospel; that is, there is one element in the investigation which it is impossible for them to leave out, — we mean their own faith, a faith which they share with millions, a faith which is as truly and as significantly a fact as any other fact, — which just as much needs to be accounted for as a discrepancy between two evangelists. So long as we do not believe in Jesus, his story is like any other wonderful story to us; and when we find things hard to be understood, the intellect, which during the suspense of faith will be uppermost, will insist upon parading these difficulties, and will make the most of them. They will be put

first in every discussion of Revelation: the order will be, first denials, then affirmations, the last reluctantly and stintingly added, so that the impression left upon the mind is one of uncertainty. Now this book, though it contains many denials, leaves no such impression. Beliefs, and not denials, are the prominent matters. The way of these travellers has been a perilous one, but the light of heaven has been shining down upon them all the while; we do not see yet what shall be the end of the path, — indeed it seems to lead down into the valley of the shadow of death, but the rod and the staff of the Heavenly Guide will be there also. And all this effect is wrought without that painful, if not shameful, special pleading which is found so often in the writings of the apologists and commentators; it comes of the force which inheres in the Truth, and goes out from the Truth. This book is a new thing in Christendom. We have had before what are called "apologies" for Revelation, skilful solutions of this and the other perplexity in the record, ingenious historical arguments, accumulations of probabilities on the side of Christianity, and we have had attacks upon the evidences, objections to miracles, to the genuineness of various books of Scripture, to the argument from prophecy; but here we are carried beyond the outworks to the citadel and centre, and are brought into communion with men who are so strong in faith that they undertake to show the compatibility of the freest handling of the letter, and of everything external, with the heartiest conviction of the everlasting power, worth, and beauty of the Gospel. We have not found so much faith in connection with so much questioning anywhere else in Christian literature; there have been those in the midst of us who have questioned as much about the records of our religion, — hardly any who have questioned more, — but they were men to whom the Father had not revealed the glorious Messiahship of Christ as these disciples have seen it. When such believers bring forward their difficulties to be resolved, and, from a conviction that others are perplexed as they have been perplexed,

offer the explanations which have relieved their own minds and hearts, we may be sure that they speak because they cannot be true to themselves and remain silent, and they should be met, not with outcries, assertions, and dogmatism, but with respectful audience. If they can help an age which has been relying upon outward testimony, to the neglect of the Voice within, — upon the miracles wrought upon the bodies of men eighteen hundred years ago, to the neglect of the miracles which a genuine Christianity is or may be and ought to be working upon the souls of men to-day (for conversions are the perpetual signs of the Gospel), — we need not be very anxious about the effect of certain extremes of speculation or of criticism. In reading the books of some rationalizers, we say to ourselves, Here is all you have to believe and rest in, and you are explaining it all away; this is the bread which remains for your hunger, and you are showing it to be no bread; but these writers, whether with reason or not, feel and utter themselves like men who are all the stronger and all the braver for what they have been compelled to lay aside, and are ready to begin a new age of Christianity unencumbered with the traditions of the past. Even if it should appear, as we think it will, that, in their desire to give up everything untrustworthy, they have yielded much which is as good as ever it was, they will none the less have rendered an incalculable service to our dogmatizers and literalists, — to those whose very believing is an offence, and whose very faith in the Bible and in Christ is a distrust of God, the ever-living and the ever-near. In this way we explain to ourselves our interest in a book which involves so much negation. We cannot think, with some, that the difference consists simply in guarded statements and an appearance of reverence and of deference, in the choice of hints and *sotto voces* instead of broad and outspoken denials; the explanation lies beneath the surface, in the spiritual condition rather than in the mental peculiarities or rhetorical habits of the writers. Believers may for the time perplex and mis-

lead; but they will not destroy any man's faith. Indeed, our confidence in the future of Christianity has been strengthened by these reviewers and essayists far beyond any help supplied by Paley and Lardner.

2. Another impression made by these recent inquiries relates to the desire entertained perhaps by many, though yielded to as yet by few, to be gathered for the sake of rest and definiteness within one or another of the recognized enclosures of Christendom, — into some Church made visible by articles to which the clergy at least are required to assent. In this volume we have, as it seems to us, fresh proof, if any were needed, that such a church does in fact, however much it may nominally propose, secure no more real uniformity, no more rest from discussion, amongst those who are alive to Christian truth and diligent students of Scripture, than is practically attained by the company of local churches, each built upon the One Foundation which is laid, each independent of the other so far as any legislation touching dogma or discipline is concerned, each taught not of men but of Christ, but all laboring together to overcome evil with good, to uplift the fallen, to convert the sinful, to comfort and elevate the poor. Christ will keep his own. They will not wander far or long from him. They will, however, interpret his words, each man according to his inward necessity; but even these various interpretations, where a true Christian freedom of development is enjoyed, will grow more and more at one. The Church of Christ is made up of all those who believe in and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. It is an historical body. It is a visible body. It passes down more or less formally, but always by inward spiritual succession and generation, from age to age; not *of* this world, it is *in* this world; our Puritan forefathers did not leave it behind them when they left England and Episcopacy, — they brought it with them in their hearts, and they embodied it in Congregationalism or Independency; and those who have ceased to be Calvinists have not thereby cut themselves off from the

body of Christ; they are just as much in the visible Church as those are, certainly, who are distinguished only by accepting Articles which are rendered wholly nugatory by an exceeding latitude of interpretation, — Articles in which the Calvinist finds Calvinism, the Arminian Arminianism, and which, according to the Essayist upon a "National Church," allow us great latitude in settling the canon of Scripture and the meaning of inspiration. If we only have the thing signified, the sign will take care of itself. If we are in Christ, we are in the Church. Christ has never been divided. There never was and there never will be but One Church. Peter will go to the circumcision, Paul to the uncircumcision, and Paul will reprove Peter when he is to be blamed; but they are both true disciples of Christ, called Christians first in the very Antioch which was the scene of their controversy, and, though by different ways, they are both advancing to the same end.

A great deal is said by a certain class of theologians, in our day, about a visible and historic Church, and the folly and wickedness of separating from it; but those who so speak are false to their own doctrine, instead of accepting the Church which is, undivided and indivisible, the Body of Christ, those who are in the faith and love of Christ; they detach a portion of this body, distinguished from the remainder by certain peculiarities of doctrine or ritual, and say, Here is the Church, and then begin to lament over the sins and misfortunes of separatists. Why will they fly in the face of fact, neglect the testimony of history, turn a deaf ear to what the Spirit saith unto the churches, and lose the comfortable persuasion that communion with Christ has proved stronger and more enduring than the accidents of opinion or of ritual? Romanism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, Unitarianism, Quakerism, have not in *fact* taken men out of the Church, because they have not taken them out of Christ. Many are excluded from Christian pulpits here on the ground of unsound Christian opinions, of

whom only the hardiest bigotry will maintain that they will not be welcomed to heaven. On their way to heaven, and now in Christ, what must that be which calls itself the Church of the Redeemer, and yet excludes them? There can be only one answer. Crying out against schism, it is schismatic, — crying out against dissent, it is dissenting. We love to think not of the Church which is to be, but of the Church which *is*, — of the dissensions and denominationalisms of Christians as having only a subjective importance; where some see huge walls reaching from earth almost up into the heavens, (the time is going by when men are ready to say "quite up,") we can see only slight partitions for the convenience of the day and hour, and when the foremost thinkers in all sects are so much at one as they are now, as indeed is freshly evinced by this remarkable volume, we marvel that any clear-sighted person can raise with any enthusiasm a denominational standard, or leave the company of Christians into which he was born, so long as he can abide with them in Christ. Christianity must needs work itself out in the thought of Christendom, in the most various ways; but it does not cease to be Christianity whilst these processes, sometimes extending through many centuries, are going forward. Romanism, Protestantism, Calvinism, Methodism, and the rest, are inevitable. They come at a certain stage of human thinking. The only cure for anything extravagant in them is to have them. They do not destroy the Christian life for the time, any more than a curable and self-limited disease destroys the life of the body. So far as they are sicknesses, they demand kindly treatment; not expulsion from the common home, but care and counsel in it. Christ does not cast them out. He says, "All who are not against us are for us." His visible body includes all the sects that build upon him, however variously.

In a discourse, as graceful in style as it is wise and genial and truly catholic in spirit, preached by Bishop Burgess of Maine at the reordination of Rev. Dr. Huntington, we find

the following sentences: "It is the possession of such a promise, that must make the Church a visible body, with actual succession through successive ages. Apart from every question of the mode and order of such succession, it is itself a necessity. For an accidental incorporation, a mere accumulation of individual minds, drawn together by affinities of belief and community of sentiment, without designation from beyond themselves, without relations to the past or the future, cannot collectively represent a promise like this. The promise was given at a certain period; it must come down from that period. It was given through certain persons; it must come down from those persons. It was fastened to certain seals; it must be attended by those seals. It was given to those who first received it and to their children; it cannot fail to continue along the line of parentage and descent." Now here is an admirable description of the Church which *is* in all its branches, provided for the most part with what are commonly reckoned seals, though under various forms, according to the different interpretations of the Scriptures concerning them; — some accepting Episcopal, others Presbyterian, others Congregational ordination; some receiving the Supper as a real presence, others as the symbol of a real presence; some practising adult baptism, others infant baptism; some practising confirmation, others admission to the outward communion by covenant; — all striving to be true at once to the letter of Scripture, the usage of the early Church, and the mind of Jesus and the Spirit. And even though what are ordinarily esteemed to be the only seals are wanting, are we prepared to say that the Church is wanting? When we baptize the children of Christians, do we thereby admit them to the Church, or do we only signify that they were born into the Church? Do we make them children of God, or do we signify that they are children of God, and can be no other, whether as obedient or as prodigal? "Because ye *are* sons," says Paul, "God has shed abroad in your hearts the Spirit of his dear Son." Shall we

say that the Quakers, regarding Baptism and the Lord's Supper amongst the transient things of the Gospel, but filled with the Spirit, are not in the Church; or shall we rather affirm, with the first Protestant, St. Paul, in his second letter to Timothy, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal." "*The Lord knoweth them that are his.*" And, "*Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.*"

In the excellent sermon from which we have quoted, a sad picture is drawn of the disastrous effects of the introduction into the Church of the doctrine of a salvation not for man as man, but for the chosen as chosen. We believe, with the preacher, that Calvinism has brought with it many desolations, though we think that he greatly misreads the history of Christianity when he traces to this form of religious opinion the loss of the "conception of a Church that can comprehend within itself any considerable diversity of judgment, of character, and of practice." The Church parted with that conception as early as the time of the Council at Nicæa. It was in danger of parting with it when Paul asked, "Is Christ divided?" Because we have Paul, Apollos, Cephas, is Christ divided? Like human innocence, it was one of the first things lost, — and it, or something better, will be one of the last things regained. "That they may be one," prayed Jesus, and "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." The two things will go together. But desolating as Calvinism has proved, it has been also an unspeakable blessing. It has saved Christianity from becoming a mere ritualism or statute religion; it has emphasized the distinction between the called and the chosen, — those to whom the opportunity of the Gospel is only an opportunity, and those who somehow lay hold upon eternal life; it has not yet done all its work; it will last as long as it ought to last; it cannot be suppressed or thrust into the background; there is no *refuge* from it; "the securities of the ancient fellowship, of the liturgies of ages, of the apostolic episcopacy, and of the

Catholic creeds," will not serve; Faith and Reason are our only deliverers; Scripture and the experience of Christians, the Word and the Spirit, must settle the great controversy between the Calvinist and the Arminian, and meanwhile they must be told that Christ is not divided, and that if they are in Christ they are not divided. We believe that the Church is steadily approaching a unity in truth and spirit, but we do not believe that Christians are approaching to an assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican sect.

We hope that the "Essays and Reviews" will receive a careful perusal from all our readers who are interested in religious discussions, and before whose minds the questions therein moved and handled have been fairly brought. There are intimations of doubt, on the part of some of the writers, which may pain and perplex for a season; but a little reflection will suffice to show that these are only the reactions of minds, eager to be true in all things, against undue restraint, or, perhaps, rather apparent than real scepticisms. We are sure that the thoughtful reader will find nothing, even in the paper by Professor Powell, that will shake his faith in the miracles of the New Testament, or engage him in the hopeless attempt to wrench the beautiful story of that Divine Benevolence from its setting in the Gospels. Unduly dependent no longer upon flesh and blood, the soul shall be taught by the Father in heaven, and the old promise shall be as good as ever,—"The Spirit shall lead you into all Truth." E.

LITURGICAL WORSHIP.

THE appearance of a new edition of the King's Chapel Liturgy suggests an opportunity of calling attention to the book itself, and to the order of public service which is laid down in it,—an order that has been successfully maintained through the entire period of our Unitarian history in New

England, and by one of the oldest and most venerable churches bearing that distinctive name. The present edition has been prepared at the particular request and for the use of the East Church in Salem. It is printed in the best style of the Cambridge press, giving almost unmistakable evidence of the taste and pains of the publishers, and will compare favorably with the finest English editions of the Common Prayer.

If ever a body of Christian believers needed devotional aids and stimulants to awaken aspiration and kindle the higher sentiments, it is the people called Unitarian. They inherit historically the Puritan prejudices and forms, while their later convictions deny the Puritan exclusiveness and iconoclastic zeal. These old methods and new doctrines stand in obvious, if not irreconcilable contrast, and are strikingly out of harmony with each other. It is the vain attempt to "put new wine into old bottles" and preserve the wine. Catholic and liberal ideas which the Unitarian now professes, and on which, no doubt, he prides himself too highly, may result, as they naturally will, in genial and benevolent lives, but they are not so sure to nurture the devout feelings and affections which underlie all vital and genuine faith. Consequently his new convictions, requiring harmonious expression, and his old, inherited forms of worship, stern and inflexible in their nature, have never blended kindly together, and the charge preferred so often against the coldness of Unitarian churches finds here a philosophical reason as well as a practical difficulty.

At the very best, Congregational forms are cold and meagre and one-sided. Everything — the entire success of each Sunday's ministration — depends on the minister; the people have no voice in it, and are apt to feel and take no part in it, and the whole service, lacking so essentially the sympathy that is only excited by uniting both parties in actual participation, as well as in silent consent, is liable to fail of its object, and leave behind it no warm, satisfying, uniform, or

abiding impression. Why not manfully confess what we feel and lament? Our "Amen" is not the hearty "So be it" that we long to realize, and yet always miss. Who feels it and utters it in its true sense, as an expression of the fulness and satisfaction that his worship has brought? Who does not ask for more sentiment in the worship of the sanctuary, for greater variety and richness in the order of the services?

Experience ought to make us ready to grant that a liturgical order will meet and remedy many defects in the Congregational. Many a person with Unitarian ideas and sympathies goes to an Episcopal church for the sake of the service. He does this without much expectation or chance of any other edification, willing to give up for *that* alone the better preaching and more liberal tendencies of other communions. If the new wine is not to be wasted, the suggestion of new bottles is not untimely.

In the division of the old Congregational body, the Unitarian portion was the least Puritanic, and absorbed most of the liberal and æsthetic culture of the time. Its doctrine was catholic, its theory of life genial and humane. In its ideas it came nearer any other church than the one it left. In its history, up to the present hour, it has been more faithful to these than to its old traditions. Why not seek to reconcile its external order to its inward convictions?

There is a grace, variety, beauty, and fulness in the "Book of Prayer" that we have named, that ought long ago to have gained it a place in our churches and made it a household treasure at our firesides. It has in it the elements of satisfactory worship and reading, that we want so much at our public and private altars. It is in keeping with our religious ideas, and does not contradict the graceful proprieties and reverent ways which, under the teaching of those ideas, we have come to demand from our ministers and in our houses of prayer. Our own inquiries, followed through some years of experience, have grown into convictions, and now we cannot help the persuasion that an order of service, according

to this Book, or similar to it, would gradually kindle a new spirit of devotion in our churches and in our hearts. In saying this, we do not overlook those personal and interior exercises of religion which are the vitalities of all worship, and without which no outward forms will avail, as they cannot take their place in the heart of the worshipper. But no man can safely retire upon these alone. Certain seasons and forms demand recognition by the most spiritual mind. They are the devotional aids which even such a mind cannot do without and keep up its spirituality. Forms, and *stated* forms, are intimately related to the free and spontaneous life of the soul. Nothing is more common or more sad than the slow and utter dying out of inward religion, when all formal religion has been renounced and cast aside as worthless. By putting our heart's faith or love into expression, into word or deed, they come back to us in greater distinctness and force, increasing the sum and intensity of our inmost life. That is the natural action of appropriate forms of worship. We need those forms in order to a worship such as the Saviour enjoined, that shall be paid "in spirit and in truth." And we need the *best*, those nearest in harmony with our spiritual wants and our own distinctive theological ideas. Our judgment is individual, and we put in that qualification when giving it to our readers. We may think that the Chapel Liturgy has suffered from over-pruning, and is less positive in its character than it ought to be, and might have been, except for the great sensitiveness of the early editors towards certain expressions, which, they feared, might bear a Trinitarian sense. But admitting this possible criticism, it is otherwise worthy of all commendation, and without bringing it into comparison with the Episcopal Common Prayer, and considering the people for whose use it was arranged, there is no book so good, so beautiful, or complete. There are a few other books of a liturgical nature which deserve mention, of greater or less merit, and, wherever adopted, have proved acceptable and successful. Among these are the

"Book of Worship" by Mr. Clarke, the "Christian Liturgy" by Dr. Hedge, and the "Service-Book" by Professor Huntington, which, during his ministry, made the evening worship of the College Chapel so attractive and impressive. But their individual merits, which they certainly possessed, if combined together, would leave the Liturgy of King's Chapel alone in its superiority and general completeness. This stands by itself as altogether the best fitted for the purposes of Unitarian worship.

After all that we hear about the freedom and spontaneity of Congregational worship, it still remains a question whether the Episcopal form is not more flexible and inspiring. Certainly it must be admitted that the Book of Common Prayer takes a wider range and meets a larger variety of conditions than any single clergyman, however gifted and however furnished, can possibly survey and answer to in his weekly pulpit ministrations. He is happy in meeting individual occasions. The Liturgy meets many, perhaps all. The latter gains in general edification, where the former gains in special impressiveness. The choice lies between these two methods. And here a liberal mind cannot long hesitate, and the order that is most comprehensive must prevail over that which is simply effective. By every argument of taste and sentiment, the Unitarian is drawn towards a liturgical worship. His tendencies to-day are in the direction of his sympathies, which contradict his traditions and history. The Church which his Puritan fathers forsook, and not the Church which they built, is the one to which he now inclines. *There* also are his intellectual brethren, those who are following his own lines of thought, and whose theological problems are the same that he himself is trying to solve. The preaching that suits him best he finds in the sermons of Maurice and Kingsley and Robertson. The spiritual heroism that looks Biblical difficulties in the face, and promises to help his own inquiries in the same direction, he finds in men called "Churchmen," holding livings in the Establishment and professorships in Oxford.

There must be some reason for these affinities of sentiment and thought. Generous thinking and graceful forms are always in sympathetic agreement, and he who possesses one would naturally gravitate to the other. And over all refined and sensitive minds, a worship that generations have hallowed is peculiarly sacred and impressive. It is a grand thought that we are praying with a great multitude of believers, breathing the same confessions, supplicating the same mercies, singing the same chants of thanksgiving and praise.

D. C.

RANDOM READINGS.

FREAKS OF MEMORY.

Priestley is said to have read a book which he wrote himself without discovering for some time who the author was. We easily credit the story of one who wrote so much and never half digested his own matter. Whately reports a case of recovery from apoplexy of a man who had forgotten the last ten years of his life, while all the previous portion was as fresh as ever. A leaf had been torn out of the book. The following cases, cited by the same writer, illustrate the doctrine that the impressions of childhood are never lost, though overlaid by after experiences, — a doctrine encouraging to teachers who have dull or intractable scholars. A fever patient who for years had been idiotic, though she was not born so, was made *rational* by that stage of the fever which ordinarily produces insanity. She knew her former companions and acquaintances, and talked rationally with them again. This would seem to illustrate Mr. Wilkinson's doctrine, who proposes Spiritualism as a cure for insanity because it produces insanity. What makes sane men mad he thinks may make mad men sane. Whately cites two other cases of the revival of the knowledge of language. A bricklayer in London fell from a scaffold and hurt his brain. They carried him to the hospital, where he could not be made to speak a word of English, but talked a jargon which the doctors could not understand. One of the nurses who was a

Welshwoman found he was talking Welsh. A man of French parentage, who settled in England when a boy, grew up English, and forgot his French. But he had a fever, in the delirium of which he forgot his English, and could only sputter French, insisting all the while that he was only sixteen years old. We wonder whether any such concussion of brain would bring back the Greek and Latin of college graduates, some of whom seem to have less after leaving college than before entering.

Mr. Webster, in his great speech in reply to Hayne, is said to have described his own consciousness, not as identical with, but analogous to, the cerebral excitement of fever. All that he had read and learned came to him and stood out with bright objectiveness, ready to be used without the least effort at remembrance. It was as if the whole treasure-house of memory was astir and alive, everything coming spontaneously into its place. Such was the result of the excitement of the hour on the tremendous enginery of that immense galvanic battery, the brain of Daniel Webster. It seems a pity that in the seventh of March speech the same process could not have been repeated, when some things once known seem to have been entirely forgotten.

These instances show the absurdity of the popular notion, that a great memory is incompatible with great powers otherwise, — a maxim which we have often heard quoted by college dunces. Memory, other things being the same, depends upon brain-life, — the more active the brain, the more ready and vivid the memory.

Sir William Hamilton, whom we have once quoted before on this subject, tells some huge stories in his lectures on memory. Ben Jonson could not only repeat all he had ever written, but whole books that he had read. If we had his faculty, we should pray to be delivered from the full exercise of it. Niebuhr in his youth was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark, where, part of a book of accounts having been lost, he restored it from his recollection. Seneca complains of old age, because he cannot, as he once did, repeat two thousand names in the order they were read to him; and he avers that on one occasion, when at his studies, two hundred unconnected verses having been pronounced by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first uttered.

In our days we have learning made easy, — altogether too easy

sometimes. We disparage already a "verbal memory," and "getting things by rote." We read novels in rocking-chairs, or skim them rather, — grow restless under sermons that tax our attention very much. A quick and retentive memory, both of words and things, is an invaluable treasure, and may be had by any one who will take the pains. Theodore Parker, when in the Divinity School, had a notion that his memory was defective and needed looking after, and he had an immense chronological chart hung up in his room, and tasked himself to commit the contents, — all the names and dates from Adam and the year one down through Nimrod, Ptolemy Soter, Heliogabalus, and the rest.

Our verbal memory soonest fails us, unless we attend to it and keep it in fresh order. A child will commit and recite verbatim easier than an adult, and girls easier than boys. To keep the verbal memory fresh, it is capital exercise to study and acquire new languages, or commit and treasure up choice passages, making them a part of our mental wealth.

"I have forgotten more than you ever knew," said a boaster once, in contempt of another.

"Perhaps so," was the answer, "and if you could forget some other things that *I* know it might be for your peace of mind hereafter." Wisely to forget is often a more difficult thing than to remember. There are some things that most people fain would rub out, and for which we may implore the Lord to pour his soothing Lethe over the soul. S.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN MEN AND ANIMALS.

It has puzzled the philosophers to find it out. Plato's "two-legged animal without feathers" does not hold, for some creatures, plainly not men, have neither feathers nor four legs. That man has reason, and animals only instinct, is not universally true, for some animals reason about as well as some men. A horse we heard of would jump into his master's oat-field in the night, and jump back again into the pasture before morning to escape detection. And a dog who followed three hunters was sent back after their hats, which they had left upon the ground in taking aim at a deer. The dog put one of the smaller hats into the largest one, and the smallest into that, and brought them all three at once, and so saved himself the

labor of several journeys, making one instead of three. See much to the same effect in Buffon's Natural History, showing at least a quasi reason, and not mere instinct. "Man," you say, "has a moral sense." *Some* men you mean. The moral sense of the Bushman and the Patagonian has hardly yet been discovered. Man is immortal, we say again, — and here the annihilationists dispute us. Only good men, they say, are immortal. The bad die out, and even our brother Fernald gives them over to destruction, — all but an infinitesimal soul-germ.

Two things distinguish men from animals, and they sound odd when put together, — the faculty of improvement and the faculty of laughing. If some men have not a moral sense, yet there are no men in whom it may not be awakened and developed, and this is the proof and the earnest of immortality. Moreover animals never laugh. Men only have that faculty, showing how high and sacred it was designed to be. If, instead of being like the crackling of thorns under a pot, it were always the placid diffusion of benevolent feeling, or the rolling out of billowy and contagious joy, laughter would be essentially human, and the worthy distinction of an immortal being. S.

QUADRILATERAL TRIANGLES.

We remember a classmate, a tall, promising youth, with large organ of language, — now, we believe, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, — who got up in the recitation-room and tried to define a quadrilateral triangle. He hitched and boggled at his definition.

"You may draw it on the board," said Professor Totten, gravely. He went to the board and drew quadrangles, pentangles, and polyangles, but never a triangle having four sides. We hope if he sees this he will pardon us for revealing the secrets of the recitation-room, but he may be comforted in the fact that older people all their lives long are working at just such problems, both in religion and morals, and never getting any nearer the solution. In theology the problem of the Trinity is precisely similar; in morals, the woman question. Is woman equal to man? That can be settled when we determine whether a triangle is equal to a square, or when we can tell how a square circle can be described. Woman is the image of the Divine Love. Man is the image of the Divine Reason. Woman is goodness. Man is truth. Not solely or exclusively, but in man reason

dominates affection and keeps it in shape. In woman affection dominates reason and keeps it warm. Man goes to his work in lines straight as the arrow to the target. Woman goes to hers in curves and spirals, and those wavy with the tremblements of love. If man had made the world, the rivers would have been Dutch canals with rows of windmills along the banks to grind the corn, and there would have been no hills, but only level plains, ready for the railroads and the cars to snort over them. If woman had made it, there would have been rills brought into all the gardens, and we should go to mill in pleasure carriages and over Prospect mountain and around through Harmony grove.

Woman's process of induction is her own, though quite as unerring as that of man. She reaches her conclusions by her intuitions. Man reaches his through a lengthening and drudging logic. Woman feels the truth, or Cassandra-like she *visions* it. Man argues, sweats over it, hammers it into shape on anvils. Woman besets a falsity as the trade-winds beset an iceberg. On it comes floating from the poles, crushing steamers and whale-ships; but it gets in possession of the soft-fingered tropics, and grows beautifully less, and trickles off and disappears in summer seas. Man builds breastworks, saps and undermines, surrounds the falsehood with batteries, blows at it with theological saltpetre. Dr. Pond exemplifies one process. Mrs. Stowe the other. The powder-logic is the more noisy; the breeze logic is the more effectual. And whether goodness is equal to truth, whether a curve is equal to an angle, whether the sun-warmth is equal to the sunlight, are problems worthy of our excellent friend who worked at the quadrilateral triangle, and is now trying the same method in theology. S.

MUSIC BY STEAM.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Eight hundred years before Fulton watched the steam of the teakettle, Gerbert, the most learned man at the close of the tenth century, and finally Pope, under the title of Silvester II., had discovered the power of steam. But that was a religious age, rather than mechanical and commercial, and so the invention was put to religious uses, and steam was made to play the organ. Thus we have it described in Milman's foot-notes to his Latin Christianity, Vol. II. p. 419.

"Ipse Gebertus fecit arte mechanica horologium et organa hydraulica, ubi mirum in modum, per aquæ calefactæ violentiam, implet ventus emergens concavitatem barbiti, et per multos foratiles tractus aereæ fistulæ modulatos clamores emittunt."

"This Gebert made, by mechanic art, a horologue and an hydraulic organ, where in a wonderful manner, through the force of water made hot, the wind emerging filled the cavity of the instrument and drawn through many small holes, brass pipes were made to emit melodious sound."

The writer does not say that the invention was used in the worship of the Church, though very likely it was. The sermons and prayers, too, in *some* churches, might be got up in the same way, where the volume of sound is the principal thing required, and so the pulpit machinery and that of the choir might all go by steam.

It was fortunate for Fulton and Watt that they did not live eight centuries ago. Gerbert, instead of being honored for his inventions, was accused of magic and complicity with the Devil. This was said of him after he died.

"Homagium diabolo fecit et male finivit."

"He did homage to the Devil and ended miserably." S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Lectures on Logic. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Rev. Henry L. Mansel, L.L. D. and John Veitch, M.A. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Sir William Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics are known to the American public in the splendid volume which Messrs. Gould and Lincoln issued last year. The present volume on Logic comprises the concluding portion of the Biennial course which was given and repeated, with slight alterations, from 1836 to 1856, the time during which Sir William occupied the Professorial chair in the University of Edinburgh. These Lectures on Logic, with the appendix and index, occupy 714 pages of fair paper and type. The amount of labor and learning which they evince is almost incredible, and it is most encouraging to know that such books

as these are in demand, especially when men need so much to study and practise the laws and methods of clear thinking and sound reasoning. S.

Historical Pictures Retouched. A Volume of Miscellanies in Two Parts. Part I. Studies. Part II. Fancies. By MRS. DALL, Author of "Woman's Right to Labor." Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. — These sketches are beautifully printed, and make a neat volume of 400 pages. The "Studies," or historical sketches, which we read with the most interest, are twelve in number, — "pictures" in each of which some woman of ancient or modern times is the central figure, around which other characters are grouped; sometimes in a very few pages giving a vivid portraiture of the spirit and manners of their times. We read with none the less interest when not agreeing with the writer, as we certainly do not in her criticisms upon Mr. Kingsley's Hypatia, and in her estimate of the Countess Matilda. The portrait of Aspasia is drawn with admirable skill. Mrs. Dall's style is exceedingly pure and graceful, and her studies have made her familiar with the background and by-ways of history. The reader will find her Pictures a very pleasant and readable volume, and, if his knowledge of history is growing dull, he will find some of its periods retouched and made bright again. S.

A Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. *Revised, with Important Additions.* Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. — This new Dictionary of Dr. Worcester is designed as a manual where the large quarto, either on account of size or expensiveness, may not come into popular use. It is a large octavo of double columns, comprising about 600 pages of fair paper and clear type. It is a combination of the two former octavo dictionaries of the author, carefully revised. The first was published in 1830, known as the "Comprehensive Dictionary;" the last in 1855, entitled "A Pronouncing, Explanatory, and Synonymous Dictionary of the English Language," being an enlargement of the other. The present retains all the excellences of the two former, and bears throughout the indications of the author's thoroughness, diligence, and care. Besides the common words of the English language it has numerous technical terms, words obsolete or antiquated but which still occur in the course of common reading, provincialisms, American-

isms, and words from foreign languages which are often used. These are all carefully discriminated. There are also notices of synonymes, brief but very important to perfect precision in the use of words.

There are about thirty pages of introductory matter, on the sounds of the letters, on orthoepy, and orthography, with a list of words variously spelt, and a brief history of the formation of the English language. The appendix contains the vocabularies of proper names which were in the former dictionaries, a collection of words and phrases often quoted from foreign languages, and an account of the principal heroes and deities in ancient fabulous history.

The excellence of Dr. Worcester's dictionaries over all others now in use consists in his clear and discriminating notation, in which all the shades of the vowel-sounds are unmistakably known, in the conformation of his orthography and orthoepy to the best living usage, in the precision and exhaustive range of his definitions, and in the indispensable vocabularies of proper names. It is highly gratifying to know that his dictionaries are having a wider and wider circulation, and that his quarto has reached the twenty-fifth thousand. S.

Ethica; or an Outline of Moral Science for Students and Reflecting Men. By JOHN H. STINSON. New York: A. B. Kitson. — A volume of 100 pages, involving a discussion of the most important subjects in moral philosophy. In so brief a space it can only supply hints and suggestions. S.

The Philosophy of Natural History. By JOHN WARE, M. D. Prepared on the Plan, and retaining Portions, of the Work of WILLIAM SMELLIE, Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 1860. — Smellie's Natural History has borne the test of time. It has that abundant life which passes into new forms, and, conserving all that is still true and valuable, takes to itself fresh material and perpetuates the old in the new. This book, although admirably fitted for use in schools, has an interest far beyond a mere school manual. E.

Odd People; being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Men. By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, Author of "The Desert Home," &c. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. —

Captain Reid has again put the young people largely in his debt by a book which, in this case, certainly is entertaining without being sensational, and really instructive. It will be deservedly a great favorite. E.

Brief Biographies. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," and "Life of George Stephenson." With Steel Portraits. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Mr. Smiles has made an exceedingly interesting and instructive book, — selecting some characters as examples, and others as warnings, and always writing with great simplicity and earnestness. It is especially a book for the young, but their elders will turn to it with pleasure, for the satisfaction of their curiosity about our modern notabilities in art, science, and literature. It deserves, and will receive, we are sure, the heartiest welcome and commendation. The portraits add much to the value of the beautifully printed volume. E.

The Odes of Horace. Translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes. By THEODORE MARTIN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Certainly it is a significant instance of earthly immortality that Horace should have reached the "blue and gold." The Life and the translation are both admirable; all the more so because the one is not an extravagant eulogium, and the other is purged from certain defilements which, had Horace lived in our day, he would not have suffered upon his pages. E.

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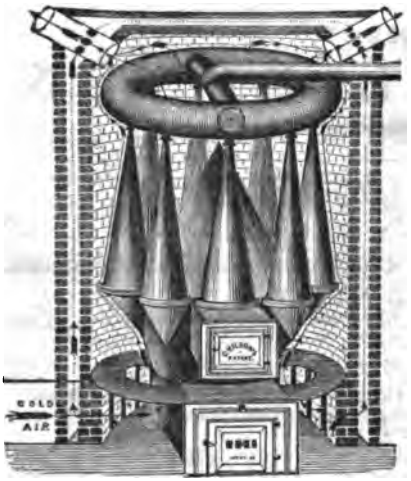

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THE

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AND

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AND

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NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Every great social interest seems to require three organs, — a review, a magazine, and a newspaper, — each representing the same cause under different aspects, — elaborately and critically in the first, more in detail and with colloquial facility in the second, and as to facts, news, and general information in the third. Combinedly considered, this triple economy of the press will be found to reach the wants of all classes, and keep the common object and aim freely and faithfully before the public mind. The Liberal Christianity of the country, and especially of New England, is thus expounded, illustrated, and reported by the Christian Examiner, the Religious Magazine, and the Inquirer and Register. . . .

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The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal. Volume XXIV. We have already on a former occasion spoken of this Magazine as being one of the most ably conducted religious periodicals in America. The July number commences a new volume; and judging from the tone and character of the copy before us, as compared with former numbers, most gallantly does it maintain its position as a liberal and independent expositor of vital and practical Christianity. The articles are generally of that character which must commend them with especial directness to the minds and hearts of almost every class of readers. — *Atlantic Messenger.*

N. B. We send, with this number, bills to a few subscribers who are indebted for the Magazine. This notice we hope will be sufficient to remind them that the sum due would be very acceptable at this time.

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THE

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VOL. XXIV. DECEMBER, 1860. No. 6.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

MR. NORTON rejects from his version of the New Testament the first two chapters of Matthew's Gospel, mainly on the ground of internal evidence. He thinks the story of the Magi "a strange mixture of astrology and miracle." That they should be guided by a star which at last stood over the place where the child was, he treats as absurd; for an object but little elevated in the heavens "changes its apparent position in reference to objects seen on the earth according to the point of view of the spectator."

That by "his star in the East" is meant one of the heavenly bodies, neither the original word nor the connection in which it is found makes it necessary for us to suppose, and this case illustrates the wisdom and good sense of some of Professor Jowett's remarks in his late Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture. In almost all the supramundane appearances described in the Sacred Scriptures, we shall find ourselves wofully at fault in our interpretations until we give a full recognition to the fact that there are two worlds, one spiritual, the other natural; and that demonstrations from one into the other are not addressed to the carnal

eye, but to a spiritual faculty touched and opened to apprehend them.

The birth of Christ, which was a new Divine advent, for which the earth was waiting, and for which all past history had prepared the way, was not an event which affected alone the people of Palestine. Both the angel world and the human sympathized with it. It is a most remarkable fact, that all nations and peoples at that very hour were looking for the dawn of a new era. The world *felt* that a crisis had come in its history, and that something wonderful was about to take place. This general and breathless waiting some writers have tried to account for as being the result of Jewish prophecy, — a cause altogether inadequate. It can only be accounted for from the fact that this world is connected with a higher world of causes by internal relations and sympathies, and that on the eve of the grand crises of history, when the Divine agencies come nearer on the spiritual side, the tidings run down on invisible chords and thrill through the heart of the race. Those whose minds were most susceptible of Divine impressions would receive the tidings with greater distinctness.

None dispute the genuineness of Luke's narrative. The shepherds were tending their flocks in the fields of Bethlehem, as the custom was in the East, for they lived under the mild glories of an Oriental sky. Very likely their minds were intent on the event for which not only Judæa, but the nations were waiting. Suddenly their spirit-senses are opened, and they see the Divine agencies through which heaven and earth are in sympathy for the birth of Him who is to introduce a new order of years. When it is said that "the angel of the Lord appeared to them," and "the glory of the Lord shone round them," it is clear enough, we hope, that they did not see beings of flesh and blood with fleshly eyes, but supernal messengers, with spirit-sight opened to perceive super-sensual things. And so of the bursting symphonies that followed, — "the multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God, and say-

ing, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." It was the inner eye and ear of the contemplative shepherd made sensitive to the glories and melodies which were coming nearer the earth in the event by which heaven and earth were to meet and be made one again.

The passage in Matthew describes phenomena of precisely the same order. So at least we understand it, and we do not see how it can be read otherwise. The common reader gets a false notion from the rendering "wise men" in our English version. The Magians were a sect well known throughout the East long before our Saviour's time, and they exist to this day. They were of the Parsee religion, which was reformed by Zoroaster, and which probably comprised more of the essentials of a lofty spiritual faith than the Jewish religion, as popularly received, had ever done. One God, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, a day of judgment, and a just retribution in the future world, were its familiar doctrines. It is supposed to have borrowed largely from the Hebrew Scriptures. It was the purest form of worship that ever gained footing in Persia, or which is known now in Hindostan and China, in which countries it has since been propagated. When a traveller meets among the swarming population of the East a man of clearer intelligence, of loftier bearing, and of high mercantile integrity, he knows him at once for a Parsee. The sect have been known in history under the name of Fire-worshippers, but the Zend Avesta, which is a collection of their sacred writings, shows very clearly that they were not idolaters.

It was this sect from whom, as we read in Matthew, messengers came from the country east of Palestine to do homage to the infant Saviour. If their religion made them susceptible to higher and more spiritual intuitions, there is no reason why they should not have shared in a higher degree the expectations of the world; no reason why its grand epoch should not send on before it into their minds gleams of the coming light, and that on the plains of Chaldæa, as on the

plains of Bethlehem, the good news should not have broken from the heavens into the minds of men.

It is well enough known to the student of the Bible pneumatology that angelophanies are described under the appearance of a star. The aptness and the beauty of the representation will be obvious enough. By "his star in the East," can be meant no other than his angel-messenger appearing there to the Magians, as the like messenger appeared to the shepherds in Palestine. "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches," is the symbolic description in the Revelation. Christ himself is described under the same appearance, — "I am the root and the offspring of David, the bright and morning star." And the promise to the faithful disciple is, when he shall become glorified, "I will give him the morning star"; or, again, "he shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

This mode of description is not confined to the sacred writers. Milton, in describing man's walk with God and angels in the primeval Eden, has occasion to adopt it.

> "Haste hither, Eve, and with thy sight behold,
> Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
> Comes this way moving; *seems another morn*
> *Risen on mid-noon;* some great behest from heaven
> To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
> This day to be our guest."

And here is a description, by some anonymous writer, of super-sensual vision, which is very much to the same purpose.

> "I gazed, in wonder lost,
> Nor knew where I might turn,
> But saw far off *three clustering stars*
> *With purest radiance burn.*
> Brighter they beamed and larger grew,
> And when they nearer came,
> Three angel-forms before me stood
> In robes of waving flame."

In one of Homer's finest passages, he describes the Trojan army ordering its forces for the coming engagement. Hector,

their first chief, sometimes appears in the front, and sometimes disappears among the rear ranks to marshal and encourage his men. He is described under the image of a star, sometimes breaking full and clear out of a cloud, and sometimes sinking back again and disappearing in its folds. Chapman's translation lacks Homer's compactness, and the imagery is not so clear cut as in the original; but it is better than Pope's, and preserves the figure of the star exactly as Homer has it.

"In front of all the field
Troy's great Priamides did bear his all-ways-equal shield,
Still plying the ordering of his power. And as amid the sky
We sometimes see an ominous star blaze clear and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appear again;
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vaunt-guard, shining plain,
Then in the rear-guard hid himself, and labored everywhere
To order and encourage all; his armor was so clear,
And he applied each place so fast, that, like a lightning thrown
Out of the shield of Jupiter, in every eye he shone."

To suppose that a planetary body moved through the air to guide the Magians to the infant King, is an exposition worthy of our clumsy hermeneutics, that will see nothing above the natural degree, and are for lopping off everything which natural philosophy cannot bring into the range of its telescopes. To suppose that, when the heavens were bending near to the earth, and pressing into its affairs for the salvation of man, they should have broken sometimes upon the vision of those who stood on its sublimer heights, and should have given them a view of the realm of causes, does no violence to our most reasonable philosophy. Undoubtedly the lyric melodies are often floating around us, seeking to bring the earth into concord with the Divine harmonies, only our "muddy vesture of decay" shuts them out, and we cannot hear them. A meteor moving through the natural air would have been visible to others as well as to the Magians; but if one of the angels of the Divine presence appeared to them, even as to the shepherds of Bethlehem, — one of those "morn-

ing stars" who "sang together" at the creation, and are now choiring again to celebrate the redemption of man, — and if the angel guided the Magians till he hovered over the cradle of the new-born Saviour, we cannot conceive how the fact could have been given to us more appropriately or more beautifully than the Gospel narrative has given it.

All that part of the New Testament history which we call miracle, is to undergo a new discussion, and be viewed from a new stand-point. Formerly the miracles have been appealed to merely as "evidence" of certain truths announced by the Saviour; we have heard intelligent Christians avow that, but for these, they should not know that they were to live after death any more than the brutes that perish. As the central fact of the Divine Incarnation is recognized and verified to the reason, — Christ the great and glorious theophany that explains and organizes all human history, — the "miracles" will no longer need explaining, nor will they be regarded as prodigies and violations of natural law. They will appear as the fitting symbolization of the God of nature coming nearer to men, — of spiritual laws acting upon the natural, and within them. Standing single, and without the life and character of Christ, the miracles are utterly incredible. With that life and character, it seems as easy and becoming for him to do those works which no other man did, as it is for me to move this pen over the paper. And nothing seems to us more fitting or more credible than the angelophanies which were the attendants and the heralds of the Divine coming and of the Divine work which was finally to make the earth below at one with the heavens above. S.

"THE faith by which men live is a faith in *Persons*. Abraham trusted God, and was as his friend: and so all souls of a like trust are called by St. Paul the seed of faithful Abraham. The original germ of such faith is the divine longing in our hearts after 'the things that are pure, true, holy, and lovely.'"

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE.

THE week of the visit of the Prince of Wales was in many ways remarkable. It is not often that a whole community is moved by one and the same sentiment. Our interests, as well as pleasures, are mostly those of class. What absorbs one is unknown to, has no charm for another. Here it was otherwise. All classes were alike interested. Rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, had one common topic of interest, conversation, and thought. City and country throbbed in unison. Not the men who stand idle, always ready for some new thing, — not women merely, nor children, — were somewhat turned from the calm of their ordinary lives, but men who do not yield easily to a sentiment, and have a good deal of contempt for anything that approaches a sensation Even trade stood still, and business yielded up a holiday. In full tide, throngs of all classes, ages, temperaments, crowded and choked the city highways, stood unwearied and good natured the fearful pressure of hours, filled the windows, climbed to roofs and chimney-tops, submitted to inconvenience and annoyance, that they might see a fair-faced boy, quiet and modest, who is the heir to the greatest throne, the expectant ruler over the most powerful people, on the globe. For once we forgot our sturdy republicanism, the turgid rhetoric about monarchies, all matters of rivalry and prejudice and still lurking dislike, and whatever our social position, whatever our party politics, whatever our theological creed, with one heart, with spontaneous good-will, hastened to do honor, bid welcome, show our good wishes to him of whose blood came all our woes, — woes the bloody but blessed seed of all our joys.

He has come and gone, — that unassuming young man, heir to the glories of that empire on which the sun never sets, himself higher in human position than any other young man that sun looks upon. He — the descendant of the self-

willed George, to whom, as head, and not to minister or people, is due the tyranny and obstinacy which forced a loyal people to revolt — has passed through this broad land, trodden the prairie, sailed on the lake, looked in upon slavery, given his hand to and sat by the side of mechanics, bowed at the tomb of Washington, and looked at the tall gray shaft which rises to commemorate the sundering of the tie between his people and us, while from its summit, under the sweet October sun, waved the meteor-flag, over a field upon which once it surged in all the uncertainty and horror of fratricidal strife. He has crossed the threshold of the citizen, he has turned the head of the young woman with whom he danced, and the heart of her with whom he did not. He has seen how needless standing armies are where volunteer service is so well performed; he has seen how the multitude is to be trusted to its own instinct of decency and order; he has heard children's voices, in the dear cadence of his nation's anthem, asking the best Heaven gives, for him. Never has man had such a welcome as this vast nation has given him, — not Washington or Lafayette, — because it has been in no way the acclaim due for service or allegiance, no mere holiday desire to see the stuff of which kings are made, but voluntary, hearty, unbought, unearned. Happily inaugurated, successfully was the whole idea carried out. A master-mind ordered all his doings with promptness, decision, and the best sense; public functionaries, railway officials, private men, have shown the true American force and character, dashed, it is true, with some evidences of manners and taste in society and church so shocking as I trust never may be known again. Thrown a little off our balance, with a king among us, I yet hope that he carries to that royal mother and that royal people as hearty a good-will as he takes from us, and that the thought of America may be always one of pleasure and respect.

He has come and gone. Life slips back to its old way. History writes the record of the visit of Victoria's son.

Many will remember in their thoughts and tell their children of this pleasing vision of royalty. No one will forget the face they have once looked on. The fact of this visit is a fact, a memory, and an influence.

As I wandered here and there among the people, constant witness to eagerness and patience, good nature and inconvenience without a parallel in my observation of crowds, I have caught myself repeating the words once uttered by the Saviour, when Judæa had been stirred by the voice crying in the wilderness: "What went ye out for to see?" I think I may safely answer, not merely in vulgar curiosity, to see a prince, though some no doubt had only that desire. We might have had other princes visit us, and let them come and go without any such special notice. Neither our absurd national mania for everything that assumes a title, nor any desire to keep the right side of England, — to show her our money-power or the ability of our best society, or to impress these upon one himself in the providence of God to hold in no small degree the destiny of two hemispheres in his hands, — could have brought out demonstrations which have not been of show, or expediency, or of form, but of hearty good-will. Myself, I am surprised and gratified, and hail as an omen the universality of the feeling of good-will which has been the bright particular charm, the glory, and the crown of this event.

If not a prince, what went ye out for to see? I answer, Victoria's son. Probably no woman who has worn a crown has been so largely and so deservedly loved and respected as she who now adorns, and adds a better something than power to, the English throne. Her home character, her household virtues, the sterling English, motherly sense shown in the training of her children, have made her a name we never speak without respect. An Elizabeth, a Catherine, a Marie Antoinette, never could have inspired republican breasts with a sentiment only a little short of loyalty. And Victoria the monarch, aside from Victoria the woman, would have stood

lower than these on the tablets of that record upon which she is destined to stand first. Never out of kingly houses, even when they awed the world, has there gone an influence like that from the palace in which it is known a mother rules. The loyalty of the Englishman is traditional; he is born so. King and country is his motto, and that sentiment takes on a softer tone when he can say, "God save the *Queen*." With us, I have always thought there is a loyalty to England's queen, — a better sort of chivalrous respect, growing rather out of what is womanly than queenly in her, — which is unknowingly playing no mean part in the effacing of national prejudices, and the establishing of international good-will. The wealth, the power, the mechanism, the manufacture of England, all tended to increase rivalry, all stood in the way of fair understanding; but God put a woman on the throne, and that in us which ever draws toward woman has drawn us toward her, and so toward her people, with a sentiment that overleaps tariffs, gives us large rather than petty rivalries, and is fast bringing us into a position which language and lineage, nature and God, declare the only one for us. Her reign and the manner of it have done much toward cementing the two nations, and when it was known that her first-born — heir to her throne and it is hoped to her virtues — was to cross the waters to visit his own subjects, a strong desire to see and welcome him ran through the land. It is the mother in the child we went out to see and greet, and we thought how it would please the mother-heart, and show to her as we have no means of showing how truly we respect the woman and the queen.

Moreover, we went to see the representative of a great nation, — one from which the littleness and intrigues of politics and trade cannot separate us. It was the heir apparent to her throne whom we welcomed and honored. He was England to us, — the land from which we drew our life, the land every large-hearted man respects. For since the

time the barons wrung from their master the "Magna Charta," which Macaulay considers as the moment at which English history begins, her career has been onward and honorable, despite mistakes and faults and tyrannies, bad rulers and bad laws. You may put that career by the side of any other covering the same years, and in every requisite of true greatness she stands first. There may be more brilliant eras in the records of other nations, kings who have had more individual genius and impressed themselves more personally upon the people, — Peter the Great, Leo the Tenth, Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, — while England, independent of the character of her monarch, has moved steadily on, an inward vigor in her not to be overcome by any fierce current that might set outwardly against her. Great princes she has hardly had; her most noted reigns are those of women, — Elizabeth, Anne, Victoria. Great men she has always had, men to modify if not to shape kingly ways, men great in every branch of human thought, men not to be kept under by red tape, but coming into high place and conquering blood. Had we been colonists of any other country, speaking any other language, reared under any other laws, — had there not been the element of freedom in the British nation and the English heart, our history had had far other record. She is our mother by no mere figure of speech. No favored child were we, and yet the truer manhood ours for the sternness of her discipline. We have rebelled and fought her. We have conquered, got what we sought; the madness is clean gone out of us, and we are big enough, and ought to be wise enough, to let the past be buried, and do ample justice to the first power of the earth. That is just what she is, and we, with all our brag, are not. We have not yet got up to that, any more than the great broad-shouldered boy has got to be the first power in the home. It may be that England cannot whip us, but whipping does not constitute power. Power is not in fleets and armies, balls and bayonets. Power is a

combination less of material, than of intellectual and moral forces; it is a *tout ensemble* you may not analyze, whose operations you may not know, but which goes and does its work. You may find France, Russia, America, to contend the palm; but judged candidly, with all the prestige of her past, with the variety of her present resource, she must still be held as first, — self-poised, confident, mature. In that young man we saw the representative of that power, which has its home on every continent, in every zone. He is training for the rule of nations, — not the little isle in the sea, but of millions who shall never see his face or tread the shores of the mother-land. If he rules forty, twenty, or but five years, his rule must have great influence on the policy of nations, on all matters of international comity and trade. Peace shall wrap us all in her sweet elysium, or war's stern mandate startle the seas and the cities. I gaze on that young man, and think what may be the horoscope even now the future casts for him. I take courage and gather auguries of hope from what I see and hear, and I will join with all my heart in the children's prayer: —

> "Father, in loving care,
> Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
> Guide all his ways: —
> Thine arm his shelter be
> From harm by land or sea;
> Bid storm and danger flee,
> Prolong his days."

For myself, I confess that I went to see a man who, born to rule, knew how to obey. It is not without significance that the legend beneath the Prince's crest is, "I serve." To serve is not only Christ-like, but, what will touch some men more, king-like. Probably few boys of his age in America have been as thoroughly obedient, or are at his age so much and so cheerfully subject to rule. That is the way they bring up children in England. Even he who is master of all, is under masters, and my confidence in him as a man

and a monarch grows largely out of that. I have no trust in any man who does not know what obedience is. I have no hope of the rule of him who has not thoroughly learned to serve. The sterling English sense shows itself here. The future monarch is no spoiled child, no pampered pet, no show prince, but he is still a pupil, anxious to get back to his studies and to keep the promise he made his mother. The quiet way in which he has taken the homage of subjects, the attentions of strangers, the frankness of his manners, the genuineness of his courtesy, the uniformly agreeable impression he has left on all who have come in contact with him, all combine to show discipline, and that just poise of the man which that alone can give. And I would that our young men might take this teaching, and see that that which is felt to be essential to kingly training can in no way be useless or unmanly; that the law of the palace is good law for the house; that the motto for a prince should be the motto for every life. For myself, my drawing toward him personally was just that. He was a high type of young manhood, knowing and keeping the place of a young man, though born a king. The privileges, the immunities, the glories of his position, did not move me, but the thought of what he himself was in those.

He has come and gone. The last plaudits of the people have died upon his ear. The hearty God-speed of the nation followed him out upon the deep, where God keeps winds and waters in the hollow of his hands, and watches alike mariner and monarch. A great and wise act it was to sanction his coming. It has done good already; it will yet do more. The seeing with the eye will do much toward breaking down prejudice; it will create a mutual interest such as only comes of sight; it will cement two peoples. The queen mother will be touched as a mother only is; — a generous people will accept and respond to attentions no way short of their own loyalty. In many hours pleasing memories will rise in the young man's mind. America will be a grateful

name to him; and should troublous times come up when the sceptre shall be his, grave questions and grave fears, I am sure they will meet with more just and kindly consideration on both sides the water because of these past few weeks. God grant that no untoward difficulty rise to sever a union among peoples who have the same great language, and the same great aim and destiny. May they stand side by side in every good work, no foolish jealousies rising to weaken the power they may wield, the blessing they may bestow. May each delight to honor the other, and monarchical England and republican America move forward to the world's redemption, the red cross, with the stars and stripes, always in front, where Duty calls, and Justice is to be ministered, and the Right maintained.

J. F. W. W.

"A LIGHT OF STARS IN THE NIGHT SEASON."

THE practical experience of our daily life, it is often and truly said, is one of our great and indispensable teachers. Unless the instructions, which men and books give us, were interpreted and confirmed in its light, they would seem to avail us but little. It is this which unveils to us the hidden meaning of things, and enables us to become the children of wisdom.

Let the endurance of some painful sorrow afford us a fitting illustration. There is many a chapter in the vast volumes of Truth and Life which is unopened to us, until we have felt the pang of separation and the power of grief. It is in such a season of darkness that we discover fresh and glorious realities, which were concealed from us before, just as, when the sun goes down, and the shades of night prevail, the bright and innumerable stars, which were invisible in the glare of day, come forth to view, and proclaim to us more

fully the greatness and glory of God. As some one has beautifully said, "Sorrow is the night of the mind. What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence."

It is when these shadows surround us that we have a minuter and distincter survey of the past. However much we may have supposed that the entire memory of the vanished years was secure to us, we find, when sorrow bids us revert to them, how many items of their history had fallen out of our minds, and how improbable it is that they would otherwise have been restored to us. Now they come thronging back in endless number, to comfort us if we have been faithful, and to warn us if we have not. In either case they come to do us good. However painful the associations which they may revive, they are associations whose ministry we should not be willing to forego. With what language all the little incidents and circumstances of the days that are gone, as they were connected with the life of the departed, speak to us! The peculiar glance or smile, the playful familiarities, the most trivial words, the slightest offices of love and care, and all that once seemed so unimportant and evanescent, — how little we dreamed that these would so live as to return to us long afterward and affect us so deeply! How sacred and interesting the history which all the objects that crowd the home-scene, and remind us of the dead, unfold! How every article of furniture or adornment, arranged by hands now still, looked upon by eyes now closed, and talked of by lips now sealed, seems impregnated by the spirit of that dear life! Something that belonged to that earthly existence appears to have entered into whatever we behold around us; and the smallest, and in itself the most valueless memorial, refers us to some sweet chapter of our mutual life which we would not consent to forget, and now possesses a worth to us beyond the price of rubies. The past comes back to us

afresh in a myriad sights and experiences which once enlisted the interest of our sainted ones; — in the books they loved to read, the leaves still turned and the marks still untouched; in every favorite flower or tree; in the mighty ocean and the glorious old mountains with which they so often held free communion; in the faces of friends whom they cherished with such fond affection; in all their chosen walks and haunts; and in whatever reminds us of those who were, but are not. And it is when we see how these years that are numbered are crowded at every point with something of imperishable value, and how every echo from the most neglected apartments of memory bears to us such celestial sounds, that we discover what a significance there is in all that makes up our daily life, and what obligations devolve upon us to make that life all radiant and beautiful.

Sorrow discloses to us more perfectly the true character of the friends who leave us. The fleshly veil always conceals something of the inner life. Language is an imperfect medium of communication, and the human countenance fails to reveal the glory of the soul beneath. There is a beauty there which the inevitable encumbrances and infirmities of mortality serve partially to eclipse. It is not that we do not love, and even idolize, the objects of our affections. But it is that their immortal spirits are imprisoned in a house of clay, and that we do not and cannot know them as they really are, until we behold them with a more internal and spiritual vision. Death transfigures our loved and lost ones, and presents them to our minds in all their ideal loveliness. Whatever blinded us to their true worth and excellence before, is now removed, and the sanctified imagination at times almost realizes the heavenly original.

> "'T is only when they spring to Heaven, that angels
> Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
> Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
> Who care not for their presence, — muse or sleep, —
> And all at once they leave you and you *know* them!"

Thus, also, do we come to have a better acquaintance with ourselves. In our seasons of joy and prosperity we are apt to become blinded to a proper knowledge of our own moral condition and character. We must be sorely tried, in order that we may understand our weaknesses and wants. Before we were afflicted, we had the most unbounded reliance upon our own strength. Now we see on what a frail support we leaned. We had not a doubt that we could exercise a spirit of patience, whatever might betide us. Now we realize how difficult it is to suppress the murmurings of the heart, and how we need the Divine assistance. We had thought that, in all circumstances, we could say, "Thy will be done." But now we would fain see our own will done, in opposition to the will of God. We had not a suspicion that aught could shake our faith in the Divine wisdom and goodness. Now we are troubled with fears and misgivings, and are unhappy and disabled. Then, as we stand in the presence of death and its solemn mysteries, how superficial and unsatisfactory appears the life we have lived! How we are rebuked for all our unfaithfulness and sin! How distinctly we see to what an extent we have been engrossed in the transient and external! We have not kept constantly enough in view the great purposes of existence, and the awful realities of the world to come. The consequence has been, that our life has wanted depth and grandeur. We feel that we have not done what we might and ought. We are convinced that our souls need a fresh baptism into the spirit of God, — a new consecration to the great work of life. In fine, we become conscious that, however severe the dispensation which we have experienced, it was just what we needed. That our strength, patience, and faith have proved unequal to the trial to which they have been exposed, and that our life is now seen by us to have been so hollow and so vain, shows that we wanted this divine visitation to arouse us to a sense of our danger and to a better service of God and man. And we may be sure, forever, that God never visits his children with this

painful discipline, unless it is indispensable to their growth and peace. Nor is it until we are thus made acquainted with our own personal needs, that we can put forth the requisite effort for their satisfaction.

Here, too, we have a clearer and more comprehensive view of our relations and duties to our fellow-men and to God. Sorrow opens to us new paths of usefulness, and prompts us to pursue them. Its effect is to touch and quicken our sympathies for others. We were perhaps too exclusive or selfish before. Now we feel that there is a sure bond that unites us to our friends, to our neighbors, to our acquaintances, and to the world. We have learned how to compassionate those who are troubled, to minister to them that are sick, to help the poor and the destitute, to rejoice in the prosperity of the happy and the successful. In the very depth of our grief we feel that we have a new and more generous love for all, and would fain see every one safe and blest. It is some such experience as this that often issues forth into a life of rare beneficence. Who has not seen some child of sorrow, who before, it may be, was devoted to the follies and vanities of the world, afterward, when the hand of God had smitten the soul, expending all the energies of body and mind in the sweet and useful charities of life, or in some of the harder and more laborious, but not less disinterested, employments of society. What heroes and heroines have received their inspiration by the death-beds, or graves, or familiar haunts of friends who have gone, and under its influence have sought out and relieved the unfortunate and the suffering, carried light and cheer into the gloom of the prisoner, instructed the young and the ignorant, or have been attracted to the active ministry of Jesus Christ, — have certainly found something to do whereby their sympathies and impulses might be turned to a blessed practical account! He who by these darker events of Providence is made to feel the insecurity of earthly things, to realize the uncertainty of life, to consider how brief is the

time in which he must do his work, and to appreciate the import and solemnity of the earthly state, will not fail to find the needed opportunities to do the will of God. Hearing in his sorrow a call to a more faithful service, and touched into a kinder and more living interest in behalf of his fellow-men, he will go forth to fulfil some important trust and achieve some noble victory which Heaven will bless and accept. The sufferer is henceforth carried out of himself, as it were, and begins to know, as he never knew before, the joy and the glory of self-sacrifice.

How sorrow reveals to us the meaning and power of Scripture! Just as we fail to interpret life aright until we read it in the light of experience, so there is a large part of the Bible which we cannot fully appreciate and value until we read it through the streaming tears of grief. Then it is that many a passage and chapter which we had before read mechanically, and which never had the power to uplift us, is seen to glow with a new life, while it fills us with a sense of the sublime and eternal. It is then that you are convinced that these are not the productions of merely human minds, but that they are instinct with divine life. In the hour of your keenest anguish, turn to some of the more comforting psalms of David, open to those wondrous discourses of the Saviour in the upper chamber, peruse what Paul has to say of the great themes of Death and the Resurrection, contemplate the visions of the seer of Patmos as he gazes upon the glories of the celestial city, — and if you have ever thought these pages were not meant for you, you will think so no longer. They will stand before you, all freighted with nameless ministries which no earthly help could supply. What words can comfort you like these? — "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea;" — "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;" — "And he carried

me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;" — "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" — "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Such only is the language that can properly minister to you now. What a glory seems now to invest it! How it dilates and throbs with meaning! How you thank God that words like these are in the Bible, and feel that they are not the simple figments of a poet's imagination, but that they were given by the inspiration of God to be the solace, joy, and rapture of millions of stricken hearts, just as they are of your own. In the whole literature of consolation, whether sacred or profane, there is opened to you a new and inexhaustible mine, which you have not yet worked. The personal experience of sorrow alone discloses this unappropriated wealth, and invites the soul to accept its portion.

Then what an office sorrow fulfils in unveiling to us more fully the Christ. We cannot see the King in his beauty until we survey him from various points of observation, and sojourn with him amid different scenes and circumstances. I must know him in *all* his relations and offices to my soul, ere I can see him as he is. It is not enough that he imparts to my hungering soul the vast spiritual truths of the Gospel, — nor that he whispers in my ear the voice of pardon, and blots out the record of my transgressions, — nor that I can claim him as a co-laborer in the more arduous duties of life, — nor that he comes to me to succor my weakness in the hour of temptation. There is still another office which he sustains to the believer, and it is that of the sympathizing brother and friend in the seasons of affliction. Here Jesus comes nigh to us in all the more gentle, tender, and soothing

ministries of his nature. Not so much as Teacher, Lord, Lawgiver, or Judge, but rather as the mighty Comforter, to weep with those who weep, and to assure them of his personal and unspeakable interest, sympathy, and affection. We must get a view of this more *human* side of Christ in order to understand him aright. We can contemplate his serene majesty, his immaculate purity, his unbending fortitude, his awful power. We can reverence and adore. But how it fills out our idea of his perfections, and our conception of him as a Saviour, to know that he wept with the sisters of Lazarus, and said to his sorrow-stricken disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled;" — that he is to-day as full of love and pity for his disciples as he was then, and that he is ever ready to meet them in the hours of their grief and loneliness, sit down by their side, permit them to lean their heads upon his sacred breast, talk to them of the Heavenly Father and the heavenly world, and assure them that he himself is the good shepherd, the objects of whose care shall never perish, nor be plucked out of his hand! It is when this wondrous being, who is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person," condescends to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and to cling to us and love us and console us through all the changes and trials of life, saying, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," — it is then that we catch fresh glimpses of his transcendent loveliness and beauty, and are drawn towards him as by irresistible power.

Happy indeed if the event which has filled us with mourning has illustrated Christ's ability to give peace and victory in the dying hour. When we behold the supports of nature failing, and the earth-scene receding, and all that is outward dissolving and vanishing away, if yet we see the immortal spirit rising triumphant amid the ruin, sustained by its conscious interest in and love for the Saviour, and full of trust, faith, and hope, — we have a confirmation of Christianity and

a testimony in favor of Jesus that are worth more than all logic and all speculation. He who has thus seen the believing soul vanquish the powers of Death can no longer doubt, if he has ever doubted before, the truth and the value of our holy religion, and the sufficiency and glory of its Divine Author. It is in our sorrow that we can truly learn to say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is in our sorrow, also, that we come to entertain a more thoughtful view of, and a deeper love for, the Church. In the presence of death and all the solemnities and mysteries which crowd around it, every seeming objection to the Church and to its ordinances disappears, and we feel that there are indeed wants and needs to which it was divinely ordered to minister. As long as life went well with us, and everything was joyous and successful, and the world fascinated us by its attractions, we could not penetrate into the true meaning of the Church, and estimate and realize its worth. But when the storm came, we sighed for a sacred shelter, a heavenly home, where we could find safety and rest. We asked for some sure retreat where we could hold closer communion with God, and Christ, and those who are as the angels, where we could be brought into connection with all that is most spiritual and imperishable, and where we could thus get comfort and strength for the days that were to come. The Church of Christ supplied the demand, and we understood, for once at least, why it was that, in the centuries that are gone, the myriads of Christians, who through severe trial have entered into the deeper experiences of life, have all been so earnestly devoted to its maintenance and growth.

And, generally, it may be said, sorrow affords us a more unclouded view of, and brings us into more intimate relations with, the things which are unseen and eternal. We feel the presence of the powers of the world to come. We are on the dividing line which separates time and eternity. And as

the departing spirit leaves us, we follow it with our gaze, and through the portal, which remains ajar, we see the white-robed throngs, and hear the strains of the heavenly harpers. Henceforth the house of many mansions seems nearer and more familiar to us than before. It has a new interest to us now that it is the home of the dear ones who have gone. Our thoughts, which a while ago lingered too exclusively among the objects of time and sense, are now more frequently lifted above, and are fixed upon what is permanent and spiritual. Most eagerly do we desire to know more about that better world, and to make it our constant study. What, we love to ask, are its employments? What engages the time and energies of our now glorified friends? In whose companionship do they walk those streets of gold, and survey those walls of jasper? Who are their guides and instructors in the great march of the soul in its onward, upward, and never-ending career? What are their precise relations to Him who hath redeemed them with his own blood? What, in all its wonder and glory, is this heavenly state and this celestial scenery which now invite their attention and pursuit. And it is as we inquire and think and read, and thus familiarize our minds with these invisible things, that they become more real to us, assume more distinct and palpable forms, and lure us on more powerfully to their realization and enjoyment. Divine magnets are these departed friends, to draw us by the force of resistless attraction to the realms on high. It is good for us to be afflicted, since thus our interests become transferred so largely from earth to heaven; since we do not look down so much as formerly, but oftener lift our eyes above; since we do not chase so eagerly the phantoms of the life that now is, but strive to pursue the more enduring treasures of God's eternal kingdom. There are the true objects of one's pursuit. Gaining those, he may well resign all else. Losing them, it had been better if he had not been born.

Thus in the night season there is a light of stars. For it is then that we get a better acquaintance with the past, with

the translated objects of our love, with our own character and condition, with our duties and relations to others, with the Word of God, with Christ and his Church, with his blessed religion and the life eternal.

> "Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
> Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
> While fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
> That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!"

Existence is not to us what it was before. It is more solemn and more significant. At every step we find ourselves pressed upon by realities which until now we have not recognized. It is a part of our education. God is thus disciplining and perfecting us. Through all the processes of sorrow and joy, hope and fear, labor and repose, loss and gain, sickness and health, victory and defeat, and all the changeful allotments of life, God seeks to fashion his jewels into completeness, and to polish them with a more than earthly lustre; and they which prove worthy shall be as diadems forever in the crown of the Saviour's rejoicing.

A. P. P.

We are accustomed to speak of certain actions as great, or noble; but what is it that constitutes the greatness of an action? Is it some striking result accomplished in the outward world? some triumph of genius, or even of *Christian* effort, to which men may point, and say, "This is the work of a hero, a philanthropist, or a saint"? Is it this alone? Surely not. The greatness of an act often lies in the noble motive. It may be known only to the secret heart, and to its God. It may be simply the triumph of Christian principle over some emotion of selfishness, anger, or envy, — unspoken, but struggling for utterance in word or deed. It may be the forming of a firm resolve, which changes the character of the life; yet so slowly that it is only after the lapse of months or years, that the world sees the full result of that first hour of consecration. Deeds may be great, but motives, the hidden springs of action, are greater still. May God sanctify our motives, and thus enable us to "make our lives sublime."

†

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

Ah! "Nil desperandum!" has weathered, I know,
Full many a cape where the roughest winds blow;
Has stifled the groans of *unbearable* pain;
Has rescued dropped stitches, though all seemed in vain;
And gathered up fragments, quite sweet to the taste,
Which the slothful and hopeless are ready to waste.

Yes, "Nil desperandum!" now gird up your heart;
Go forth with fresh ardor, and act well your part;
"'T is often the darkest time just before day;"
There's truth in the word that the old sages say!
Despair not and flag not, but stand to your post;
Look out for fair weather, and nothing is lost.

Ah! "Nil desperandum!" — but trust in your God!
Act bravely and cheerily, and from the clod
Starts forth the fair grain and the beautiful flowers,
The fruit in its glory, for bright future hours:
Go forward to bless, look upward to pray;
Seek the pillow of peace at the close of the day.

At the close of the day! see its beauty unfold
In the soft sunset clouds, rich in purple and gold,
Which come like sweet angels, when good men lie low,
To breathe heavenly peace as the tired pilgrims go.
So "Nil desperandum!" earth's contest and strife
Will end in true victory, — life unto life!

To go from life here to the eternal and true;
To rise up with power ever strengthening and new;
To cast off the weakness that fetters us here;
To work without weariness, doubting, nor fear;
O, "Nil desperandum!" Soul, cling to the Faith,
And trust what the Spirit to man's spirit saith.

***

PNEUMATOLOGY.

SPIRIT-SEEING.

A BELIEF that spiritual beings may be seen by men has always been widely prevalent; so much so, that it warrants, and almost necessitates, the conclusion, that there must have been some well-authenticated instances of this kind. What could support in all times such a wide-spread belief, unless there is some ground for it in the nature of man and in the facts of the case? But when we undertake to cite instances, we find them often mixed up with so much that is crude and false, that even well-attested facts are liable to be rejected. We pass over these, therefore, and make our appeal to the Divine Word, for it has come to be read so carelessly, or large portions of it are so much ignored, that people are liable to forget that, from beginning to end, it abounds in visible disclosures from the spiritual world to men in this, — demonstrating that there is in man a latent faculty of spirit-seeing, and that there are objects that may be brought within its range.

The volume of inspiration is full of testimony on this subject. Many instances are therein recorded of angels and spirits appearing unto, and conversing with, persons yet in the flesh. We will refer to only a few of them by way of illustration. Thus Abraham saw and conversed with angels in the plains of Mamre. (Gen., chap. xviii.) Angels appeared unto Lot, announcing to him the destruction of Sodom, and warning him and his family to flee for their lives. (Ib., chap. xix.) Angels were seen by Jacob after his departure from the house of Laban; "and when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host." (Ib., chap. xxxii.) An angel appeared to Manoah and his wife; and when they witnessed his ascent "in the flame of the altar," they "fell on their faces to the ground," and "knew that he was an angel of the Lord." (Ib., chap. xiii.) An angel appeared unto

Zacharias, a man "righteous before God, and walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." And Zacharias — notwithstanding "he was troubled, and fear fell upon him" — held a conversation with the angel, who announced himself as Gabriel, and foretold what was shortly to come to pass. "I am Gabriel," he said, "that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings." And the record adds, that "when he came out [of the temple], he could not speak unto them; and they perceived that he had *seen a vision* in the temple." (Luke i. 22.) The virgin Mary also saw and conversed with an angel, who announced to her the birth of the Saviour. (Ib., 30, 31.) And the announcement of the same august event was also made by an angel to the shepherds. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." (Ib., ii. 10–16.) Thus the event which this angel announced to the shepherds — an event previously unknown to them — was found to agree entirely with the declaration.

We would remark in this connection, that the Greek word *anggelos*, as well as the Hebrew *malâk*, each of which is translated *angel*, means simply *a messenger, one sent*. Hence it is an appropriate term by which to designate that class of

spiritual beings who are sent on important errands to men. But some critics, who, like the Sadducees of old, are unwilling to believe that there is either angel or spirit, are anxious to confine the application of this word to persons yet in the flesh. And we concede that it may be, and sometimes is, not improperly applied to men, who are commissioned and sent of the Lord, and are therefore his messengers. But a slight examination will convince us that the word is usually employed in the Bible to designate spiritual beings. Who can doubt that it is so employed in the passage just cited? For it is there said, among other things, that "*suddenly* there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host;" and then we are told what happened when the angels were gone away from the shepherds "into heaven." Now, if these had not been beings freed from the encumbrance of gross matter, they would hardly have been called by the inspired penmen "the heavenly host"; nor would the record have told us of their going away "*into heaven*" when they left the shepherds; neither is it easy, upon any other theory, to conceive how they could have appeared so "*suddenly*," or how they could have brought with them, in the darkness of the night, that awe-inspiring radiance, which is described as "the glory of God shining round about them." But the solution of all this becomes perfectly easy, if we suppose them to have been spiritual beings, and that the spiritual senses of the shepherds were opened on that occasion.

Other examples might be cited to show that the word *angel* is employed in Scripture to designate a denizen of the upper spheres. This is its usual signification, and is what we presume most Christians understand by the term.

In the twenty-fourth chapter of the Gospel by Luke, we have an account of another vision of angels. It is there said of the women who came early in the morning to the sepulchre, that "they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them in shining gar-

ments. And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Now that these two men were spiritual beings,— so regarded by the beholders,— is evident from the fear which fell upon the women, as well as from their subsequent account of the circumstance; for when they found not the body of Jesus, "they came, saying that they had also seen *a vision of angels*, who said that he was alive." Besides, in the parallel passage in John, these two men in shining apparel are called angels; for we are there told that Mary, as she stood weeping, "stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two *angels* in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." Yet it appears from the narrative that the people of those times, including even the disciples themselves, were about as unwilling to believe in any such supermundane appearances as they are now-a-days; for it is said that, when the women came and told the apostles what they had seen, "their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

Again, we read that Saul saw and conversed with the spirit of Samuel after the decease of the latter, and heard from him the prophetic announcement of his own overthrow and ruin. (2 Sam., chap. xxviii.) And it is recorded of the three disciples who were taken up into a high mountain apart, and permitted to witness the transfiguration, that they saw also Moses and Elias talking with Jesus; and the Lord charged them when they came down from the mount, "saying, Tell the *vision* to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." And John assures us in the Revelation, that, when he was "in the spirit," he not only *saw* thousands and myriads of angels, but heard their voices with such distinctness that he was able to write the very words they uttered.

So clear and ample is the testimony which the Bible furnishes to the reality of spirits and spirit-seeing. And in view

of the abundant narratives of this kind recorded in the sacred volume, we submit that it ill becomes us, as believers of the Bible, to mock at the pretensions of Swedenborg, or to condemn his writings, simply on account of the alleged visions they record. Let it be shown that his disclosures are false, fantastic, or unreasonable, — if this can be fairly done; but in the name of all that is sacred, let not the condemning sentence fall on his writings for reasons which would lead us to discredit the testimony and despise the teachings of nearly all God's most illustrious and gifted prophets, — to reject and scoff at the inspired Word itself, as the production of deluded and visionary men.

Admitting, then, that spirit-seeing is among things possible, the next and very natural question is, What is the explanation of it? Is there anything peculiar in the psychological condition of the spirit-seer? Is there any principle or law underlying and governing the phenomena in question? In other words, *how* can spirits be seen of men, or upon what conditions?

Swedenborg, we think, gives the only rational answer that has ever been given to this question, and one which encounters none of the difficulties with which every other theory is so greatly embarrassed. He says, that within the perishable-material body of every man is a living spiritual organism which can never die. This is the real man. This is the "spiritual body" of which Paul speaks, which alone is immortal, and which, when freed from the encumbrance of flesh and blood, becomes a conscious denizen of the spiritual world, capable of enjoying a conscious, visible, and audible communion with other spirits, as men in the flesh enjoy communion with each other. This spiritual body cannot be perceived by man's natural senses, because it is not material. Yet it is endowed with the senses of seeing, hearing, feeling, and the like; and these senses are as much more refined and perfect than our natural senses, as the spiritual world is superior to the natural. And although these senses are or-

dinarily, and for wise and benignant purposes, closed while the spiritual body is clothed with material flesh and blood, just as the senses or appetencies peculiar to the butterfly are closed during its chrysalis or pupa state, yet they are capable of being opened, and sometimes have been opened, during man's abode on earth. And when the spiritual senses are opened, the individual is able to perceive the things of the spiritual world as clearly as he can perceive, by his natural senses, the things of this natural world; he can see and converse with angels and spirits, as men see and converse with each other, — for the spiritual world is not remote from the natural as to space, but is within it, as the soul is within the body. And when the spiritual senses are opened, the individual is not himself aware of being in any peculiar psychological condition at the time. The opening of these senses is so mild and gentle a process, that the subject is quite unconscious of it, — so much so, that, while seeing and hearing angels and spirits, he imagines meanwhile that he sees and hears them with his natural senses.

This is a very brief explanation of the philosophy or rationale of spirit-seeing, as taught by Swedenborg. This is the way that the spirit-seers of the Bible, and all others, have been brought into open communion with angels and spirits, namely, through the opening of the spiritual senses. This, according to the illustrious Swede, was the way in which he was intromitted into the spiritual world, and enabled for so many years to see and converse with the inhabitants of that world as man with man. And is not this a simple and perfectly rational way of accounting for the phenomenon of spirit-seeing? What other theory so reasonable as this can be conceived of? If, as the Apostle teaches and as Christians believe, the resurrection-body be "a spiritual body," then it is reasonable to suppose that this body dwells within the material organism during our life on earth, and is released therefrom at death. It is reasonable to suppose that it is endowed with senses suited to the needs of a human spirit,

and to the objects and conditions of the spiritual world. We cannot conceive how spirits could see each other without eyes, or hear each other without ears. And if our resurrection-body be endowed with senses adapted to its own world, it is not unreasonable to suppose that these senses may sometimes be opened before the spirit is released from its clay tenement. And when opened, we should expect that angels and spirits, together with other objects ordinarily unseen, would plainly appear.

But we are not left merely to the deductions of reason on this subject. The Scripture testifies abundantly to the existence of spiritual senses in man, and to the fact that these have occasionally been opened, thereby giving the seer sensible perception of spiritual beings and of the things of the spiritual world. Take, for example, our Lord's appearance to the disciples after his resurrection. It is plain that it could not have been his *material* body that they saw, and therefore he could not have been seen with the natural eyes; for on more than one occasion he appeared "*suddenly*" in their midst, when "the doors were shut;" and again, *as* suddenly, "*vanished* out of their sight." Now it is not among the capabilities of material substance thus suddenly to appear and disappear before the natural eyes, — in defiance, too, of closed doors. Besides, the record itself furnishes conclusive evidence that it was with their spiritual, and not with their natural eyes, that the disciples saw the risen Saviour. For we are informed in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, that, "when Jesus drew near" to the two disciples as they communed together on their way to Emmaus, (this was after his resurrection,) "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." And in a subsequent verse we are informed, that, "as he sat at meat with them, ... *their eyes were opened*, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." Was it the natural or the spiritual eyes of the disciples that are here referred to? If you say the former, your answer involves the necessity of supposing that they

had been travelling, conversing, and eating together in the first instance, with their *natural eyes shut*, — a conclusion not easy for a rational mind to adopt.

Again: we read in the book of Kings, that, when the king of Syria sent "horses and chariots and a great host" to Dothan, to fetch to him Elisha the prophet, and "the host compassed the city both with horses and chariots," the servant of Elisha was greatly alarmed, and "said unto him, Alas, my master! How shall we do? And Elisha answered, Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, O Lord, I pray thee *open his eyes* that he may see. And the Lord *opened the eyes* of the young man, *and he saw*." And what was the spectacle which then burst upon him? "Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Here, then, we are taught plainly enough, not only that man *has* spiritual senses, but that these may be, and actually have been, *opened* in him during his earthly existence; and that, when opened, the scenes and objects of the spiritual world, invisible to the natural eye, become sensibly manifest. Elisha saw the spiritual hosts by whom he was surrounded and sustained, and saw them, of course, with his spiritual eyes; for his servant did *not* see them, as appears from the record, until the Lord *opened his eyes;* then straightway he beheld the mountain "full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Then there are Paul's remarkable experiences, easily enough explained upon the theory we advocate, but difficult to account for upon any other. On one occasion, when going to Damascus, "I saw in the way," he says, "a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me." And at the same time he heard a voice which said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Could it have been the light of this natural world which on that occasion so dazzled and over-

powered the Apostle that he fell prostrate to the earth? Such a supposition were most unreasonable; for it appeared to him "at midday," and is described as "*above* the brightness of the sun." He also speaks of it as "a light from heaven," and afterwards refers to this experience as "the heavenly vision," — language clearly enough indicating the Apostle's belief that the light he saw was not natural, but had burst upon him from the upper spheres. And how well this agrees with the testimony of Swedenborg, who assures us that there is a sun in the spiritual world of far more intense brilliancy than the sun of our world, and that he had often witnessed its amazing splendors when his spiritual eyes were opened. And his explanation of the nature of that sun, and of its light and heat, helps us to understand rationally the circumstance that Paul relates, as also the appearance of our Saviour upon the Mount of Transfiguration, when "his face shone as the sun."

Again, on another occasion, the same Apostle tells us that he was "caught up to the third heaven," (whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell,) "and heard unspeakable words which it is not possible for a man to utter." Now is it to be supposed that Paul's material body was "caught up," or elevated through natural space? If so, what are we to understand by the *third* heaven to which he was carried? How much more reasonable is the explanation of this circumstance which Swedenborg's pneumatology furnishes! He says that heaven is not a *place*, but a certain spiritual *state;* consequently, that it is not *without*, but *within* men. And since there are three discrete degrees in the human mind, therefore there are three corresponding degrees of human or angelic life; consequently three heavens. And as the mind may be opened to either of these degrees, so may the spiritual senses; and when these senses are opened to the third or inmost degree, then the individual is for the time in that state which is signified by the third heaven. And as perfection of life and exaltation of wisdom increase

as man advances from exterior to more interior states, therefore the wisdom of the angels of the third heaven, according to the great Seer, is such as cannot be expressed in the language of men; it is, as he says, "altogether ineffable." (A. C., n. 3345.) Is there any other view of this subject, or any other explanation of the *manner* in which Paul was caught up to the third heaven, so reasonable as this?

The same theory helps us to understand, as no other theory of which we have any knowledge can, how it was that at our Lord's baptism "the heavens were opened unto him;" how the prophets of old were "lifted up," — how to them "the heavens were opened, and they saw visions of God;" how, in the case of Peter, he too "saw heaven opened, and a great vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit together at the four corners;" and how John was "carried away in the spirit," and "a door was opened to him in heaven," thereby revealing to his astonished gaze some of the magnificent scenery of the other world. These recorded experiences, together with the things which the inspired penmen tell us they saw when the heavens were opened to them, all converge to the same point, and furnish a strong array of testimony in support of the belief that man is endowed with spiritual senses capable of being opened during his life on earth; and when opened, enabling him to enjoy a conscious and visible communion with angels and spirits, and a sensible perception of the objects of the spiritual world, which are innumerable and of vast variety. "For angels and spirits," says Swedenborg, "see more objects in their world than man can believe to exist. The world of spirits and the heavens are full of representatives such as were seen by the prophets, and of so grand a kind that, if any one's spiritual sight were opened, and he could look into those worlds, though but for a few hours, he would be all astonishment." (A. C. 1521.)

B. F. B.

Orange, N. J., Nov. 15, 1860.

THE PRAYER OF THE CHRISTIAN HEART.

A SERMON BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

MATTHEW vii. 6: — "Ask, and it shall be given you."
JOHN xvi. 23: — "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."

THEY are promises of the great and good Giver by the lips of Him who is evermore the best and the most glorious of the Divine gifts. They sound wholly unqualified, — the giving conditioned only upon the asking; they seem to dispense the prayerful from all those labors which press so heavily upon the rest of the world, — to cast him like a helpless child upon the compassions of a Father whose love is infinite, and whose fulness is inexhaustible. They would seem to encourage the expectation that, as there is no lack of prayers in Christendom, so there can be no lack of blessings. And yet we know that there must be conditions and qualifications. We know that a vast deal of the world's praying issues in nothing, and that there is no point in religion about which men are more doubtful than about the efficacy of prayer. They make it very often a question of fact. They appeal to experience. They will tell you that they have asked and have received nothing; that the idea of Divine interposition is superstitious; that God has already given us all that we need, and that we have only to make a good use of his unsought gifts. It is plain that there must be conditions, and that everything depends upon a right understanding of promises which open heaven and make earth blessed for the believer. It is plain that not all asking will secure the needed gifts, and that there is a great deal of asking amiss; yet these misapprehensions and misuses must not be suffered to throw any discredit upon the soul's dearest privilege and highest act.

"Ask and it shall be given you." What amount of meaning may fairly be included in this word *ask*. This is the first question of importance. Literally, to "ask," is simply

to frame upon the lips the language of a request. It is to say, Give! And yet we understand perfectly well that there is a kind of asking which is not really asking, and which we should not expect to be followed by any giving. I think you have all heard men ask for what they did not wish at all, — for what they would have been very sorry to have obtained. You could perceive from the look and tone, that the request did not proceed from the abundance of the heart, and that to gratify it would not be in the least gratifying to the petitioner. An earnest seeker always turns towards him whom he is addressing, and tries to gather from the expression of the face the answer which the lips have not yet framed. Now, God looks upon the heart. He does not regard any request as a real prayer, unless we desire what we ask. Beneath the prayer there must be a heart's desire; not a mere superficial, passing wish, but a real craving and longing, growing out of a deep, abiding sense of want. God gives us what we wish, — not what he would have us wish, but what we *do* wish. It may not be what we ask. Very much of the world's asking of the Father issues in nothing, because it means nothing; it is only a "saying of prayers," not a heart-cry, not in any sense the soul's entreaty. Lo! these many years perhaps we have been asking God to make us wiser and better, more gentle and just and contented and peaceful; we have said, Thy kingdom come within me! Thine influences be multiplied about me! and the years have come and gone, and heaven is as far from us as ever. But did we desire what we asked for? Do not men often pray for one thing and desire another, — pray to be righteous and desire to be comfortable, pray that God's kingdom may come and that God's will may be done, and desire to be their own lords, and to have their own will and way? Shall God thrust upon us what we do not wish? If we must put heart into our work in order that it may come to anything, must we not put heart into our prayers also? God leaves those in ignorance who are indifferent to knowledge, and those poor

who care nothing about wealth; and he will not make those pious, just, and loving, who, caring nothing for piety, justice, and love, and being occupied incessantly with matters far inferior, merely go through with the ceremony of asking. God looks upon the heart, and again and again, alas! how often! after the hymns have all been sung, and every line of prayer and litany has been repeated, he saith, They have asked for nothing, nothing, spite of all this rhetoric and vain repetition, — nothing, and I can give them nothing, — they must go unblessed.

Praying in a lifeless, meaningless way, we come to doubt the efficacy of prayer. If men worked as they too often pray, they would soon come to doubt the efficacy of working; all the fine and serviceable activities of life would sink into the merest drudgeries, and yield none but the commonest results. In praying, as in working, everything depends upon the quantity of being you bring to it, — the man that you are, the child of God that you are, the earnestness, simplicity, sincerity, that go along with you. Your words are nothing unless the whole force of your nature lies behind them; unless they express your enthusiasm, your genius, your fresh morning thought, the spirit that possesses your heart day and night, and haunts your dwelling, and will not suffer you to be silent. The world's desire ever accompanies the world's work when it is anything more than drudgery. The most splendid successes, the triumphs of science and art, of literature and material industry, are the answers to those eager cravings which make the life of man so earnest and intense. We find what we seek. And we must not only feebly wish, but earnestly desire, to be right in the sight of God and man. The want of success in this direction must be a serious trial to us, like the misery of poverty, or sickness, or bereavement. There would not be much questioning of the efficacy of prayer, if we asked the divine gifts of love and holiness and trust with the desire that stirs in the heart of the mother when her babe is fading away in her arms, with the longings

that cannot be restrained of an utterance. We have had, at least, as much as we ever asked. The prayers may be in Latin or in English, with a book or without a book, — that does not matter, if they are the heart's speech. We may pray kneeling or standing, only the soul must be in asking posture; we may turn towards the east or towards the west, only we must not be looking away from God whilst his name is upon the tongue. The motions of the spirit are rather to be regarded than the movements of the lips. Desires are the soul's words. True prayer never goes up from a barren, poverty-stricken, worldly heart. The mountain peaks which pierce the heavens, and are bathed in the earliest and latest sunlight, were lifted into those serene heights only by the heat of the consuming fire which burns in the core of the earth. It is not easy to pray aright. Men, by no means the worst, discover sometimes that they know nothing about praying, — that they never in all their lives prayed a real prayer. There must be a preparation of the mind and heart for that wrestling with the angel which prevails. Fear, indeed, often prompts to an earnest utterance; but the fear of suffering is a very different thing from the love of goodness. And so you observe that when the Scripture says *ask*, — it means that the soul must ask, — that the whole being must ask, — that we must be thoroughly honest in our praying, and ask for what we really crave.

I say that the whole being must ask, — and, with the Christian, the whole being means our nature enriched by the life of Christ. The lesson of prayer reaches its highest expression when we pass from the first to the second portion of our text, and read this significant addition, — "*In the name of Jesus.*" So praying, we shall have whatsoever we seek. Asking "in the name of Jesus" means, of course, something more than merely adding a sacred phrase to our prayers; it means praying in the spirit of Jesus, as Jesus himself would pray; it means asking what he would ask, and in his faith that One is with us rich in power and love to answer; it

means praying out of a soul very near to God, living in great submission to him, and in great sympathy with his purposes. When we close our prayers by saying, "In the name of Christ so be it!" it is rather in testimony of what our devotion ought to be, than of what it is; for the ideal of Christian praying is very grand indeed. If we could pray truly in the name of Christ, the promise would be most literally fulfilled; it would be in truth *whatsoever*. I should hardly dare to set any limits to the unlimited assurance. I should say, Ask the greatest things and the best, — the things for which you almost fear to ask because of their exceeding worth, glory, and beauty; ask for the things which are most out of your reach, and which you would utterly despair of attaining by your own unaided efforts; ask, I should say, only with the submission of Christ, — only with his "Father, not my will, but thine be done," — only with his clear recognition of the Divine presence and love, even when the twelve legions of angels were not sent to succor him; I should say, ask for outward as well as for inward blessings, with a true child's trust, that with God nothing is impossible; ask, even where the strong laws and rigorous conditions of the natural world, the laws of gravity, the chemical affinities and proportions, the tides of air and ocean, the subtile atmospheric influences, the causes or occasions of health or sickness, the natural agencies that at once serve and control us, come in to kill or to make alive. I should not know where to draw the line, and say, Beyond this, asking shall not avail you. I would not draw a line. Unless the Christ within rebukes the petition, let it go forth. The higher laws, which issue in what we call miracles, are never suspended. The age of miracles is not past so long as the great God lives and loves. Pray that your friends may be watched over in their journeyings, that your children may be shielded from harm, that they whom you love may recover from sickness; let your heart have the freest, fullest utterance, for, if it be only in the name of Christ, all your petitions shall flow together,

and all the more confidently and sweetly for their wide wanderings into the one petition, "Thy will, not mine, be done, and let Thy will be my will!" and there shall come in your soul a sweet temper of acquiescence, a resting in God, a trust which shall triumph over fear and desolation. He who prays in the name of Christ asks first for the kingdom of God, first for the inward miracle which changes the inward world, the being and character; then, if there is still need, for the outward miracle which changes the outward world and makes circumstances and condition more propitious. It comes then to this, that availing prayers flow out from the abundance of Christian hearts, — that unto him who hath, more shall be given.

And now I may be told that they who so abound in holy desire, and who are so strong in faith, have no need to pray. But it is not so. The precise opposite, indeed, is the truth. He in whom God dwelt continually — He who could say, out of the completeness of that mysterious Unity, "I and my Father are one" — was ever summoning to his side that Almighty Helper. And when the Spirit dwells richly in us, — when we would live in love as becometh the sons of God, when in the mind and heart of Christ we long for his kingdom in such a world as ours, — we feel more than we ever felt before the need of that encompassing Almightiness; we cannot take a step save with our hand in that Father's hand. When the heart is cold and dead, and it is enough for us to earn and eat our bread; when we are content with our round of common duties and amusements; when we find the world good enough, and should be glad, as we say, to live in it forever, and would put no questions touching the things which are above were it not for the thought of dying, — then we are not likely to ask anything of God, for prayers are the soul's utterances. Prayers burst from the lips when great convictions and strong loves, and lofty ideals and brave words and works, have brought us into great straits. Prayer is the voice of the child that has found his father after years of

loneliness and of wanderings. The more we are, the more capacity have we to desire and to welcome God. He lifts us not into self-reliance, but into those heavenly places in Christ Jesus where we live in and from himself. It is only a divine and purified humanity that can see God, and walk with him, and invite his holy and beautiful presence for all its occasions; but this humanity is nothing without the fellowship of the Spirit. There must be already the elements of fertility in the earth, or the brightest sun will not help it; but for all that, should the earth no longer turn towards the sun, there would be no harvests. The spirit of adoption teaches us to say Our Father. The dignity of our nature appears in our divine sonship. When forms and ceremonies lose their hold upon a community, and the fashion of prayer is fast going out, you will hear continual complaints of the decay of worship, until the hearts of men have been so enlarged and uplifted that they will pray in obedience, not to an outward custom, but to an inward necessity. With the renewal of life and the restoration of belief come asking and giving.

We have seen, then, friends, that to learn to ask aright and effectually is no easy thing, for it is nothing less than to enter into conscious fellowship with God. One may well undergo the most exhausting labors of discipline, if only he may come at last into that gracious estate, and feel the tide of love evermore flowing into his soul, and making his obedience graceful, spontaneous, noiseless, fatal, like the blossoming of plants and the ripening of fruits. We are here that we may learn to pray, to ask of God whatsoever we need, and so become partakers of the divine nature, and living gospels of the divine truth and love. All the experience of life is intended to awaken our desire for goodness and for God. To this end we are smitten and we are caressed. Christ is in the world that he may teach us to pray, to lift the heart in longings towards the Father, to bring from sincere lips a heart-cry for wisdom and for love. No dealing with us can be called severe which compels us to this pass, — for then it

shall be literally asking and giving; — our fight is fought, our rest has begun, we have entered into the joy of our Lord, we have only to ask henceforth and it will be given us; and if there be any emptiness in our being, it is but an invitation to Him whose love is a great deep to overflow our souls and fill them full, and make us rich in his own abundant life.

THE CHRISTOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

We give below the title of a work upon this interesting subject, by one of the most eloquent modern preachers of Liberal Christianity, whose name is doubtless familiar to very many of our readers. As yet we have read only a portion of the pages; but our attention has been more and more enlisted as we have gone on, and we are satisfied that the two volumes will prove to be full of valuable and well-digested material, brought forward, not in the interest of any sect, but with the noble purpose of gathering from the New Testament the fair meaning of the Christian revelation, and binding together Christians of every name in the acknowledgment of it. The twelfth chapter treats in a very original manner of the "Gradations and Shadowings of the Christology of the New Testament," and we must try to give our readers an abstract of its contents.

According to M. Coquerel, it is undeniably the teaching of the New Testament that Jesus Christ, man amongst men during his sojourn upon this earth, has, as Son of God, an ex-

* Christologie, ou Essai sur la Personne et l'Œuvre de Jésus Christ. En Vue de la Conciliation des Eglises Chrétiennes. Par Athanase Coquerel, un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez, Editeur, 10 Rue de la Monnaie. A Genève: Même Maison. 1858. (Christology, or Essay on the Person and the Work of Jesus Christ. With Reference to the Reconciliation of Christian Churches. By Athanase Coquerel, one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church of Paris.)

istence anterior to time, unique, divine, mysterious, delineated in outlines of necessity obscure and vague, — an existence the activity of which is wholly unlike a human activity, and into which a human existence comes as an intercalation. Unless we are willing to do violence to the language of the sacred writers, this must be admitted to be their representation of the Saviour. We ask, Whence have these writers derived their high and difficult conceptions? And in reply, it can neither be said, on the one hand, that we can find nothing like these conceptions in ancient Gentile literature, and that they are entirely above the flight of the human imagination, nor yet can we say that they came into the New Testament from man. The Hindu systems, the Zoroastrian, Manichæan, and Gnostic ideas, ancient fables, — that of Prometheus for example, — as well as ancient philosophies, offer more or less that is analogous with the representations of the Saviour in the writings of St. Paul and St. John. But it is far from being true that there is anything in this at which piety should be disturbed; indeed, we have here a confirmation, all the more striking because indirect, of the Gospel verities. We see that the human heart, under the pressure of evil and of misfortune, raises itself instinctively to the thought of the necessity of a mediator, — a mediator divine in his origin and in his nature, but putting himself on a level with humanity, and constrained to suffer because man suffers, and to die because man dies. *Some one* between God and man, — there is the idea which appeared, in greater or less distinctness, — sometimes to alarm, sometimes to console, — underneath theories, the common source of which is apparent through their endless varieties. We recognize aspirations towards a Saviour who was sought without hope of finding him, who was summoned and yet not looked for, who was named and yet remained unknown, and whose history was created in advance by the desire for him. A strange, and yet a simple thing, that the thought of man and the thought of God are agreed in the persuasion that our world needs a

mediator! What discerning mind can fail to recognize here a light which is not that of the Gospel, but which emanates from the same source? Only to pause upon these dreams, under the plea of the truth which they disclose, is to accept the uncertain glow of the dawn for the fiery splendors of noonday. And we are not gathering our Christology from the New Testament as those who find no revelation in the Book. It is our conviction that we are in the presence of a collection of writings for the production of which the Divine Intelligence, the Spirit of God, has come to the aid of the spirit of man, — a conjunction not only possible, but very natural, if we only allow that it is essential to intelligent beings to communicate themselves, and that ideas exist to be exchanged. Because we cannot understand the way of these communications, we are no more at liberty to question their reality, than to deny the fact of the soaring of the eagle through the upper air because it is beyond our ken. Inspiration must attach precisely to those doctrines which lie beyond the ordinary and regular domain of the human understanding. What could the human reason of St. Paul know by itself of the creation-work of the Son, — what could the human reason of St. John know about the *beginning* of the Word?

Moreover, as we judge, the measure of inspiration was proportioned to the parts which had been providentially assigned to one and another Apostle in the great mission of preaching the Gospel to every creature under heaven. One and the same Christ is announced throughout the Gospel; but the very pronounced shadowings of this Christology, identical in its depths, demand to be considered without any attempt to efface them, and this study conducts to important results. Moreover, we must not forget that the gradual, and, so to speak, intermittent march of the Christian faith in the first days accords with the fact of the successive composition of the sacred books; and why be surprised, if the revelation to which we owe our knowledge of Christ was given in frag-

ments and at intervals, and so the sanctuary raised by successive stages, — that there are diversities of representation ? *

Before the destruction of Jerusalem with its temple, and the ruin of the Jews, whilst the first Christian generation waited for the near and visible coming of the Lord, St. Paul began to write, and not only announced the Messiah of Israel, the Son of God, the universal Saviour, the living Law, the perfect man ; but in laboring to do away with Mosaism, and break down the wall of separation which towered between the Jews and the Gentiles, he proclaimed also the Son, Creator and Sovereign, subjected in eternity to God alone ; nevertheless his Christology, when it soars to this height, could be set down upon a single page of a small volume. The admirable Epistle to the Hebrews, for which we are probably indebted to one of his disciples, seconds his work, and shows how all the glory and sanctity of the Mosaic covenant are eclipsed by the majesty of Christ. The Synoptics (Matthew, Mark, and Luke), but slightly dogmatical in comparison with the Epistles which precede them, write out the history and the lessons of the Messiah, the Saviour, the moral and religious legislator and king of the world, — relate, with the most surprising simplicity, and without betraying the slightest perplexity on account of the marvellous element, the most extraordinary miracles, — whilst with regard to the Son they almost limit themselves to saying that *no one knows*

* The idea of deep shadowings and of a variety of degrees in the development of the knowledge of Christ, as the Gospel sets it forth, has been admitted from the first ages of the Church. According to Eusebius the divinity of Jesus Christ was reserved by the Holy Spirit for St. John, as for the most worthy. According to St. Chrysostom, "St. John added the most precious treasure to the riches of which the Church was already possessed ; the Evangelists before him did not speak of the mystery of the eternal generation of Jesus Christ." And Augustine says, "The other Evangelists, who abundantly set forth the birth in time and the earthly deeds of Christ, what he did as a man, and who say little about his divinity, accompany their Master over the earth like animals following his steps ; but John, contemplating with more elevated gaze the power of his divinity, flies towards the heavens with the Lord." — *Extract from a note by M. Coquerel.*

him save the Father. In the Epistles of James and Peter we have a Christology; but for the most part it is thrown into the background by the morality. The Apocalypse predicts terrible struggles for the faithful and great triumphs of the Saviour as near at hand, but especially in this world; it discloses a heavenly Jerusalem, but it is seen descending from heaven to earth.

The year 70 of the Christian era arrives. Jerusalem yields and disappears under pagan violence, as much as Jerusalem could disappear; the Mosaic worship ceases; Jesus has not appeared; the Apostles and the faithful have looked for him in vain; Christianity continues to push itself abroad, to separate itself from Judaism, and to become more and more a world-religion; St. Luke composes his second book, the Book of Acts, and this is upon the plane of his Gospel; he adds nothing to the Christology of the Synoptics, though he begins with a circumstantial account of the ascension; but the first age of the Christian era advances, — in the struggle with philosophy and paganism the faith becomes more and more spiritual, more and more universal, and John writes his books, the Christology of which reaches even to the heavens and goes forth into eternity. Here is something more than accidents of the memory, varieties of tradition, and divergences of individual appreciation, — something more than these, unless inspiration, which is a spiritual providence, is but a vain word. Indeed, we have here, not contradictions, but diversities, which may be explained by all that we know of the individuality of the New Testament authors, by the structure of their writings, by the form and color in which they are clothed, by the sphere of Christian faith in which they have appeared.

St. Paul is a scholar, a man of science and of genius, who has not been able to confine himself to the popular Christianity, but has given us "*strong meat for men*," as well as "*milk for babes.*" Philosopher, moralist, rabbi, and Christian at once, he was the first to systematize the faith, and has

scattered in great abundance, through the letters drawn out by the occasions of his life, all the elements with which his mind was enriched, — a metaphysics which nothing limits, a vast and profound anthropology, Jewish archæology, and a mysterious Theodicy and Christology. St. John, writing amidst the noise of the disputes of the schools of Asia, desired to bestow upon the Church a more *christological* Gospel; to raise the Saviour entirely above his forerunner, John the Baptist, as the Epistle to the Hebrews raises him above Abraham, Moses, Aaron, and Joshua; to extricate the Gospel completely from the absurdities of *Docetism*, (the fable of a merely *apparent* Christ,) and from all the chimeras of the Gnostic sects; to put Christology under the personal sanction of Christ, and teach the world how he spoke of himself.* In the Synoptics we have the first traditions and authentic narratives of the ministry of Jesus, — the simple faith which recounts the story of the Lord; in the Epistles and the fourth Gospel, we have faith dogmatic and meditative; the one recalls its memories, the other formulates; on

* We extract the following passages from an admirable note by the author upon the authenticity of St. John's Gospel: —

"We find here and there, in the first three historians, passages as theological in their hue as the most mystical in the Evangelist called 'the theologian.' (Matt. x. 40 and John xiii. 20; Matt. x. 39 and John xii. 25; Matt. v. 6, Luke vi. 21, and John iv. 14, vi. 57, vii. 37; Matt. xvi. 12 and John vi. 27; Matt. xxvi. 11 and John xii. 8; Matt. x. 24 and John xiii. 16, xv. 20.) . . . . .

"In the second place, the internal characteristics of these discourses constitute by themselves a conclusive evidence of truth. We observe a grandeur, a solemnity, tempered by an amazing simplicity, and sometimes by a quiet irony, as in the reply to Nicodemus, and in that to the pretended children of Abraham, which can only be accurate reflections of the wisdom of Jesus, and not subsequent creations from the memory of an aged fisherman of Galilee. Authenticity leaps forth, so to speak, from the midst of these incomparable pages, and it is well deserving of notice that the longest discourses put into the mouth of Jesus are precisely those which most powerfully produce this impression. To read again, with a well-disposed mind, the conversations of the evening when the First Supper was celebrated, and the prayer which closes them, and to believe coldly that St. John has invented all that, — that St. John has made the Christ speak after his manner in these circumstances, — is a stretch of incredulity which seems impossible."

the one hand the historical element prevails, on the other hand the dogmatical. Paul and John carry us into the third heavens, and declare mysteries; the Synoptics are most concerned to make us followers of the humble Son of Mary, as he goes about from place to place doing good.

Now M. Coquerel finds reason for the belief that from Paul, the earliest, to John, the latest writer of the New Testament, each author had under his eyes the writings of his predecessors, and, regarding what had already been given to the Church, and what the Church still needed, was providentially guided so to unfold the lessons of faith, that we have in the body of New Testament Scriptures a beautifully harmonized and adjusted whole. He gives reasons, which, on the whole, are very satisfactory, for the opinion that the writings of St. Paul were known, in all probability, to Matthew, certainly to Mark and Luke. We will try to state a portion of his argument. St. James certainly had read the Epistles, or a part of them, for he is clearly engaged to refute the extravagant consequences which had been drawn by some from St. Paul's statement of the doctrine of Justification by Faith. If they were known to St. James, they must have been widely known in Palestine, and Matthew wrote in Palestine. Mark was the companion of St. Peter, whose writings, aside from the direct reference to the Apostle to the Gentiles in the second and disputed Epistle, bear marks of Paul's influence, and, according to steady tradition, wrote in Rome, where the Epistle to the Romans was a familiar Scripture. St. Luke was Paul's companion. Some of the Epistles of St. Paul must have been widely spread, for it is a mistake to suppose that copies of favorite writings were so very rare in antiquity. The *librarii*, or copyists, were very industrious. For many years Paul must have been the chief Scriptural authority in matters of discipline and ritual amongst the Christians scattered abroad through the Gentile world; and the fear which he expresses (2 Thess. ii. 2) lest supposititious letters should be circulated in his name, would seem

to indicate a wide-spread diffusion of his real Epistles. And what an earnest desire to read the Christian story must have been awakened by such marvellous writing as the world received in St. Paul's great parallel between the law and grace, his eulogium of charity, his affirmations concerning the resurrection, and his ever-recurring defences of Christian Catholicism!

Observe now, that whilst the Synoptics in no wise contradict the Christology of St. Paul, they do differ from him in degree of elevation: their view is more Messianic and less celestial, — they speak more of the Deliverer, less of the Son, — and we may fairly conclude that they had a purpose in so limiting themselves. If the Evangelists do not follow in the Apostle's steps, and add nothing to his large and profound doctrines of the pre-existence, the unique origin, the delegated creative power of the Son; if they do not anticipate St. John, but begin their books so differently; if they agree in declaring that the mysterious nature of Christ is only known to God; if they aim to manifest him through all as Saviour, Lawgiver, and Exemplar, — it must be because they thought, indeed knew, that this was enough. In this way they authorize a timid faith in not aspiring to the elevations of their predecessor, but in being content with the degree which has contented them. Who will pretend that we cannot learn the lesson of Redemption from the first three Gospels, when the measure of grace accorded does not permit us to go further? The New Testament itself furnishes the proof that these high doctrines of faith are not necessary, and will be demanded only of those who can receive them; and in order to console and reassure one's self, even in a humbler sphere, there remains before God, the just Judge, the resource of believing in accordance with the teachings of the first three who have told the Story of the Lord. But this, some will say, is to allow two Christianities. No: it is to allow that every man shall see the salvation of God, — that all minds are not alike. St. Paul and his must give account

for the third heaven, because they have been caught up into it; St. John and his must give account for the pre-existence, because he alone recounts the prayer of the Lord for his disciples; and the great multitude that heard Jesus on the mount in Galilee must account for the Sermon on the Mount because they heard it.

This order of Christian development is not what we should have chosen as natural and logical. It is that wisdom of God which is foolishness with men; and we may say that Christ accepts it when, upon the confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," — a confession which does not go beyond the sphere of Messiahship, — he says to him, "Only my Father which is in heaven can have revealed this unto you," and predicates upon it the prerogatives and success of his future apostleship. And is it not rashness to take better care of the Divinity of Jesus Christ than he has taken of it himself? The Temple in Jerusalem contained two sanctuaries, — one the holy of holies, which the High Priest alone entered; the other the holy place, where the daily service was celebrated. Let us pass, if we can, behind the veil, and gaze upon the holy of holies; but let no one deny the value of those humbler adorations which do not go beyond the first sanctuary, for this too is holy.

Before applying our theory to the fourth Gospel, we may return a moment to show how much the book of Acts supports and confirms it. In the Acts we have an attempt to reconcile the Hellenistic and Jewish sections of the Church; yet the writer does not go beyond, but even falls behind, the Christology of the Synoptics.

We come now to the Gospel according to St. John. The system of degrees in the Christian revelation seems to throw a new light upon this mysterious book, and to supply the key to some of the gravest difficulties which it presents. The Epistles and the Synoptics must have been known to John, whose protracted old age was passed at a centre so important as Ephesus; and, if known, what effect must they have had

upon the composition of his Gospel; in the writings of the Apostle to the Gentiles, St. John saw the Christ as he himself contemplated him; and yet out of the frame of the incidents of the Saviour's mission, and not connected with his conversations and discourses. It was Paul manifesting Jesus, not Jesus manifesting or unveiling himself; it was Paul bearing testimony to the Divinity of Christ, and not the Christ reproclaiming his glory. St. John wished to write a Gospel in which the Christ should be his own witness, and make his own Christology. Moreover, the Messianic idea of the Synoptics seemed to John insufficient, now that the Jewish hope had perished, and glories far beyond those of the Messiahship had gathered about the Redeemer; he was persuaded that a universal and heavenly redemption would be thought too elevated in comparison with the Saviour as the traditions of Palestine alone represented Him; hence the exordium of his Gospel, an exordium of which the remainder is a development; hence, in the abundance of his faith, the transcendent dogmatizing which avails itself of the acts and testimonies of the mission of Christ as so many ladder-steps by which to come as near as possible to the Divinity of the Son and the Glory of the Word. The old opinion, with which criticism formerly contented itself, that St. John wrote to supplement the Synoptics, returns thus under another light, erroneous in an historical point of view, it is true, from the stand-point of Christology; we see, moreover, why the Evangelist gives us so many discourses of the Saviour, and understand the reason for the soaring of his Christology into heights far beyond any that are attained in the remainder of revelation.

A single closing reflection will suffice to justify these shadowings, these varieties in the Christian revelation. Because the Gospel is various, it is universal; it is as various as the human mind, and it was necessary that it should be. Christ has come to all, and the Gospel speaks to all consciences; its voice finds an echo in all hearts. Undoubtedly the passions can make the intellectual and moral, and even the religious

sense, deaf to this speech of heaven; but the voice always sounds, and each human soul can at each instant become attentive, hear it, and believe it.

In a very brief chapter, following this of which we have endeavored to give partly a summary and partly a somewhat free translation, M. Coquerel insists, — 1. That Exegetical Christology cannot achieve the reconciliation of Christians; — a uniform interpretation of the sacred records is impossible; — Revelation gives us no system, but rather supplies us with abundant materials for the construction of an individual faith; — there are diversities of gifts, diversities of operations, diversities of minds. 2. That it is plainly the will of God that the Gospel should take hold of the soul, and lead us to the fellowship of the Saviour on one or the other side, as our tendencies are simply practical, or as we incline to the living piety, the sanctification taught by Paul, or the more mystical and profound faith of St. John. Is not this the care and love of our God? Is it not true that certain Christians find their greatest edification, their strength, and their hope, in reading again and again, some of them, the Epistle to the Romans; others, the Sermon on the Mount; others still, the opening verses of St. John's Gospel, or the prayer of our Lord for his disciples? It is not with true believers a systematic neglect of any part of the Gospel; it is an instinctive preference for some other portion which arrests the attention, touches them more, and holds language which better answers their spiritual necessities. In a word, Revelation would be uniform, if God had so willed; it is not uniform, in order that it may be, as we have said, the universal book of humanity. But it is none the less true, that if we wish to impose upon others the legitimate preferences of our own faith, — legitimate for us alone, — we must ever by so doing compromise the peace of the Christian Church.

E.

CHRIST THE LORD.

WHENE'ER we catch in thought a gleam
Of the vast powers which crowned His prime,
How grand His meeker features seem, —
Christ's suffering virtues how sublime!

Those eyes which o'er Jerusalem
Grew dim with gushing pitying tears,
Had — 't was no earthly ray — in them
A light to read the future years!

Those hands, those feet to torture held,
Through which the crashing iron drave,
Had by a touch disease dispelled!
Had walked upon the roaring wave!

That mild voice, struggling to repeat
Words (for a loftier audience meant)
Learned may be at a mother's feet,
When angels o'er His childhood bent, —

That voice, with utterance calm and low,
Providing *her* an earthly home,
Ere He could say, "'T is finished now!"
And pass to Heaven's eternal dome, —

That voice had hushed the stormy sea!
On the fierce fiends had terror shed!
From the blind orb bid darkness flee!
To life had raised the coffined dead!

Whene'er we catch in thought a gleam
Of the vast powers which crowned His prime,
How grand His meeker features seem, —
Christ's suffering virtues how sublime!

* * *

RANDOM READINGS.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

THERE is no help for being sensitive, but it ought to teach a person tenderness towards others. It does not, however. A great many people who pride themselves upon their "frankness," and always "speaking their mind," are the very last ones who will hear the same things from anybody else. *They* never are untrue to their convictions, — not they. They mean to be faithful and do their duty, and so they are always flaring your faults in the most offensive manner. But go to one of these people, — say to him, "Mr. Hetchel, I feel it my duty to tell you that your temper is not the sweetest, that your children behave bad at school, that they lie, pinch, play truant, and are dirty into the bargain," — and lo! you have disturbed a whole wasp's nest of evil passion, and probably your family and the Hetchels will be put in non-intercourse all the rest of your life. Speaking one's mind, with these people, means their privilege of sticking needles into every one's feelings they choose, whereas all the neighborhood must be sweet as summer towards them. S.

PRAYING PEOPLE DEAD.

THE ladies who thought they prayed Theodore Parker out of the world can find abundant precedents in history. As far back as the thirteenth century the Dominicans (the reader of history will remember that they established the Inquisition) claimed that they had this power over the lives of their enemies. After Pope Innocent died, with whom they had quarrelled, they assumed that his death was granted in answer to their prayers, and it became a proverbial saying, "From the litanies of the Dominicans, good Lord, deliver us." (See Milman's Latin Christianity, fourth volume.) At the present day, the same thing is practised in Central Africa. When any one sickens among the Wanyamwezi, his friends suspect that it is owing to the incantations of some one. When he dies, they are apt to fix upon the suspected person as the author of his death through mystic or magical rites. In this case, however, Negro-land is more enlight-

ened than Christendom. The Wanyamwezi do not consider it a virtue and a merit to pray people out of the world. It is a capital crime, and if the guilty party is convicted, he is sure to suffer death. (See Burton's Lake Regions of Central Africa.) S.

MRS. DALL'S FORTHCOMING WORK.

WE have been favored with a reading of it in the advance sheets, — "A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor." The illustration is found in the autobiography of Marie Zakrzewska, which the reader will find full of remarkable incident, and which he will not tire of perusing. We give one glimpse of her from Mrs. Dall's vigorous and earnest words of introduction: —

In the autumn of 1856 I first saw Marie Zakrzewska.* During a short visit to Boston (for she was then resident in New York), a friend brought her before a physiological institute, and she addressed its members.

She spoke to them of her experience in the hospital at Berlin, and showed that the most sinning, suffering woman never passed beyond the reach of a woman's sympathy and help. She had not, at that time, thoroughly mastered the English language; though it was quite evident that she was fluent, even to eloquence, in German. Now and then, a word failed her; and, with a sort of indignant contempt at the emergency, she forced unaccustomed words to do her service, with an adroitness and determination that I never saw equalled. I got from it a new revelation of the power of the English language. She illustrated her noble and nervous thoughts with incidents from her own experience, one of which was told in a manner which impressed it forever on my consciousness.

"Soon after I entered the hospital," said Marie, "the nurse called me to a ward where sixteen of the most forlorn objects had begun to fight with each other. The inspector and the young physicians had been called to them, but dared not enter the *mêlée*. When I arrived, pillows, chairs, footstools, and vessels had deserted their usual places; and one stout little woman, with rolling eyes and tangled hair, lifted a vessel of slops, which she threatened to throw all over me, as she exclaimed: 'Don't dare to come here, you green young thing!'

"I went quietly towards her, saying gently, 'Be ashamed, my dear woman, of your fury.'

"Her hands dropped. Seizing me by the shoulder, she exclaimed, 'You don't mean that you look on me as a woman?'

---

* Pronounced *Zak-shef-ska.*

"'How else?' I answered; while she retreated to her bed, all the rest standing in the attitudes into which passion had thrown them.

"'Arrange your beds,' I said; 'and in fifteen minutes let me return and find everything right.'

"When I returned all was as I had desired, — every woman standing at her bedside. The short woman was missing; but, bending on each a friendly glance, I passed through the ward, which never gave me any more trouble.

"When, late at night, I entered my room, it was fragrant with violets. A green wreath surrounded an old Bible, and a little bouquet rested upon it. I did not pause to speculate over this sentimentality, but threw myself weary upon the bed; when a light tap at the door startled me. The short woman entered; and, humbling herself on the floor, since she would not sit in my presence, entreated to be heard.

"'You called me a woman,' she said, 'and you pity us. Others call us by the name the world gives us. You would help us, if help were possible. All the girls love you, and are ashamed before you; and therefore *I* hate you, — no: I will not hate you any longer. There was a time when I might have been saved, — I and Joanna and Margaret and Louise. We were not bad. Listen to me. If *you* say there is any hope, I will yet be an honest woman.'"

SONG SNATCHES.

LONGINGS.

FROM this valley's gloomy hollow,
Where the chilling vapors rest,
Could I find a path to follow,
O how glad I were, and blest!
Yonder swell the hills in brightness,
Green with ever-youthful spring,
Soon I 'd tread their slopes with lightness
Could I mount on soaring wing.

Harmonies melodious blending
There are breathing heavenly calm;
Gentle breezes hither wending
Waft the fragrancy of balm.
Golden fruitage there is glowing,
Hidden half in leafy bloom,
Richest flowers sweetly blowing
Dread no frost to rob their bloom.

O how sweet forever straying
In the sun's unclouded light,
Purest gales around me playing,
Fanning fresh from every height!
But, alas! the swollen torrent
Roars with foaming might along,
And its angry whirling current
Soon would whelm the swimmer strong.

See, yon drifting bark is nearing;
But, alas! the helmsman fails!
Cheerly in, though nothing fearing,
Blessed souls will swell the sails.
Summon all thy faith and daring,
Heaven will pledge a helping hand;
Trust some wondrous angel 's bearing
Thee to yon bright wonder-land!

SCHILLER, *translated by* WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

HINT.

FOR the distant still thou yearnest,
And behold the good so near!
If to use the good thou learnest,
Trust thou 'lt always find it here.

AS THOU ME, SO I THEE.

O MY close, tight-fisted brother,
None will help thee,—that believe:
For one hand must wash the other;
He must give who would receive.

GOETHE, *translated by* J. S. DWIGHT.

THEODORE PARKER'S BETTER FRAMES.

THEODORE PARKER seems to have had a double consciousness. In his controversial moods he would say some of the most profane things: in his better moods, some very sweet and excellent things. Here is an emanation from one of his better frames:—

"Jesus! there is no dearer name than thine
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
No wreaths or garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.

"There every virtue set his triumph seal;
Wisdom conjoined with strength and radiant grace
In a sweet copy heaven to reveal,
And stamp perfection on a mortal face.

"Once on the earth wert thou before men's eyes,
That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;
E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
Nor our weak orbs look through immensity."

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

I HEAR a shout of merriment,
A laughing boy I see;
Two little feet the carpet press,
And bring the child to me.
Two little arms are round my neck,
Two feet upon my knee:
How fall the kisses on my cheek!
How sweet they are to me!

That merry shout no more I hear,
No laughing child I see;
No little arms are round my neck,
Nor feet upon my knee!
No kisses drop upon my cheek,
Those lips are sealed to me.
Dear Lord, how could I give him up
To any but to thee!

ALL 's for the best, though all
So doubtful look and dark;
And if the sky should fall,
'T would bring us down a lark.

PARENTS, when unlike their children, are often unnecessarily alarmed at the dispositions which they show, — like a hen who has hatched ducklings and sees them take to the water.

The President of the United States is the prime minister of the sovereign people.

Remember Apollo,
Ye lovers who follow
The nymphs who bewitch you, — and don't be too quick!
For more than one Daphne has turned out a stick.

Statesmen often resemble rope-dancers, who maintain themselves at a dangerous elevation by swaying from one side to the other.

The Roman Catholic confessional makes a man a spy upon himself.

E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Capt. H. M. I. Army, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. New York: Harper and Brothers. — Captain Burton left Zanzibar in January, 1857, on an exploring expedition into Central Africa, as far as Lake Tanganyika, in which service he was employed over two years. This large volume of 550 pages gives the details of his explorations and discoveries, both geographical and ethnological. The expedition, it will be seen, penetrated into that unknown region concerning which some knowledge has long been sought with eager curiosity. The reader turns with special interest to the chapters on ethnology, in which the writer gives a very full and satisfactory description of the manners, customs, social condition, character, and religion of the Central and East African tribes. The picture is somewhat revolting, though not altogether unrelieved. The practice of slavery, with its degrading consequences, is traced in its influence on the African character. In the very interesting chapter entitled, "Village Life in East Africa," the writer thus sums up the results of his observation: "The assertion may startle the reader's preconceived opinions concerning the savage state in Central Africa, and the wretched condition of the slave races, negroid and negro; but it is not less true, that the African is in these regions superior in comforts, better dressed, fed, and lodged, and less worked than the unhappy ryot of British India. His condition where the slave-trade is slack, may indeed be compared advantageously with that of the peasantry in some of the richest

European countries." The descriptions of scenery and of personal adventure are interspersed through the narrative, and the work is copiously illustrated. It is a useful and entertaining book of travels.

S.

Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By WILLAM ARTHUR, A. M., Author of "A Mission to the Mysore," "The Successful Merchant," "The Tongue of Fire," etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. — The author travelled through Savoy, Sardinia, Lombardy, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Papal Dominions, conversed with men of various classes when the mind of Italy was awake with its new ideas, and he gives here the fruits of his observation. The book abounds in pleasant gossip, and descriptions of the people and the principal cities. The writer had his eye and ear specially open to discern the state of the Catholic Church, and how strong might be its hold on the faith and the affections of the people at the seat of its power. The book will be read with interest by all who sympathize in the regeneration of Italy. S.

Studies in Animal Life. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES, Author of "Life of Goethe," "The Physiology of Common Life," etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. — This is a little book of 146 pages, with many illustrations, written in a style free from technicalities, and familiarly adapted to all classes of readers. Curious and instructive facts in natural history are very pleasantly told. The omnipresence of life revealed by the microscope, mollusks and their eggs, polypes, biology as a means of culture, principles of classification, beetles, pearl-oysters, origin of species, metamorphoses, life within life; — such is the range of topics. It is a good book to put into the hands of young persons to open their minds to the mysteries of the animal kingdom which lies about them. S.

A Course of Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter and their Relations to Each Other. By Professor FARADAY. Delivered before a juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during the Christmas Holidays of 1859 – 60. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F. C. S. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Har-

per and Brothers. — Professor Faraday is one of the most successful lecturers on physical science; in eloquence, ease, and aptness in his experiments, subtilty of speculation, and power of touching his audience with his own contagious enthusiasm, he has for many years been favorably known to the British public. These six lectures were delivered to an audience of young persons, and were specially adapted to them. They are reported verbatim by Mr. Crookes. They may be read with equal profit by most non-professional readers. The following are the subjects of the lectures: The Force of Gravitation, Gravity and Cohesion, Chemical Affinity, Heat, Magnetism and Electricity, The Correlation of the Physical Forces, the Electric Light. The boys ought to read these as well as the story-books. S.

Chapters on Wives. By MRS. ELLIS, Author of "Mothers of Great Men." New York: Harper and Brothers. — Novels generally wind up with marriage. Mrs. Ellis, in these sketches, goes beyond, and paints the scenes of domestic life, its trials and its failings, and tries to help those who enter it in actualizing more perfectly its highest ideals. The book comprises five sketches, not essentially connected, all written in a healthful moral tone, and bearing with quiet and kindly influence on the happiness of home. S.

Jack in the Forecastle; or, Incidents in the Early Life of Hawser Martingale. By the Author of "Tales of the Ocean," "Salt-Water Bubbles," etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. — This book comprises a narrative of cruises and adventures of the writer between the years 1809 and 1817. It has pictures of life at sea, and descriptions of countries and peoples visited in all parts of the world. It gives a vivid impression of the trials and hardships of the sailor, like Mr. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." It imparts much knowledge of men and things; is written in a style fresh, easy, and natural, and will be found by the reader one of the pleasantest among books of travel. It is largely illustrated.

Home Ballads and Poems. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Whittier's later poems have less of the trumpet tone than the earlier ones, and more mellowing softness; but they stir the heart no less with the love of freedom and detestation of wrong. Most of these "Home Ballads and Poems"

we recognize as having appeared in the periodicals, and we welcome them all the more in a permanent form, to be read over and over again, as we would welcome a strain of remembered music, and bring back the old pleasurable associations and emotions. These later effusions make a neat volume of 206 pages, which no admirer of Whittier will fail to get.

A Dictionary of Correspondences, Representatives, and Significatives, derived from the Word of the Lord. Extracted from the Writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Third edition. Boston: Otis Clapp. — This work was originally published about twenty years ago. The present is an improvement on former editions, and has about 1200 additional words. It is designed for those who read the Bible according to Swedenborg's system of interpretation. The spiritual or analogical meaning of words is given, with abundant references to the Word and to Swedenborg's expositions, where the meaning given is further verified and applied. It will be deemed an important aid by most readers who have faith in a spiritual within the literal sense of the Scriptures. S.

Life and Religion of the Hindoos. With a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By JOGUTH CHUNDER GANGOOLY (baptized Philip). Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. — He tells his story with charming simplicity, and corrects some popular mistakes about the Hindoos and their superstitions. The book is in two parts, the first part devoted to the "Life and Religion of the Hindoos;" the second part details Philip's own life and personal experience, including his conversion to Christianity, and the struggles and difficulties which he had to pass through. The book reveals an order of talent in the young convert for which many persons had not given him credit, and which his childlike manners might not indicate. Dr. Ellis's Introduction, including the letter of Rev. S. N. Bush, who was for some time Gangooly's instructor, and who had ample opportunities to know his character, the depth of his convictions, the quality of his mind and genius, impart additional interest to the volume. S.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. From the fifth London edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. A very modest title to a book full of excellent and pithy sayings. It is the joint production of Julius Charles Hare and brother, the former well known already

to the religious public. His calm, half-spiritualized countenance fronts the title-page. The proverbs and essays have a fine flavor both of wisdom and scholarship, and the American publishers have given the thoughts a fit setting in the beautiful paper and typography of the present edition. S.

Pictures and Flowers for Child-Lovers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This is a little book of poems, of which infancy and childhood are the inspiring themes. They are not "original," we are happy to say, but are the best utterances of some of the best writers, making a small volume of choice selections. We can recommend it as genuine to parents, and all the little folks. S.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Don't imagine from the title that this is a dull book. It is as full of good sense and genial humor as it can hold. Open at the chapter "Concerning two Blisters of Humanity;" look at the portraits of Mr. Snarling and Miss Lemejuice, and you will be pretty sure to read all the thirteen chapters, with the "Conclusion," and will rise from the perusal with better knowledge of human character, and in more loving mood towards all the world. If the reader is a clergyman, he will find hints for sermons on almost every page, and whether clergyman or not, he will find some of the best lessons on human life, delivered with a quaintness and good-nature that keeps him in the best of moods. The print and paper are uncommonly good, and the book has an English air. S.

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The Duty of Disobedience to the Fugitive-Slave Act; an Appeal to the Legislators of Massachusetts. By L. Maria Child. Boston: American Anti-Slavery Society. — The duty is put home by a detail of facts, from whose logic the reader will not escape except by renouncing his humanity. S.

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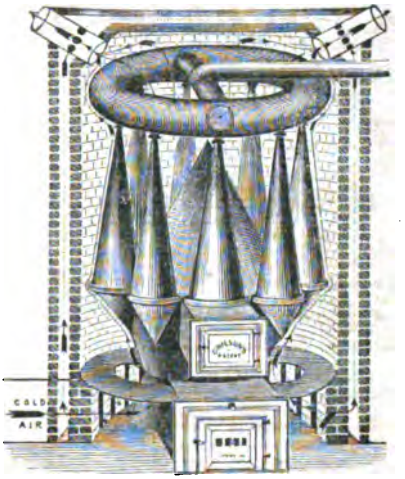

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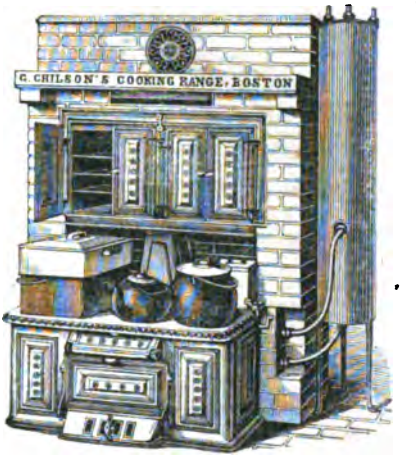

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